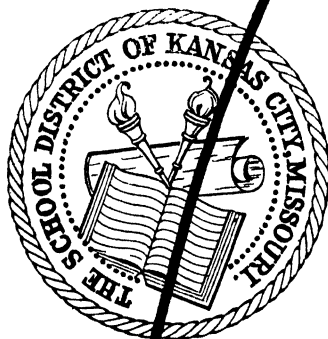


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THE
YOUNG LADY'S
COMPANION



PHILADELPHIA
PECK & BLISS

THE
LADY'S COMPANION;

OR,

Sketches of Life, Manners, and Morals,
at the Present Day.

EDITED BY A LADY.

NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA:
H. C. PECK & THEO. BLISS.
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Preface.

"VARIETY is the spice of life." So says the proverb; and the practice of the present day gives sanction to the sentiment. It is the fashion to pass rapidly and cheerfully from one form of useful employment to another; and to enjoy, in succession, the various species of entertainment in literature and art, like a bee in a garden, imbibing the honey and gathering the pollen from a hundred different flowers in a single day.

The ladies love to consult variety in their pursuits. From listening to the eloquence of a great divine or statesman, they pass quickly to the concert-room of Jenny Lind, or the exhibition of the Art Union. From the utilities of the sewing society they make an easy transit to the social amenities of the evening party. Housekeeping and needle work occupy a portion of the day, and flower-painting or rug-work the remainder. They have learnt how to mingle the useful and the agree-

able, and to exhibit a uniformity of noble design amid a variety of beautiful forms.

This taste of the ladies has been consulted in preparing the present volume for the press. From many writers of the best class, who are now contributing to the entertainment and instruction of the millions who read the English language, we have gathered choice pieces in preceptive, elegant, and imaginative literature, with here and there a gem of poetry—all bearing an intimate relation to the conduct of life, and addressed to female readers.

Such is our bill of fare. It only remains to extend to our readers a courteous invitation to partake of the entertainment in the same genial spirit which has prompted its preparation.

THE

Lady's Companion.

The Influence of Woman in Society.

IN the present age, the world is beginning to appreciate the great influence of woman in every degree and position of life,—to understand the mighty and genial influence which, since the earliest times, she has exercised over man and all his doings. From the youthful days of this world, when the great Source of all good created, godlike, in his own image, the first of the human race, whom he delighted to instruct, and to whom, as a crowning blessing, he gave a helpmate worthy of him,—from those days, the influence of woman, for good or evil, has been indeed mighty. Throughout the Holy Scriptures, the attentive reader will observe that, in every important transaction, a woman has appeared to be either the moving cause or one of the principal actors. But ample evidence of our proposition can be obtained from profane, without encroaching on the borders of sacred history.

But to return to our subject. The mind of woman is peculiarly constituted, and exquisitely adapted for playing upon and influencing the finer parts of man's

nature; and whensoever the heart of man is dead to that influence, it is dead to almost every higher and purer feeling which alone distinguishes him from the beasts of the forest. As women are respected by the men of the age, so may, from time to time, be traced, by an unerring measure, the degree of civilization to which that generation has attained. We do not mean, by *respect*, the senseless adoration—the outward adulation, but real contempt—displayed towards women during the middle ages; but a deeper, a more lasting, a more valuable kind of respect.

In the iron age of chivalry, it is true, homage was paid to the fair sex, and the knight was considered recreant and unworthy of the name who did not, outwardly, at least, pay due fealty to his fair enslaver. But this was merely outward. Woman, in those days, exercised no genial influence over the stubborn minds of men; she did not, in that age of physical force, mollify their rugged breasts and turn them from their stern and bloodthirsty purposes.

The wives of the lordly barons of Richard Cœur de Lion and his successors were fair birds, immured in their dismal stone cages. They rarely went forth into the world, and any influence they actually exercised was merely over their immediate retainers and relations. They were the daughters of similar barons, trained up in the same school, and destined to expect nothing but a life passed in a gloomy baronial castle, unalleviated by any stirring incidents to relieve the monotony of their existence. But this was not the way in which the influence of woman was to be exercised. Days were coming in which that influence

would become all-powerful, and exercise a powerful sway over the mind of the age. The Roman Catholic faith had been a great improvement upon heathen mythology. It had inculcated far higher doctrines, and had taught the haughty barons and powerful kings that physical force alone could not do every thing; and that there was a higher power, which had an all-restraining influence over the mind; and that this power was represented on earth by Mother Church. The Roman Catholic religion, by depreciating physical force and raising moral force to a higher standard, naturally increased the influence of woman, and curbed the otherwise ungovernable violence of the men of the middle ages. But the Reformation immensely increased this influence; and, as a purer creed took possession of the minds of men, woman began to assume her proper position in the world. It is not desirable that the influence of woman should be universal; far from it—there is a proper sphere in which a woman should act and revolve, and beyond that she is out of her place and proportionably powerless. That there have been women whose minds have been equal to any human undertaking, none can deny; but, happily, these giants of their kind are rare. There have been women who have governed nations and swayed sceptres, and governed, too, most ably, and to whom posterity has awarded honours only granted to the most illustrious of heroes and successful of warriors; but the sphere of woman is not to govern, but to direct; and her moral influence, in the humblest grade, is as powerful as the influence of one of her sex who rules a nation or occupies a throne.

As the constantly-dripping water melts and perforates the hardest rock, so the influence of woman, constantly operating upon and influencing the mind of man, eventually takes entire possession of those parts of his nature which are most susceptible of pure and high feelings. That influence, in the present day, is indeed mighty. The earliest days of our statesmen, of our poets, of our men of profound thought and of original mind, are passed in the nursery, under the constant care and superintendence of females. It is there that the future mind is in a great measure formed—there appear the first traces of genius and intellect. Of how great importance is it, then, to foster and gradually bring forth those indications, until the tender plant has sprung up and its promised fruit has ripened! How many a fair child has been nipped in the bud by improper treatment in early days; and how many have been brought to full perfection and beauty by the judicious care and attention of a mother, when, as yet, no one but herself suspected that any thing profound lay hid beneath the joyous frivolity of her boy of four or five years of age! How many of our men of high intellect, our most profound statesmen and noblest poets, have gratefully acknowledged how much of their future eminence they have owed to the gentle and all-important attention which a mother bestowed upon them in the nursery, long before they themselves were at all aware of the healthy and genial influence which was being exercised upon their minds! How easy is it for a mother to bend her children's disposition to any particular point, to inculcate a sound moral training, and to sow the seeds from which will eventually

spring a noble harvest which will fully answer her most sanguine hopes! How all-important is it, then, that every woman should be sufficiently trained for this purpose—that the influence which she rightfully has to exercise over her children and over her husband should be a cultivated and rational influence, sustained by the best motives and based upon the best foundation! Without education, this is difficult indeed; with education, it is easily attainable. The days are past in which a sampler and a shirt, jointly with household matters and cares, formed the staple education of a lady. However useful these accomplishments may be in their place, and however much they may adorn the woman in whom they are found, they are but the golden setting which surrounds the jewel. The education of young ladies of the present day is a far more improving and rational system, and far more calculated to fit them to bring up children who may become eminent and distinguished in the struggle of life, and who may, in their turn, confer on their own children the benefits which were so plentifully bestowed upon them in their own youth. In nine cases out of ten, great men have derived many of their best qualities, and all that early training which so well fitted them to take a prominent place in the world, from their mothers. Supposing this assertion to be true, how easy is it to bend the sapling in whatever direction the skilful gardener may choose; but how difficult it becomes when the sapling has grown up to a mighty tree, with all its strength and all its stubbornness!

Let, then, every woman be well educated; and if this is productive of no more solid advantages to herself

personally, it will at least confer upon her the inestimable privilege of being able to enrich the tender minds of her children with stores of useful knowledge; and she will not then be compelled to intrust to strangers what ought always to be done by the parent herself, namely, the training of the embryo mind of her children; for who so capable of doing it well as her?—or who will take so much care?—or who will bestow one-half of the unwearying diligence and attention of a mother? It is the province of woman to soothe man in his affliction, to cheer him in adversity, to buoy up his sinking hopes, when, to his morbid feelings, all men appear to be deserting him, and the whole horizon of his prospects seems gloomy,—to gently restrain when prosperity has elated him, and when his sails are swollen with too prosperous a breeze,—to cling to him when every one else deserts him,—to identify herself with all his feelings and all his prospects, and be to him a wise and faithful wife. As long as woman acts thus, and exercises this healthy influence, then will her influence increase and strengthen; and, as the tide of civilization rolls rapidly on, and as each succeeding generation improves upon the preceding one, so will the influence of woman become more healthy, more extensive, and more beneficial in its effects.

M. A. B.

Dropping in to Tea!

OR, HOUSEHOLD TROUBLES. FROM SAD EXPERIENCE.

I AM at the head of a small but well-ordered household, and blessed with a scientific husband. If there is any thing I pride myself upon, it is having things neat and nice. I hate being put out of my way—it fidgets me; and if there is one thing in particular that ruffles my usually smooth temper, it is that awful habit my husband has of bringing unexpected friends to lunch, breakfast, dinner, tea, or supper, as the case may be. How often have I said to him, “My dear John, nobody can be more happy to see my friends than I am; no one more happy to be introduced to new ones; but do not take me unawares; let me know in time to have something prepared.”

But, alas! it was always in vain. My dear husband knows nothing of housekeeping, and has no idea how hurtful it is to my feelings to see what would be a comfortable little supper for two put before ten. He can’t conceive the horror of not having enough milk for tea, and during that meal being obliged to send Jane for more; and then, somebody knocking at the door during her absence, my poor deaf Mary answering the summons, and bringing the most absurd name or message.

“My dear aunt,” said my niece, as she entered the

room one evening, "I have just had a letter to say that poor little Annie is very ill, and mamma wishes me to go home and nurse her; so will you just let Mary carry my bag to the railroad, for I must be off as soon as possible, to get there in time for tea? It doesn't take more than a quarter of an hour; so I shall have plenty of time, if I start directly."

"Certainly, my dear," I replied. "Then you will leave Robert with me?"

"Yes, aunt, I think so, if you please. There is no occasion for his going home; and he always enjoys himself so much with you, that I think it is a pity to curtail his visit."

"Well, now, my dear, go and get ready, or you will be too late," said I, as I rang for Mary.

Jane answered the bell. "Jane, just send Mary to me."

"Yes, mum."

"Mary," said I, when she appeared, in my loudest tone of voice, "I wish you to carry Miss Mordaunt's box to the station; she is going home this evening; get ready directly."

"Yes, mum; and, please, could I stay and drink tea with mother this evening? She lives close by the station."

I considered a little, and then, in a moment of weakness, I thundered out, "Yes."

Mary courtesied and departed.

"And now, Jane," said I, when my niece and Mary were fairly gone, "bring up tea, and tell your master and Master Robert."

"Master's out, mum; and said he shouldn't be home

to tea, but would have a quiet cup by himself, like, when he did come."

"Well, then, Jane, you need not bring up the urn for Master Robert and me. The black kettle will do. Here, Robert, my dear," said I to my nephew, as I handed him his cup, "sit there by the fire. We'll have our tea quite cosily together." So I drew the small table, with my small Rockingham tea-pot, and the black kettle, and his thick bread and butter, and my muffin, between us; and we sat, one on each side of the fire, as comfortable as could be. Just then, there was a ring at our bell. "What can that be, Robert?" said I.

"The post, perhaps, aunt,—or my boots come from being mended."

"Please, mum, it's master and two foreign gentlemen," said Jane, as she entered, looking much flurried.

"Good heavens!" cried I, as I rose precipitately, upsetting, as I did so, our small table; so that nearly all our store of milk was on the floor, mixing with the tea and water, and bearing in its current my unfortunate muffin, just as the gentlemen entered the room.

"Why, my dearest Anne, what a state you are in!" said my husband, after he had introduced me to the two foreigners. In answer to my husband's question, I faltered out that "I did not expect him." And it never struck me, till afterwards, how strange it must have appeared to foreigners that the sight of a husband unexpectedly should cause the wife to upset her tea-table. But now my mind was much relieved by the sight of my faithful Jane bringing in our best tea-service and silver tea-pot, which she deposited on the

large dining-table. Then she quickly cleared away my broken Rockingham, the black kettle, muffin, &c.; but, to my horror, replaced the milk-jug on the table.

"What, Jane, is there no more milk?" whispered I.

"No mum, not a drop," whispered she in return.

"I had just given the kitten the last, when master rung."

"Then you must fetch some directly," whispered I. And now, with the hissing urn and the best tea-service before me, and the prospect of more milk speedily, I thought my troubles were at an end.

"Anne, my dear, you have given me no milk," said my husband.

"I thought you did not like it," said I, in a rather loud and significant tone; endeavouring to make signs that I had none. But my poor husband never could take a hint, so he passed his cup all the same, and I was obliged to tell him he must wait till Jane brought it up.

Another ring—"Ah, that reminds me," said my husband, "that I asked Belmont and his wife to come and take a friendly cup of tea with us."

"Mr. and Mrs. Belmont!" repeated I.

"Yes, they are on their bridal tour; she is a most elegant woman, and it was a very good match for Belmont in money matters."

"Mr. and Mrs. Belmont," announced Jane, with her bonnet and shawl on, ready to go for the milk.

"Mrs. Mordaunt, allow me to introduce you to my wife," said Mr. Belmont to me. The lady bowed coldly, as if she felt that she was an elegant woman, and an excellent match—and now behold us! My cheeks

flushed, my hair untidy, no milk, and the elegant bride by my side, making a placid remark on the weather!

The milk came—the tea was over, and the company safe in our drawing-room; as I led my bride up, I whispered to Jane, when we had been up about five minutes to come and say somebody wanted to speak to me, as I must see about the supper. The little *ruse* answered, I gravely asked the bride to excuse me for a moment, and then rose and left the room.

“Jane, just go and fetch me two shillings’ worth of tarts and cheesecakes,” said I. Jane ran for her bonnet. “And, Jane,” I cried after her, “before you go, ask Master Robert to go to the bell if it rings while you are out.” “Yes, mum,” she answered, in the distance. “I wonder if she heard me at that distance,” thought I; “but surely she would not have answered if she had not.” Just as I had finished my preparations, there was a ring at the bell. “I will wait and see who it is,” thought I, “before I go up stairs again.” So I waited, but no one came; the bell rang again: I ran up to the drawing-room wildly and opened the door; the bride stared, I shut it again, Robert was not there. “Robert,” cried I, at the top of my voice; faintly I heard, “Yes, aunt.”

“Where in the world are you?” I cried angrily.

“In bed, aunt.”

“Oh, you naughty unfeeling boy, to go to bed when you might be of so much use,” I screamed, as I rushed down stairs to open the door. I did open the door, and what met my astonished gaze?—the Heriotts, the Blanters, and the Callers!—all in full dress, guests my husband had invited to meet the bride!

I muttered, I blushed, I made excuses, which of course made every thing worse, and eventually led the new comers into my drawing-room; and there, what met my sight?—one of the foreigners on the floor in strong convulsions. My husband was trying to revive him, he held up his head, while the other foreigner was rushing about the room like one distracted, seizing every thing in the shape of a scent-bottle, which he applied either to the other's nose, or in spilling over his face; and, at the other end of the room, the placid bride had fainted in the arms of her husband, who was in vain endeavouring to revive her.

"Let Jane bring some cold water, and you get your sal-volatile,—and, stay, send Mary for Dr. Rent," cried my husband.

"Alas!" shrieked I, "I have no servant at home." I left the room, I ran and fetched the water, I fetched the sal-volatile, and as I returned I saw the astonished Robert, wrapt in an old dressing-gown of my husband's, peeping in at the door, and sobbing, "I didn't want to go to bed; but Jane said you called after her, and said I was to go to bed, and so I did." Regardless of his costume, I made him help me bring in the water. Between us revived the lady, and by the time Jane came back, the gentleman was well enough to be removed in a cab. The other guests were dispersed before. Then, when all were gone, I threw myself upon a sofa: "John," said I, "it will be the death of me if you ever do such a thing again."

I do think John was moved at my sufferings, for this has been my last experience as to being taken unawares.

Music as an Accomplishment.

BY GEORGE HOGARTH, ESQ.

Music is peculiarly a female accomplishment. When cultivated with a regard to its true nature and its real purpose, it brings into view some of the finest features of woman's mind, and contributes to the fulfilment of one part, at least, of woman's mission—that of shedding a softening and refining influence over human society. It is not by brilliant displays of artistic acquirement and skill that music exerts its power in the circles of private life: it is in its simpler forms, and by its melody, its grace, its expression, and the additional charm with which it clothes sweet and pathetic poetry, that it arrests the attention and touches the heart. And this is the case, as much in the gay and fashionable party as in the privacy of the domestic fireside; though it is in the latter situation that music appears in her fairest aspect, and bestows her best blessings.

Music is at present deprived of most of its charms and most of its benefits by its end being mistaken. It is regarded as the means of display, and with this view its tuition is almost entirely conducted. Ladies learn to sing, and to play on the pianoforte and the harp, in order that they may be able to "show off" when they go into company. They spend an inordinate quantity of time, labour, and expense, in the acquirement of this

one accomplishment. They give enormous sums to fashionable teachers, who make fortunes out of the prevailing folly; they practise three or four hours a day for years together, to the neglect of more important and necessary studies; and what, in nine cases out of ten, is the result? When a young lady, thus "highly accomplished," brings her dearly-bought accomplishment into action, what does it avail her? She is, naturally enough, eager to display that which she has made it the chief business of her life to attain; and consequently makes a point of singing and playing as much as possible, whenever she can find an audience. Poor girl! she is little aware how thanklessly her efforts are received. Instead of admiration, she excites nothing but ennui. Her bravura of Donizetti, or fantasia of Thalberg, is the signal for a general buzz of conversation, which she alone is too preoccupied to hear; or, if a sense of politeness imposes silence as a duty, the constraint only heightens the annoyance and impatience of the company. When the elaborate performance is over, it is followed by a profusion of thanks and compliments; those who talked the loudest while it lasted being the loudest also in professing the delight and admiration it has given them. The fair musician's vanity is flattered; and she goes home quite unaware of the real impression she has made, and perhaps exulting in an imagined triumph over some less successful rival. All this is so notorious that a highly educated musical lady has come to be looked upon as a bore, and music itself is felt, by those who suffer from its inflictions, to be a social nuisance.

But the highly-educated musical lady, who "bestows

so much of her tediousness" on society, is more to be pitied than blamed. She is the hapless victim of a course of education which not only fails in its direct object, but, by precluding her from pursuing objects of greater moment, tends to make her ignorant, frivolous, and vain. The blame rests with her parents and friends, who ought to have sounder views of what is really necessary to form her mind and promote her happiness.

It ought to be considered, that music *cannot*, in private society, be successfully used for the sake of display. In the present state of the art, no *amateur* performer can hope to excite pleasure or admiration by means of vocal power or great execution. It is not now as it was once. At present, such is the variety of public concerts, operas, and musical performances of every kind, that the great body of the public are quite accustomed to hear the principal singers and instrumentalists—are able to appreciate their qualities and criticise their defects. A lady in a drawing-room, who sits down to entertain a company with a "scena" from an Italian opera, or a brilliant production of some fashionable pianist, ought to remember that probably everybody in the room has heard the same piece sung by Grisi or Jenny Lind, or played by Thalberg or Dulcken; and that she is exposing herself to an unpleasant comparison, by attempting lamely and imperfectly what the company have heard executed with finished excellence; and this will be the case, even though she may be, *for an amateur*, a really superior performer. But the truth is, that not one lady-amateur in a thousand who makes such ambitious attempts can

acquit herself even decently. If she sings, it is a thousand to one that she strains and forces her voice out of all tone and tune, and transforms the brilliant roulades of the composer into inarticulate screams; if she plays, that she produces a mere clatter of unmeaning noise and confusion. And these enormities are committed by persons who, confining themselves within the limits of their own powers and attainments, might really "discourse most eloquent music," and gratify the ears as well as touch the feelings of their listeners.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the best music is the most difficult of execution. The very reverse, generally speaking, is the case. Music of a high order certainly demands high gifts and attainments on the part of the performer. But the gifts of nature may be possessed by the amateur as well as by the professor; and the attainments of art may be the result of moderate study and application. A young lady possessed of a sweet and tunable voice, a good ear, intelligence, and feeling, may cultivate music in its grandest and most beautiful forms, and may render its practice a source of the purest enjoyment, not only to herself but to her domestic and social circle.

Many ladies do this, but they have not been fashionably educated. Sense and reason, not the prevailing example, have been consulted in their studies, and the result has made them really accomplished musicians. In order to become so, every natural gift must be cultivated by solid instruction. The principles of the art must be well understood. The rules of harmony and composition must be studied so far as to enable the pupil, if not to compose, to comprehend the designs of

the composer and the technical means whereby he produces his effects. The voice must be strengthened and purified, ungainly habits must be removed, and distinct utterance and elocution acquired. The mind must be opened, and the taste exalted and refined, by acquaintance with the finest productions of the art—an acquaintance which ought to extend from the Oratorio of Handel to the national ballad. With the young pianist, a similar course should be pursued. A correct method of fingering, and a familiarity with the scale in every variety of key, must be imparted at the outset; and this will give a command of the instrument quite sufficient for every purpose of an amateur performer.

A lady so educated is far above making music the means of frivolous display. She never commits the folly of endeavouring to rival professional artists in the achievement of *tours de force*, and thus exciting ridicule instead of admiration, and causing weariness instead of pleasure. She selects her music from every branch of the art, choosing what she knows to be suitable to her powers, and what her taste tells her is intrinsically good and beautiful. In such music she may feel without vanity (and her hearers will feel so too) that she subjects herself to no disparaging contrasts; and a well-grounded but modest confidence will enable her to do justice to her own talents. Such a singer will be at no loss for resources. She will find them in the works of every school in Europe, not excepting even (when discreetly chosen) the gems of the modern Italian and German stage. She will be able to give power to the inspired strains of Handel, grace to the

charming melodies of Mozart, and truth and pathos to the simplest effusion of the rustic muse of Ireland or Scotland.

Concerted music, both vocal and instrumental, is getting more and more into use, in society. It is no unusual thing to see a small party of ladies and gentlemen grouped round the pianoforte, and engaged in singing the duets, trios, and quartets of some fine Italian, German, or English opera; and the chamber trios and quartets of Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel, Reissiger, &c., for the pianoforte, violin, flute, and violoncello, give a delightful variety to the enjoyments of a social musical evening. On these occasions, the most prominent parts of the performance fall to the ladies; and those ladies only can acquit themselves with intelligence, steadiness, and effect, who have had a sound and substantial musical education. The dashing bravura-singer, and the pianist who aspires to emulate Thalberg, are helpless and useless in music like this. In their vain endeavours to gain the power of dazzling and astonishing, by exhibitions of vocal and manual agility, they have wasted ten times the amount of toil that would have enabled them to join in those musical conversations which abound in the fairest flowers of genius, and the richest treasures of art,—conversations which afford delightful pastime to those who carry them on, and, when supported with grace, spirit, and feeling, never fail to engage the animated attention of the listener.

We are not to suppose, however, that music, like reading and writing, “comes by nature.” Nature supplies the requisite gifts; and when these are wanting,

it is best not to attempt the pursuit. What can be more absurd and more pitiable, than to see an unfortunate victim of fashion condemned to scream and thump the keys of the piano for several miserable hours daily, without voice, ear, inclination, or the slightest hope of success, while some fine talent that she really possesses is left wholly neglected? When the natural gifts do exist, it requires careful and judicious cultivation to render them productive of fruit. In this fastidious age, even the simplest music demands a pure style and nice execution; and the presence or absence of these will be apparent even in the performance of a ballad or a waltz. But, so much being necessary, it is the more essential that the youthful pupil should be spared what is *not* necessary; and it is any thing but necessary to lead her to seek the gratification of vanity—and to find nothing but disappointment and mortification—by emulating the mechanical achievements of professional artists.

Red Riding Hood's Doll.

THE Hon. Mrs. Baker discoursed with her friend Mrs. Clarence, on the way to the — Bazaar. The Hon. Mrs. Baker was not in that placid mood that ordinarily made her the gentlest of gentlewomen. There was a shadow on her face, and her eyes that, like Gertrude's of Wyoming, usually shone as though they loved all things they looked upon, were clouded in their "blue heaven." The carriage rolled along, as over a carpeted road; and the Hon. Mrs. Baker, like a goddess on a cloud, reclined upon air-cushions. All things about her manifested wealth and luxury blended with extremest comfort: she was young, very handsome, and very—No; the Hon. Mrs. Baker no longer deemed herself very rich. Hence, the shadow,—hence, her look of sadness. For the first time in her life, the Hon. Mrs. Baker familiarized her thoughts with the possibility, the bare, possibility, of straitened means. Want, like the colour of the negro, had appeared to her no more than an appointed inheritance; and the Hon. Mrs. Baker would, at one time, as soon have thought it possible to change the tint of her skin of pink and white to Ethiopian black, as to undergo any change of fortune. And now, strange misgivings—

melancholy doubts played upon the heart-strings of the Hon. Mrs. Baker.

"What is it, my love? I never saw you under such a cloud before!" asked Mrs. Clarence, for the third time; and still Mrs. Baker made no answer; still from Mrs. Baker escaped a short, shivering sigh, significant of hidden grief. At length, much entreated, the unhappy Mrs. Baker revealed the causes of her wo.

"My dear, you know I never trouble myself about money matters—I always leave them to George; but really, things have now come to such a pass, that I should neglect the duty of a wife, did I not sympathize with the troubles that"—

"Troubles!" cried Mrs. Clarence. "Troubles in *your* house!" Mrs. Clarence would as soon have thought to hear of rattlesnakes.

"The money-market is now in such a state that, if things continue as they are, 'twill be impossible for us to go on." Thus spoke Mrs. Baker; with a certain majesty of wo.

"My dear Mary!" cried Mrs. Baker's friend.

"Quite true, my dear. You are perhaps not aware that at this moment"—and here Mrs. Baker deepened her voice for the intelligence—"at this moment, there are in the bank—I have dear George's word for it—fourteen millions of money."

"Fourteen millions!" cried Mrs. Clarence, and her eyes sparkled.

"Yes, my dear," answered the saddened Mrs. Baker. "Fourteen millions. Money's quite a drug."

"Well, but doesn't some part of the fourteen millions

belong to you? Is the plentifulness of money your grief?"

"My good creature," said the Hon. Mrs. Baker, with a gravity that rebuked the ignorant vivacity of Mrs. Clarence, "is it possible that you cannot perceive what George has made so dreadfully clear to me?" Mrs. Clarence pulled herself up—all attention. "Do you not at once understand, that if money be so plentiful—if there be such a glut of gold (glut, my dear, is the word) in the market, that the interest upon money must fall? Why," said Mrs. Baker, with an appealing look at her friend—"why, we've already come to two per cent.; two per cent., my dear! Well, as we have always made it a point to live upon the interest of our money, never—never touching the principal—why, as George says, our income must fall too. Yes, my dear, if this glut continues, and George says it may increase, we must retrench—positively retrench. And, as I say, for this reason,—money's a drug."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Clarence, raising her eyes as though to take in the whole picture of her friend's impending wo. And at this moment the carriage stopped at the Bazaar.

We shall not follow Mrs. Baker and her friend from stall to stall. Suffice it, that Mrs. Baker seemed, under the influence of the scene—her fancy appealed to by so many beautiful objects—to forget the probability of an increasing glut of gold and its accompanying distress,—for she laid out her money with the large heart of an empress. But then, it was close upon Christmas, and she must make presents to all and every of her

household—a weakness, if it be one, pardonable in the Hon. Mrs. Baker.

However, even the time of shopping must end, and Mrs. Baker, with her purse still in her hand, and her good-natured eyes still wandering from counter to counter, slowly made her way to her carriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker dined alone. Although Mr. Baker feared that the glut must increase, nevertheless he seemed to contemplate the prospect with manly fortitude; and, in very good spirits, prepared himself for a game of billiards at the Club; leaving his resigned helpmate alone at her hearth. No; not alone—for she sat with all her holiday treasures about her. As yet, Baker had not seen the Christmas-gift purchased for him—the children had not beheld their dolls; the maids had no thought of the brilliant cherry-coloured ribands that, on Christmas eve, should send them happy to their beds. After a while, these beautiful gifts were duly put away for the hour of presentation, and Mrs. Baker sank in her easy chair, seemingly reading a thrilling novel—but really inquiring of herself who was the founder of clubs, at the same time visiting the unknown not with her most charitable wishes.

The Hon. Mrs. Baker leapt from her chair, turning very white. She looked around the apartment. She saw nobody,—and yet, she could not be mistaken, she had heard a slight, feeble cough—a cough as from a sickly babe. No: it must be her fancy—she would proceed with her book. Again the sound—again and again!

Mrs. Baker, paler than before, slowly laid down her book,—and, with one hand grasping her chair, looked

at the rug; for it was thence the sound distinctly came. The hollow coal suddenly fell in, the flame leapt up in the grate and showed upon the hearth-rug, within a span of Mrs. Baker's foot,—a Doll, a Doll, price one shilling; the price paid by the Hon. Mrs. Baker, despite the glut of gold, at the — Bazaar.

Mrs. Baker clutched both arms of her chair, and tried to scream. Terror tied her throat—she could scarcely breathe. Well might Mrs. Baker—who, though very beautiful, never asserted her claim to be nervous—well might Mrs. Baker be alarmed.

The Doll, a tiny thing by virtue of its price, was become a living creature. It stood a moment with its little feet buried in the luxurious wool of the rug—like a fairy in clover—and then bobbed a homely courtesy. Mrs. Baker tried to stretch her hand to the bell; but still like stone it held her chair.

"Don't be afraid, ma'am," said the Doll in a thin, clear, silver thread of a voice, and though Mrs. Baker was at first more alarmed at the sound, there was something in it that carried confidence to her heart. In a few minutes, so very sweet was the voice of the Doll, that Mrs. Baker had subsided from dismay to wonder. The Doll—it had a very pretty delicate face, with more meaning in it than is commonly found in dollhood—smiled, but somewhat wanly; for its features, though so pretty, were a little pinched; and its eyes were lustrous—but not sparkling, happy.

"You had forgotten me," said the Doll, "but then. I know—I'm so little; and little folks are apt to be forgotten: 'tis that forgetfulness that does such mischief. Yes; the wax dolls, the fine lady dolls, they're gone to

bed in their silver paper—but as for poor little me”—

“I’m sure,” said Mrs. Baker, and she wondered at her own voice, “I’m sure I had no wish to neglect you. I thought you were with the others. I had no wish”—

“I’m sure of that,” said the Doll. “You have no wish, no; ’tis only forgetfulness, but that’s it—that’s it,” said the Doll, with melancholy emphasis.

“Strange creature!” cried Mrs. Baker, trembling anew. “What are you? Whence come you?”

“Don’t be alarmed,” said the Doll; “indeed I wouldn’t frighten you.” Then with sudden vivacity, the Doll asked, “Will you hear my history?”

Mrs. Baker waved her hand—she would hear it. Whereupon the Doll, with a little jump, sat itself upon the edge of the velvet footstool before the wondering lady.

“I will tell you my origin and history up to the present time,” said the Doll, “but I wish I could see you smile, and sit comfortably, for indeed I didn’t come to distress you.” Mrs. Baker forced a smile, and leant back in her chair. The Doll began its history.

“I was manufactured by two little boys about seven years old. They put my limbs together, when I was sent away, and a little girl about nine painted my face, and another little girl, having curled my wig, put it upon my head, and another poor little child”—

“Nay, I know all about the making of dolls,” said Mrs. Baker; “you may skip that.”

“Ha, my dear lady,” cried the Doll with a deep sigh, “that is very true; no doubt; but did you never think how sad and very sad it was that children should be doll-makers for children? That for the little workers

there should be no childhood—that what are toys to other happier children, beautiful toys, calling forth their gentlest, sweetest sympathies,—should be things of drudgery, with no other thoughts about them than miserable, uncertain food, certain rags, and wretched home? It's beginning the tragedy of life a little early, isn't it, when the actors are only seven or eight? A little early, isn't it?" repeated the Doll.

"It is early," said the lady, with a slight flush. "Go on."

"Well, I'll skip a good deal, as you wish it, and come to the woman that drest me. I'm very fine, am I not?" asked the Doll. "Beautiful scarlet silk petticoat—charming velvet body. My apron, too, of such very pretty lace, and my hat and feather, such taste in it! Why, many a lady might dress herself after me, and carry off all the hearts from a fancy ball,—all of 'em,"—and the little thing laughed like the trill of a musical snuff-box.

"Proceed," said Mrs. Baker, for she became more alarmed at the mirth of the doll than at its earnestness. "Pray go on."

"And yet," said the Doll, "you can't believe the misery that drest me. You can't imagine the anxious, wasted face of the lady—a lady in heart, and in that patience that makes poverty heroic—that for one long day, worked and worked at my finery. There was not a speck of fire in the grate, and my mistress—if I may call her so—would now and then warm her thin, chilled fingers at the candle-flame, and then with a long sigh, out still with patience—its holy seal upon her suffering face—work and work. One cup of thrice-drawn tea-

leaves and one penny roll sustained my mistress in her twelve hours labour. And there she sat in her clean and empty room, with not a soul to comfort her—with naught but the thought of God to strengthen her, with no one but God's angels—for *they* do come in emptiest rooms—beholding her!"

"Go on," said the lady, "pray go on."

"When my mistress had dressed me fine as you see, she crept out to sell me. It was very, very cold, and I felt her tremble as she pressed me under her thin shawl, and glided along the pavement that chilled her almost shoeless foot. Well, fair lady," said the Doll, "fair lady, so very fair and gentle, you seem more like a flower than"—

"No compliments," said Mrs. Baker. "Facts, no compliments."

"You shall have facts," said the Doll, sharply. "Well, my mistress sold me. She parted with her labour of twelve hours—work done on thrice-drawn tea-leaves and penny roll. She sold me; and deducting money for petticoat and body, hat and apron, needle and thread, and such trifles—trifles that are to such workers giant miseries—she made clear profit out of me, me who was sold, price one shilling—she made profit,"—here the Doll paused, and clasping its little hands, and raising its little earnest face to the face of Mrs. Baker, asked very slowly—"How much do you think she made?"

"How much? I have not the least idea," said Mrs. Baker. "How much was it?"

"Fourpence," said the Doll.

"Fourpence!" echoed the Hon. Mrs. Baker.

"Fourpence," repeated the Doll, "there is such a glut of money."

"Are dolls the children of such misery?" said Mrs. Baker, musingly.

"Misery!" cried the Doll; "why, the word is stitched and stitched in this glorious city—daily stitched in this glorious city—daily stitched by twenty thousand needles. Stitched in thread, scarlet with the heart's-blood—though it may show no such colour to the eye of trade—but scarlet, no lighter than scarlet to the eye of heaven! Misery!" cried the Doll; "I tell you the word is worked almost wherever the needle passes. In silks, in satins—in ball-room skirts—in funeral hoods; in the coat the soldier marches in—in the jacket the felon works in—in the livery that badges the lackey, in the waistcoat that warms the calculating heart of 'the poor man's friend.' Still misery—misery in millions of stitches—though voiceless, still misery."

"What's to be done?" said the lady in a despairing tone.

"I'll tell you," said the Doll.

"Oh do! pray do," cried the Hon. Mrs. Baker.

"There are some thirty thousand helpless women, it is calculated," said the Doll, very earnestly—"thirty thousand, starving, withering—worse than withering. Let them depart and let them be carried where food is plentiful—where comfort and the best dignity of domestic life await them."

"Thirty thousand; but it is not possible"—

"Much, very much is possible," said the Doll, its manner becoming elevated with its theme. "Almost every thing is possible that is for human good, if human energy so wills it. Attend. You can remove

these thirty thousand forlorn creatures—sisters in a common humanity and in the tremendous future. ‘We are all equal before the throne of God!’ said a good queen a few days since—a queen, now crowned with everlasting stars”—

“Go on,” said the lady.

“And that you, the rich, may in the great future be equal with the poor—that you may not be below them, the martyrs of poverty, who, by heroic patience here, shall win the bright hereafter,—see that you descend to them *now*; that you avouch common affection with them, vindicate common sympathy, and show, and take delight in showing, noblest sisterhood!”

“But how—but how?” cried the lady vehemently. “How aid so many thousands?”

“The meanest may do something. For fifteen pounds, a suffering sister may be carried beyond the sea to a region of plenty. Say that five, ten, twenty, if you will—nay fifty—a hundred,—put together fifteen pounds; select their one sister emigrant. In this way how many *ones* may be preserved and lastingly comforted?”

“I see—I see,” said the lady.

“Take a single case,” said the Doll. “Here is poor Perdita—a miserable needlewoman, striving with her best heart against temptation—and with hunger and want of every kind, with clothing insufficient to fence her from the elements, still heroically good. In the misery that devours her, she pays the noblest tribute to the shrine of chastity. She withers, but she withers pure. You are a rich lady—take Perdita. Pay her fifteen pounds. Send *your* offering to the Antipodes—a noble one in a chaste, and kind, and striving heart.

'Twill be something when you go to rest, to think that your Perdita, now a wife and mother, it may be,—is stirring in her happy home; preparing, in the Bush, her good man's midday meal. It will be pleasant, good as a romance, and then true, in fancy to follow from month to month the progress of Perdita, and now and then to receive from her a written assurance, a real paper document, telling her happy fortune, and with it the happiness of your own rewarding conscience."

"Indeed, there is something in this," said the lady.

"Try it," replied the Doll. "If you're not rich enough to ship at your own cost Perdita, have a friend—two, three—in the venture. The venture is a holy one, for it is God's own merchandise, snatched from misery—it may be, pollution—and freighted for happiness and peace."

"I'll have a Perdita all to myself!" said the Hon. Mrs. Baker, leaping from her chair.

"My dear!" cried Mr. Baker, returned from his club.

It was plain that the Hon. Mrs. Baker had fallen asleep over the thrilling novel—the novel of the season—the novel of absorbing interest, that, once opened, it was impossible to put down. Nevertheless, she could almost have vowed that she had had an interview with the shilling doll that lay, like any other doll, price twopence, on the hearth-rug, where it had fallen, unnoticed, from her heap of Christmas presents.

Suffice it—Mrs. Baker has selected *her* Perdita; and in a few days will ship her noble—her solemn venture. Not unprofitable, even in a dream, was the short sermon of what called itself RED RIDING HOOD'S DOLL.

On the Influence of Female Taste.

A CULTIVATED taste marks a woman of elegance and refinement, as decidedly as a knowledge of classical literature does a gentleman: and there is nothing in which female vulgarity is more clearly shown than in a want of taste. This is an axiom that I think will not admit of any dispute; but it is a question how far taste is natural, and how far it may be acquired. A delicate taste must, to a certain extent, depend upon the organization of the individual; and it is impossible for any rules to be laid down which will impart taste to persons entirely devoid of it. But this is very seldom the case with women; as it is one of the few points in which women naturally excel men. Men may be, and probably are, superior to women in all that requires profound thought and general knowledge; but in the arrangement of a house, and the introduction of ornamental furniture, and articles of bijouterie, there can be no doubt of the innate superiority of women. Every one must have remarked the difference in the furnishing of a bachelor's house, and one where a lady presides; the thousand little elegancies of the latter, though nothing in themselves, adding, like ciphers, prodigiously to the value of the solid articles they are appended to.

It is true that it is chiefly in trifles that this kind of taste is shown; but, as it has been often said, "it is trifles make the sum of human bliss;" and I must confess I should not like to visit in any family where trifles

were considered beneath the attention of the lady of the house. There is frequently only a slight difference between the solid articles of furniture in an elegant-looking room, and in one quite the reverse; and it is the magic hand of taste that produces the striking contrast between the two.

A Thimble-full of Romance.

THE tailor's wife had stitched since five in the morning. It was now noon—the day after Christmas-day, and there really was something for dinner. The tailor was from home—the children were out, but it was close upon twelve o'clock, and in a trice they would be back, eager and hungry for their meal. Mrs. Atkins put down her work—a very handsome waistcoat of sky-blue satin sprinkled with stars and bordered, it might be, with the zodiac (the border was so strangely beautiful)—clapt her thimble on the mantel-piece, and hurried to the cupboard. At all events, there was a dinner to-day; and something seemed to promise to the tailor's wife a brighter time and a fuller table for the time to come. Atkins had gone to make inquiry about a ship that was to sail for the other side of the world; and though he had not at the time a single piece of Queen Victoria's minted gold to purchase a passage for himself and family, nevertheless would learn all the particulars of cost and necessary preparation. It was a whim, he knew; for all that, it was a whim that con-

trolled him beyond his powers of self-argument, had he tried to exercise them. And all alone, Mrs. Atkins spread the table. There was a piece of beef left, and a small piece of plum-pudding; and still the pudding remained small, although Mrs. Atkins turned the plate that contained it round and round half-a-dozen times, and took half-a-dozen sidelong looks at it, as though endeavouring to behold it in the most improved light. But pudding is not to be thus magnified.

The table laid, Mrs. Atkins thought she would execute a few more stitches, filling up the time until Atkins and the children came. As Mrs. Atkins approached the mantel-piece, extending her fingers towards the thimble, the thimble—of its own motion—fell over upon its side, with one distinct prolonged sound, as from a silver-bell; Mrs. Atkins's thimble, by the way, being of no such precious metal, but of working-day brass. Mrs. Atkins drew back her fingers from the thimble as from a nettle, when the thimble—self-moved—rolled off the mantelpiece and fell upon the hearth. And then, to the astonishment and terror of Mrs. Atkins, who, strange to say, could not at that moment scream, though in no former accident had she failed, when otherwise determined—then, from the thimble began to pour forth, in small quick puffs, smoke of silvery clearness. Mrs. Atkins dropt in her chair, and sat with her eyes upon the thimble, still puffing a shining vapour—puffing and puffing, until, in a few minutes, the room was filled as with a cloud, and every object enveloped in it, save the small brass thimble that glittered like a speck upon the hearth. In the midst of her terror, Mrs. Atkins thought of her little

bit of beef and fragmentary pudding—but they were lost to her sight, muffled up in the one white cloud that possessed the apartment.

After some minutes, the cloud cleared away, slowly rolling itself up the chimney, and Mrs. Atkins's brass thimble lay, like any other twopenny implement, upon the hearth. The same well-worn thimble—the same familiar commonplace that for many a day had armed her sempstress finger.

"How do you do, Mrs. Atkins?" said a voice from the mantelpiece.

Mrs. Atkins jumped round with the shortest of jumps. She looked and saw a gentleman—

Well, he was the strangest of gentlemen, and he was in the strangest position! But we will tell every tittle we know about him.

Measured by tailor's measure, the gentleman's stature might have been about six inches. A gentleman with a very clean and lofty look; his hair an iron-gray; with a few wisdom scratches made with an iron pen—the sort of pen made out of Time's old scythes—about the corner of his eyes, that had a ceiling-ward look; a look, moreover, of self-satisfaction. He was very soberly dressed in black—very soberly; and his white neckerchief was white and pure as snow-wreath. Mrs. Atkins thought she recognised in the miniature man a well-known face; one of those countenances that, like a royal face upon a shilling, is the property of everybody who can possess it. She had seen a picture of *The Poor Man's Friend*, and—no, it could not be he; it was impossible—nevertheless, the face of the mannikin was wondrously like that flesh-and-blood goodness.

And the little gentleman, though somewhat uneasily, sat among a sprig of Christmas holly that was upon the mantelpiece; sat, and with his best pains, looked secure amid his bower of spikes.

"Hadn't you better take a chair, sir, or this stool?"—said Mrs. Atkins, as she passed her apron over a three-legged piece of deal,—“you'll be more comfortable, sir.”

“Thank you,” said the little man; his face puckered as he spoke, and shifting uneasily,—“thank you, but people condemned to live in thimbles are not allowed to be comfortable.”

“Poor creatures!” cried Mrs. Atkins, “it must be a strait lodging, goodness knows. I never heard of such a thing.”

“Benighted, darkened being!” cried the little man in black; “miserable, forlorn person,” he continued, as though from a platform,—“did you never hear of Solomon's brazen kettles?”

“Never, sir,” said the tailor's wife, with great humility.

“Know, then, that Solomon has at this moment a thousand brazen kettles at the bottom of the sea; and in every kettle is a prisoner, confined, for no good he has done, depend upon it, to hear the sea moan and roar, and answer it with his groans. And as in brazen kettles, so”—and the little man sighed heavily—“so in brass thimbles.”

“I don't understand a word of it,” said Mrs. Atkins; and with a resolute hand, she took up her thimble, and turned it over and over, and almost unconsciously brought the thimble to her nose. But it did *not* smell

of sulphur—the thimble was the like thimble it was before.

“For ten years have I lived in that thimble. Ten years,” cried the little man—and Mrs. Atkins stared now at her visitor, and now took another look at the thimble; and then she courageously thrust her thimble-finger into the familiar brass, and nodded at the little man among the holly, as much as to say, “Now you are well got rid of, I’ll take care you sha’n’t get in again.”

The little man seemed to understand the threat of the look, for he said with a languid smile,—“It’s no matter, now: my ten years are up—my time’s out to-day. All I have now to do is to confess my past sins and the sufferings they purchased me, and then I pass to peace. I’ve paid the penalty of my selfishness, and my unquiet ghost will cease to haunt your brazen thimble.”

“A ghost!” cried Mrs. Atkins. “Well, I never thought I could be so bold to a ghost. But then, to be sure, you’re such a very little one. What was your name?”

“Never mind,” said the small man. “I was called The Poor Man’s Friend. And I can tell you, Mrs. Atkins, that I have paid pretty sharply for the vanity and vexation of the title.”

“That is, I suppose”—answered the spirited little woman—“you wasn’t his friend at all? Only the name, like?”

“Listen to my story,” said the little gentleman, again shifting himself among the holly-leaves. “I was, when I was alive and enjoying my proper stature, I was a man of exceeding wealth. Rich indeed was I,

and, as everybody thought—and at last I got myself to think so too—very good, very benevolent, very pious. Indeed, I had the habit of talking so much about the duties of the rich to the poor that, for the life of me, I never could find sufficient time to perform them. Nevertheless, I could not forbear to talk—it was so pleasant, so easy too; and with no other effort, it made me a name that smelt among my particular friends like a sweet ointment.”

“The more shame for you,” said Mrs. Atkins. “To get a good name, and live upon it, and do nothing for it; why it’s worse than coining—yes, passing bad money is nothing to it.”

“Very true, Mrs. Atkins,” answered the unruffled mannikin. “Very true. Yet there’s a deal of brassy character passed for good. And it may sound right enough upon the world’s counter, but it won’t do, Mrs. Atkins, when the angels come to ring it. It won’t do, ma’am.”

“I should say not,” replied the tailor’s wife, with womanly decision.

“And so I found. It is now, madam, ten years ago since I died. If you doubt me, take your way to the cemetery. There, madam, you will see my monument. There is no mistaking it—’tis such a handsome thing, with work enough in it to have kept the sculptor and his family for a twelvemonth. I am there, ma’am, in *alto relievo* in four compartments; and in all four my likeness by lamenting friends is considered very perfect. In one place I am giving away quartern loaves—in another, I have taken off my own coat, and am serenely offering the garment to a beggar—and the third”—

"I recollect. Good as a picture to look at it—I saw it with Tom and the children one Sunday. *Then* we could get a walk on a Sunday; and now it's no walk, but for ever stitch. La, bless me! and that's you in that monument! Well, I never!" ejaculated Mrs. Atkins. "And now I recollect, what a lot of fine stuff there's writ about you."

"Don't name it, ma'am," said the little man hastily; "even as I am, my cheek tingles to think of it. And when I reflect"—

"Never mind reflections," cried the tailor's wife, with decreasing deference towards her visitor—"but come to the story at once. How did you get in my thimble?"

"That was my sentence—that was my dreadful punishment," cried the little man.

"Punishment!" echoed Mrs. Atkins, "Well, to be sure, little as you are, it must have cramped you terrible. And, what's so very droll, I never felt you."

"But I felt you—every stitch," said the mannikin, and he seemed to wince at the recollection. "However, to finish my story. You must know that, although I talked to the last day of my life about the duties of the rich, and the rights of the poor—although now and then, for the look of the thing, my name sparkled in a guinea subscription for a Home for the Houseless, or some such public benevolence, I would buy—buy where I might—I would buy cheap. Every shilling saved I considered as a new victory over the extravagance of trade. It was not for me to inquire about the wages—it was no part of my economy to be assured that the journeyman could get his shoulder of mutton and potatoes"—

"Shoulder of mutton and potatoes!" exclaimed Mrs. Atkins, as though she spoke of the culinary marvels of Mahomet's Paradise—"Well, to be sure, we had a bit of beef yesterday, but before then"—

"I cared not if you, and such as you, lived upon bran and water, if cheapness were in the stitches of my coat—if my heart, my philanthropic heart, beat beneath a waistcoat that, for economy of cost, defied competition."

"More shame for you," said the tailor's wife. "Talking of waistcoats, what do you think I get for that blue thing there?"

"Starvation!" answered the mannikin; "for I see, fine as it is—oh, I know the sort of thing *now*—I see it is one of the glories of prime cost that defy competition. A pretty breastplate of defiance," said the little man, "and well is such defiance punished."

"How punished?" asked Mrs. Atkins.

"That's it—that's the marrow of my story. That is the why and the wherefore that I am here. At this moment—now, woman, attend to me, for what I have to say is worth the hearing—at this moment—there are the ghosts of not less than ten thousand men and women—excellent persons when alive; the very pink of goodness, with delicate white satin feelings, as one may say—ten thousand spirits condemned for a certain time to be imprisoned in thimbles."

"In thimbles!" exclaimed the tailor's wife.

"In thimbles," repeated the miniature of the departed Poor Man's Friend. "And their prison is far worse than the brazen dungeon in which Solomon shuts up his genii; for they, at least, are not mocked with an open cell—with a promise of liberty never, until

the appointed time be come, to be obtained. Now the victims of the thimble may not budge. They have employed the cheapest thimble when alive, and the cheapest thimble is for a time their punishment when dead. My time is up, and my wounds are healing—but how, for these ten long years”—

“That’s just about the time—not quite—Tom and I have worked for”—

“For my tailor that was,” said the mannikin. “How, for the time, have you tortured me!”

“I—I couldn’t do it,” cried Mrs. Atkins, sharply.

“You couldn’t help it—’twas your duty and my fate. Thus, for every stitch you took, I felt your needle-head go clean into what seemed my flesh. And my sense of feeling was sharpened into spiritual suffering. For fourteen hours a day, have I felt—incessantly felt—the punctures of the tormenting steel. Hundreds of thousands of little daggers piercing me through and through, and with every stitch, a jerk that seemed to snatch at every nerve.”

“Mercy on us!” cried the tailor’s wife.

“Ay, mercy on us!” said the little man. “But we ask mercy in vain, who have had no mercy on others. Live and let starve was my inner creed; it’s a wicked religion, Mrs. Atkins, and carries its after-punishment. And depend upon it, they who, without care for the comforts, the necessities of the workers, *will* have only the cheapest work, big as their names may sound, and large as their presence in the world may be,—their souls dwell in a thimble.”

And here the little man vanished, and the Dutch clock struck twelve, and Atkins, with a brightened face,

with a child in either hand, and two following, came home to dinner. Now whether Mrs. Atkins did, or did not, tell to her husband her interview with the mannikin, is not here, or elsewhere, the business of

RED RIDING HOOD.

What will Mrs. Grundy say?

BY HORACE MAYHEW.

IF there is a person in the United States whose opinion is more sought after than another, it is Mrs. Grundy's!

If there is a tribunal of whose judgment people stand in greater dread than another, it is Mrs. Grundy's!

If there is a critic in this world who exercises more influence than all the other critics put together, it is Mrs. Grundy!

If there is a lady whose name is more frequently mentioned than any other, it is, without the slightest doubt, Mrs. Grundy's! Wherever the English language is spoken, you hear the name of Mrs. Grundy.

If there is a dominion more extensive than all other dominions, it is the one ruled over by the relict of Mr. Grundy! The sun never sets on the Grundian Empire.

Who has so many questions put to her as Mrs. Grundy? The electric telegraph must be an easy post compared to hers, for not a moment passes without some one asking, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" To answer all these questions, she must require more tongues

than Rumour, or even Fortnum and Mason have. It is lucky her address is not known, or else her letters would soon outnumber those of the police force. Every day would be to her a Valentine's day. She would be the best friend the post-office ever had, not even excepting Joseph Ady, and he is the greatest man of letters of the present century.

But who was Mrs. Grundy? Where did she live—and when, and where, and how? and what did she do? Did she take in mangling, or lecture on the “Rights of Woman,” or make French stays, or tell fortunes, or sell lovely complexions and “real heads of hair?” What was it that gave her the fearful influence that she acquired, and still maintains to this day over her sex? What was the first thing she said that established her reputation—and made every one anxious on each future occasion to hear what she would say? It is ill-naturedly said that women cannot keep a secret. The fog that envelopes the life of Mrs. Grundy is the clearest proof of the contrary.

Above all, who was her husband? Mention is never made of Mr. Grundy. The whole world is curious to know what Mrs. Grundy will say; but not a single person ever expresses the slightest anxiety to have the opinion of Mr. Grundy. From this supreme contempt of the husband, we are inclined to believe that Mrs. Grundy, in the zenith of her career, kept a boarding-house. Depend upon it, he sat unnoticed, unspoken to, painfully snubbed, at the bottom of the table, while his strong-minded wife proudly “ruled the roast” at the top. We may admire Mrs. Grundy, but we cannot help pitying poor Mr. Grundy. We know of but one

parallel instance of similar neglect—and that is the husband of Mrs. Harris. Mr. Harris and Mr. Grundy would walk beautifully in a funeral as a pair of mutes. In size and insignificance, they are of an equal height.

It would be a curious inquiry to investigate whether the wide-spread influence that Mrs. Grundy has had upon the past and present age, has been exercised for good or for evil. For ourselves, we firmly believe the tendency has been a wholesome one; for only think of the million-and-one little shabby exhibitions of pride, ostentation, intense vulgarity, and petty revenge that have been suddenly checked by the timely recollection of "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" There is no doubt that this great woman, whose memory has been handed down to us, as on a silver salver, on the top of a popular saying, was, and still is, one of the greatest social reformers of the day. We hope to see her monument some day in Westminster Abbey. It is true it will be rather difficult to supply the place of her birth and the date of her death, and other particulars rather essential to a tombstone—but what of that? The name of Mrs. Grundy will be there, and that is a whole Pantheon in itself!

In the mean time, till this Pantheon is erected, we have been promised a series of articles from the pen of the late lamented Mrs. Grundy. Her spirit still lives, and is felt everywhere. Not a village, or a pew-corner, or a country-inn, or a whist-club, or an old maid's tea-party, but is strictly governed by Mrs. Grundy. She walks like a female beadle among them all, and awes every woman, girl, child, and baby into solemn silence and church-like behaviour. Often and

often has it been wondered what she would say;—for long patient years has she been solicited for her valuable opinion—and always solicited in vain—whatever she thought, she always kept, with more discretion than generally honours her beautiful sex, to herself. But this stern rule is broken through. The oracle, that has hitherto preserved its wisdom by never saying a word, is on the breath of speaking. Silence! Our Pythoness grows inspired. Her gipsy eyes dart fire, like a shower of sparks in a blacksmith's forge—her iron lips fly open—the rusty padlock falls broken to the ground—and from her mouth issues a long stream of rubies and diamonds, as if Storrs and Mortimer's were being thrown out of the window. We have received especial permission to pick up these rubies and diamonds as they fall, and to set them in the fairy casket of our pages. They will serve, at least, to encircle the fair image of Mrs. Grundy with greater brilliancy than ever.

In the mean time, we can hardly eat, drink, work, think, or sleep, for we are as curious as any of our readers can be, to know—in the name of goodness—

“WHAT will MRS. GRUNDY SAY?”

This is what Mrs. Grundy does say:

IN ANSWER TO THE GENERAL INQUIRY OF

"WHAT WILL MRS. GRUNDY SAY?"

"WHAT do I say about children?"

"Why, I say this,—and nothing shall prevent my saying it,—that it's a shame—a cruelty—a downright piece of wickedness—to dress up these poor little children in the abominable way they do. Why, I've seen them in the Park, with their little naked legs as red as sticks of sealing-wax, crying with the cold, till they can scarcely stand upright. It's painful to see them,—and it never costs me less than a shilling a-day in buns—when there's a good frost—to keep them quiet. I've no patience with such mammas! How would they like it themselves, I should like to know? No, indeed; they take precious good care of their fine bodies, and wrap themselves up to the chin as warm as muffins. If I had my way, I would have a Humane Society for children; and any little dear that was found out taking the air—or rather, the chilblains—in a fashionable state of juvenile undress, should be snatched up, carried to the society's office, popped into a warm bath, and then sent home in a hot blanket."

"You say skating's a fine healthy exercise, do you?"

"I mean to say, it isn't,—and I'll prove it. Un-

known to me, Mr. Grundy bought a pair of skates. I wish I had only known it: I would have put him in the baby-jumper that's in the nursery, and there he should have remained suspended like a bird-cage, between the ceiling and the floor, all day. Well, what does the stupid man do, but he gets up when I am in bed—I had a nervous headache that morning, a complaint I am rather subject to, especially in the cold weather; and Mr. G. always gets up first then to make the tea—I thought there was something wrong; for, instead of bringing up the breakfast-tray himself, as he is in the habit of doing when I feel a little poorly, and pouring the tea into the saucer for me, when it's too hot,—for Grundy, I will say, is the gentlest creature in the world when I have him all to myself,—it's only when he's been supping out late at the club that he gets a spirit of his own into his head, and begins blowing hot and cold,—but then the poor man suffers dreadfully for it the next morning, and vows he will never do so again, and is as penitent as a convicted husband with a headache can be. Not that I believe him a bit for that,—for a man's repentance generally goes with his headache,—and all men, my dears, have short memories for their own sins;—they write theirs in chalk, but their poor wives' they register in indelible marking-ink."

"But you were saying, Mrs. Grundy, that skating"—

"Oh! yes, I recollect, I was saying, that, instead of bringing up the tea himself, he sent the maid that morning with it. My suspicions were instantly excited, and I became convinced something dreadful was going on, when I observed the toast wasn't buttered,

no not on either side. 'Tell Mr. Grundy I want to speak to him, immediately.'

"Please, ma'am, he's gone out.'

"Gone out?" I could not help shrieking, for he had never done such a thing before. 'Where to, pray?'

"He said he was going to the National Providence, ma'am, to pay up the insurance on his life.'

"I turned the key upon my lips—though the effort was a painful one, but shall never forget what a turn it gave me—but, I'm proud to say, I *didn't say a word!*

"Now, you say skating is a healthy exercise; please listen. About four o'clock, as I had just taken in hand the weekly newspaper, and was preparing to cut it up, a cab stopped in a frenzy at the door; there was a frantic knock—and all in a moment—in less time, I can assure you, than I could arrange my hair in the glass—in burst two dirty-looking men, and, walking over my clean drugget, deposited a big bundle, dripping wet, upon my crimson sofa. I was about to tell them to 'take that nasty thing away,' when they unrolled the wrappers and horse-cloths, of which the spongy bundle was composed, and there in the centre lay, looking as pale and as yellow as a bottle of pale sherry, a miserable object whom I recognised to be the creature I call my husband—Mr. Grundy!

"A'n't you ashamed of yourself, you good-for-nothing man? Where have you been to?—come, sir, no equivocation; tell me where you have been to?"

"To the bottom, my dear,' he replied, in a deep, muddy voice that seemed to come from the place where he had been to. One of the men then told me that he had fallen into the ice in St. James's Park, in company

with M. Soyer. That he had gone down twice, and on being taken out the third time, some wicked wag had called out: 'Two skates—one sole—just up.' That Mr. Grundy had had the customary glass of warm brandy-and-water administered to him, which 'had done him a world of good'—and, having been identified from an assurance paper which was found in his pocket, had been sent home with all speed to his 'anxious wife,'—meaning, I suppose, myself.

"I was choking with passion; but the poor man looked so pitiable, so wet, that I controlled myself, and only said, 'So—Mr. Grundy! this is what you call insuring your life!' Now for the healthiness of skating: my husband has been in bed ever since, and it has cost me five shillings in water-gruel at least, if it has cost me a penny, to cure him of his dreadful cold. But this is a trifle, which I am ashamed to mention, compared to the mighty consequences that might have resulted from the stupid healthiness of the exercise. Only think! my husband might have lost his life; it would have been a nice lesson to him, if he had: and I should have been left a miserable widow, unprovided for; for, I am told his insurance would have been forfeited, from the payment not having been paid up in time. I shall never forgive Mr. Grundy as long as he lives, for endangering his life and my fortune in that way. I hold, that men who have wives have no right to skate. Accordingly, I have given away Mr. Grundy's skates to the black man with the wooden leg who sweeps the crossing at the corner; and I should advise you, my dears, to do the same."

"Have I been to the French plays?

“No! not yet; and for a very sensible reason—I don’t understand French; and I haven’t the face to assume a knowledge I do not possess. I have seen elderly ladies there, who, like myself, knew no more French than their washerwomen, and yet would smile, and laugh, and applaud, and go through four hours of elegant deception, to induce persons to believe they were perfect Frenchwomen. I hate such mean tricks, whether practised in French, German, or Italian. It is true, my daughter Rebecca has the advantage of her mamma, and speaks the strange gibberish almost as well as Mdlle. Charton; and I used occasionally to take the dear girl to see some of their curious, little, sing-songy, *tra, la, la* pieces; but it got so very tiresome to her, and so very painful to me, that I have given it up, for, whenever she laughed, I used to cut her laugh in the middle, by asking her what it was about? and whenever she cried, I was in the habit of spoiling her fun, by pulling her sleeve and inquiring whatever she could be crying for? I could not help it, for it is but natural, when you see a daughter moved to laughter or to tears, to wish to share in her amusement; but my interruptions came so frequent, that I am sure my Becky used to wish her dear mamma in bed, or anywhere but where she was; for frequently, from explaining and translating the dialogue to me, as it went on, she would be only half way through the piece when it was all over. If ever you go to the French plays, my dears, never go in the company of a person who does not understand the language; for as sure as my name is Mrs. Grundy, you will have to act as her interpreter all the evening. Such persons should not go

to the French plays at all, until they had seen the pieces previously 'done in English.' For my part, I prefer the latter plan—it is much more amusing, and we have arrived at such perfection now in these things, that we do the French pieces nearly every word as well as the French."

Angelina's Fainted!

THE talk was of Hottentots—

"Don't speak of 'em," cried Miss Angelina Daffy. "I'm certain of it—if I were only to look at a Hottentot, I should faint—I must faint."

"Fiddledee," said Miss Lillywhite; and there was a hush—a pause in the conversation; for when Miss Lillywhite exclaimed "Fiddledee," it behooved thoughtless young ladies to look to themselves. Now, Miss Daffy had a great talent for fainting. Perhaps the talent was originally a natural gift; nevertheless, it could not be denied, that a frequent and earnest cultivation of the endowment had brought it to perfection. Miss Daffy, at one minute's notice, could faint at any time, and upon any subject. She could faint at either extreme of the day—faint at breakfast, or faint at supper; could faint with equal beauty and truthfulness, whether the matter to be fainted upon were a black beetle or a blackbird—a bull or a bullfinch. She had wonderful powers of syncope; though, it must be allowed, like most folks haunted with a despotic sense

of their own genius, she now and then employed it a little out of place. Vanity, however, is a human weakness. For a philosopher, to his own satisfaction, has proved, that the peacock takes no pride in its own effulgent glories, but, all unconscious of their beauty, spreads them because it was ordained to do so; and after all, had Miss Daffy been philosophically examined upon her proneness to faint, she would have attributed the habit to no self-complacency, but to the simple but inevitable truth that she was made to faint. She would not have recognised any beauty in the art of fainting, but merely the natural consequence that to faint was feminine. Eve, she thought, was made for *sal volatile*.

Miss Lillywhite was a spinster of seven-and-forty. "I am six—seven—eight-and-forty, next birthday," Miss Lillywhite would blithely observe, as the year might be. And this gay veracity was the more pleasing in Miss Lillywhite, inasmuch as she might have passed for forty; nay, had she stickled ever so little for it, she might have got off with six-and-thirty at most—a happy, blooming six-and-thirty; for Miss Lillywhite, like a true Englishwoman, carried in her unfading beauty the assertion of her British race. How much triumphant beauty all over the world fades and yields, as teens blow into twenties, as twenties wrinkle into thirties! Now, your truly beautiful Englishwoman, with her carnations and lilies, will carry her colours up to two-score-and-ten. Nay, we have known some veterans, blooming with a sprinkling of years over tyrannous fifty. And Miss Lillywhite was as jocund as she was handsome. It is said, there is no better preservative against the melancholy changes wrought by time than

honey. We know not whether Miss Lillywhite was acquainted with the Egyptian truth: if not, she had unconsciously acted upon the unknown recipe, and had preserved herself in the sweetness of her disposition—in the honey of her goodness. She was a pattern old maid. Yet a pattern, we would hope, never to be followed; for it is such women who make the real wives and mothers. Miss Lillywhite, like Miss Venus de Medicis, should remain a single perfection: alone in sweetness and beauty, to show what celibacy and art can do; to be admired as samples, but never to be added to.

Miss Lillywhite was an old schoolfellow of Mrs. Daffy's, and was passing the Christmas-time with her early friend and family. Now Angelina Daffy—a pretty creature, with more goodness in her than she dreamt of—had, as we have indicated, this weakness; she must faint: and carrying out this will, as a first principle, she had duly fainted through the whole round of the holidays. She had fainted at snapdragons on Christmas-eve—fainted, very emphatically fainted, when surprised under the mistletoe on Christmas day—fainted when the bells rang in 1851—and fainted, dead as a stone, as a nervous guest declared, when prevailed upon to crack a *bon-bon* on Twelfth-night. "Angelina's fainted!" had become household words in the homestead of the Daffys.

And so, can it be wondered at that the ingenuous Miss Lillywhite, at this last threat of Angelina's, to faint at a Hottentot—should rebuke the maiden with more than ordinary vivacity? The truth is, Miss Lillywhite had been much provoked: even on the

previous Sunday, when Angelina had menaced to faint at the clergyman—a very handsome, meek young man, who preached a maiden sermon with great promise of preferment—Miss Lillywhite could only scold the maiden into firmness, by threatening to give her up, unattended, to the care of the beadle. Therefore, when Angelina, returning to her weakness, expressed herself ready to go off at the very look of a Hottentot—therefore, all previous provocation considered, can it be wondered at that the patience of Miss Lillywhite fairly exploded with—"Fiddledee?" We think not; and take up the stitch of our little story.

"Fiddledee," said Miss Lillywhite.

Miss Angelina looked surprised—amazed—and gradually became very deeply wounded. At first, she raised her eyes towards Miss Lillywhite as though doubtful of the truth of her impressions; but the set, stern features of Miss Lillywhite—if you can couple the expression of sternness with the thought of a clear, bright, open face, bright and clear as Dresden china—convinced Angelina that it was the lady visitor who had really spoken. What, under the new and painful circumstance, could Angelina do? Why, she fell back upon the strength of her weakness: she instantly made an ostentatious preparation to faint. Her eyelids were slightly tremulous—she swallowed one sob—her neck took one swan-like curve, and—and, in another second, there would have been the old, old cry of the house of Daffy—"Angelina's fainted!"

But—

Miss Lillywhite jumped from her chair, and resolutely passing Mrs. Daffy, made direct to the sufferer,

who, half conscious of the attempted rescue, was fainting all the faster. "Angelina," cried Miss Lillywhite, with a restorative shake, "this is affectation—folly—hypocrisy—nonsense!"

Miss Angelina Daffy opened her orbs, and in a moment sat upright, with her prettily-cut nostril dilated, and the tear that was coming into her astonished eyes almost frozen, and indeed, altogether, in such a state of amazement that she must—no, she would not faint; it was not a time to faint, when so cruelly offended.

Miss Lillywhite drew her chair beside Angelina, who was every moment hardening in dignity. "My dear child," said Miss Lillywhite, "you must give up fainting—it's gone out of fashion."

"Fashion, Miss Lillywhite! Do you think that feelings"—

"Fiddledee," again repeated Miss Lillywhite; and Angelina sternly resolved not to say another word to so strange a person—to so unpolite a visitor. Angelina crossed her arms in resignation, determining—since her mamma would not interfere—to suffer in silence. Miss Lillywhite might be rude—might say her worst.

"When I was eighteen, your age," said Miss Lillywhite, "and that, my dear, is nearly thirty years ago, I used to faint, too. I enjoyed fainting very much; indeed, my dear, I question if ever you take greater pleasure in fainting than I did."

"Pleasure!" exclaimed Miss Angelina. Who *could* remain dumb under such an imputation?

"Oh, I know all about it—pleasure, my dear," said the remorseless Miss Lillywhite. "You see, it gave

me a little consequence; it drew upon me general notice; it made me, as it were, the centre of a picture; and it *was* a pleasure—not a healthful one, certainly, but still a pleasure—to enjoy so much sympathy about one. To hear, while I was in the fit—I don't know, my dear, whether you hear, when fainting, quite as well as I did—to hear expressions of concern, and pity, and admiration, and—do you hear them, distinctly?" Angelina could not answer such a question: she could only look lightning—harmless, summer-lightning—at Miss Lillywhite, who inexorably continued. "I can confess it now—I used to enjoy the excitement, and therefore went off upon every reasonable opportunity. It was very wrong, but there *was* something pleasant, exciting in the words, 'Miss Lillywhite's fainted!' Oh, I can remember them, my dear, as though it was only yesterday. But, my love," said the cruel spinster, taking the young maid's hand between her own, and looking so benignly, and speaking so sweetly—"but, my love, we may faint once too often."

Angelina was very much offended—deeply hurt that Miss Lillywhite should for a moment associate her own past affectation with the real existing weakness then and there before her. Nevertheless, there was such quietness, such truthfulness, and withal such an air of whim in the looks, and words, and manner of the elderly spinster, that the young one gradually resigned herself to her monitress.

"We may faint once too often," repeated Miss Lillywhite, and she sighed; and then her customary smile beamed about her. "Of this dreary truth am I a sad example."

"You! Miss Lillywhite!" said Angelina.

"Listen," said the old maid. "'Tis a short story; but worth your hearing. When I was nineteen, I was about to be married. About, did I say? Why, the day was fixed; I was in my bridal dress; at the altar; the ring, the wedding-ring at the very tip of my finger, when"—

"Mercy me!" cried Angelina, "what happened?"

"I fainted," said Miss Lillywhite, and she shook her head, and a wan smile played about her lips.

"And you were not married, because you fainted?" said Angelina, much awakened to the subject.

"As I have confessed, it was my weakness to faint upon all occasions. I enjoyed the interest that, as I thought, fainting cast about me. My lover often looked coldly—suspiciously; but love conquered his doubts, and led him triumphantly before the parson. Well the marriage-service was begun, and"—

"Do go on," cried Angelina.

"And in a few minutes I should have been a wife, when I thought I must faint. It would seem very bold of me in such a situation not to faint. I, who had fainted on so many occasions, not to swoon at the altar would have been a want of sentiment—of proper feeling, on so awful an occasion. With this thought, I felt myself fainting rapidly; and just as the bridegroom had touched my finger with the ring,—I went off; yes, my dear, swooned with all the honours."

"Do go on," again cried Angelina.

"As I swooned, the ring slipped from the bridegroom's fingers, fell upon the stove, and was rolling—rolling—to drop through the aperture of the stove, that, from below, admitted heat to the church, when—though swooning—

I somehow saw the danger, and, to stop the ring, put forth my foot"—

"Well!" exclaimed Angelina.

"Too late—the ring rolled on—disappeared down the chimney of the stove,—and then I fainted with the greatest fidelity. Hartshorn and *sal volatile* came to my aid. I was restored—but where was the ring? 'Twas hopeless to seek for it. Half-a-dozen other rings were proffered; but no—it would be an evil omen—there would be no happiness, if I were not wedded with my own ring. Well, search was made—and time flew—and, we were late at church to begin with—and the ring was not found when the church-clock struck twelve."

"Well!" said Angelina.

"Well!" sighed Miss Lillywhite, "the clergyman, closing his book, said, 'It is past the canonical hour; the parties cannot be married to-day; they must come again to-morrow.'"

"Dreadful!" exclaimed Angelina.

"We returned home; my lover upbraided—I retorted; we had a shocking quarrel, and—he left the house to write me a farewell letter. In a week, he was on his voyage to India; in a twelvemonth, he had married an Indian lady, as rich as an idol, and I—after thirty years—am still Caroline Lillywhite, spinster."

It is very strange. From the time of the above narrative there were two words never again breathed beneath the roof-tree of the Daffys. And these unuttered words were—

"Angelina's fainted!"

RED RIDING HOOD.

The Chatelaine ;

OR, "PUT IT DOWN IN THE BILL."

"Now, my dearest Agnes, do look! Here is the most exquisite little basket I ever saw."

"Where?"

"Oh, there; at the end of that chatelaine. Oh, I positively must have it. You know I really want one, Agnes. One of the swivels of my chatelaine came undone the other day, and all the things dropped off. I found two again, to be sure; but still, that's not enough. Come, Agnes, let us just go in, and ask the price, at any rate."

The two girls entered the shop, and their footman remained outside.

"Agnes," continued Rosalie, "look! Here is a bracelet that would just suit mamma. It was but the other day she was saying she wanted one. How beautiful it is! What is the price of it, Mr. Newman?"

"Let me see," said the man, taking up the bracelet. "Six pounds ten, miss."

"Well; that really is not much. Is it, Agnes, considering how beautiful it is? And how much is that little basket?"

"Thirteen shillings, miss. Solid gold."

"And how beautifully chased it is!" observed Agnes.

"Well, Agnes," said Rosalie, "I think I must have it. It's true, I have not any money left; but I'm sure I can make mamma give it me. Besides, if we get the man to put it down, she must have it;—and it's not

like ready money, you know. We have a bill here, and it won't make much difference. Indeed, she does want a new bracelet dreadfully; and, somehow, she never will buy expensive things for herself, unless I have them set down; and then, you know, she is obliged to keep them."

Agnes Blandford was one of a large family, carefully educated not to be extravagant herself, and trusted with very little pocket-money; but she had a boundless idea of the wealth of mammas in general, (Rosalie's in particular,) and thought it a most excellent thing if they could be inveigled into buying any thing; they having, as a race, a marvellous propensity to covetousness, which must be carefully checked by their daughters. Rosalie was of the same opinion. She also had no pocket-money regularly allowed her, but lived upon mamma, getting £5 from time to time, whenever poor mamma was in a weak mood and would suffer herself to be coaxed over.

"Then, you'll send them this evening, about eight, Mr. Newman, if you please," said Rosalie; and the two girls left the shop, both thinking they had done a very clever and virtuous action.

Rosalie's parents, the Hargraves, lived in great style; they appeared both rich and fashionable—fashionable they might be, but the appearances of riches were most deceptive. The money for Mrs. Hargrave's weekly bills issued in weekly struggles from Mr. Hargrave's pocket—they were living beyond their income; but out of three daughters and four sons, two of the daughters were comfortably married, and all the sons were established in professions; so there was only Rosalie to

be provided for; and she was betrothed, and would probably be married in about three or four months' time; so that the dashing town establishment need only be kept up but a very short time longer, and then Mrs. Hargrave would remove to a pretty villa in the suburbs, where she would live in complete retirement, for the health of self and pocket; and Mr. Hargrave would come up and down by the omnibuses, being careful not to bring in a friend to dinner over-often. With this prospect in view, Mrs. Hargrave struggled on, with what misery, and with what hairbreadth escapes, only those who have kept up an expensive establishment on small means can ever tell. In the mean time, she thought it was no use telling Rosalie of their difficulties; she was shortly to be married to a wealthy young merchant; and though she was extravagant, what did that matter? She would have plenty; and it was a pity to check the generosity of her nature! Besides, Mrs. Hargrave had some strange feelings, as though it would lessen her daughter's respect for her parents, if she knew of their money troubles. The little daughter was only eighteen, and understood nothing at all about money; and she was so gay and thoughtless, that she would scarcely have believed Mrs. Hargrave, if she had told her. Indeed, several times, when she had said, "Really you must not be so extravagant, Rosalie, I cannot afford it," Rosalie had laughed: "Ah, that's the old story, mother dear. Now, you know it's all nonsense, isn't it?"

So Mrs. Hargrave determined to let matters e'en go on as they had done, and contented herself by making sacrifices of various little things which she otherwise

would have had for herself, to make amends for her daughter's extravagance,—partly from affection for her child, and partly from that miserable feeling of secrecy in money matters which makes so much misery, and which exists too often between mothers and daughters, fathers and sons, husbands and wives. Had Rosalie known from the first that her father's apparent wealth was really all appearance, her naturally good heart would have made her most willing to forego all extravagances, and she would have learned the wholesome art of self-denial, and have been much more fitted for her future career in life, whatever it might be.

That evening, after dinner, they were all assembled comfortably in the drawing-room; Mr. Hargrave in a large arm-chair, with his handkerchief over his face, in a quiet dreamless sleep. Mrs. Hargrave was sitting at the table, with a green shade between her and the lamp, and an open book on a small reading-desk before her; but, what with the heat of the fire and the quiet of the room, she was gradually nodding off to sleep also. Leopold Malvern, Rosalie's betrothed, was sitting on the other side of the fire, and Rosalie at his feet on a cushioned footstool, which she was very fond of. They were quite a pretty picture, they looked so happy and comfortable, he stooping down to whisper something in her ear, and she leaning her pretty little head almost against his knee, like any child. Rosalie was always treated like a child—and she liked it; but she was a woman, too, and capable of doing more than any one suspected for those she loved.

The formal automaton footman opened the door:

"If you please, mum, here's a parcel from Newman and Hardwick's."

Mrs. Hargrave awoke. "It must be some mistake, James," said she; "I have not ordered any thing."

"It is directed to you, mum," said James, as he brought the packet to the table.

"Oh, I ordered it, mamma," broke in Rosalie. She had been so occupied with what Leo had been saying, that she hadn't heard what had passed at first.

Mrs. Hargrave looked round in utter fright, for visions rose up before her of the sacrifices of necessities that must be made to cover this extravagance. But nothing could be done; so she told the man to put down the parcel, for that it was all right, as Miss Rosalie had ordered it; and the man left the room. Mrs. Hargrave endeavoured to look as if she thought what she said, totally unconscious that the obsequious servant, who disappeared at her bidding, and who seemed neither to see nor hear any thing that passed before him, had often talked over her difficulties in the kitchen, and lamented what a thorn in her side she must find Miss Rosalie's extravagance.

Poor Mrs. Hargrave opened the jewelry, and Rosalie sprang to the table to show it off; she put the bracelet on her own round white arm, and held her fanciful little basket up to the light. "Now, my dearest mother, a'n't they beautiful? Leo, just look at this bracelet."

"And pray how much did they cost, Rosalie!" asked her mother.

"Six pounds ten shillings the bracelet, and thirteen shillings for this little love," answered Rosalie.

"That is too much—I really cannot afford it," said Mrs. Hargrave rather seriously. "They must be sent back," continued she, after a short pause.

"Oh, mamma, mamma, pray don't send them back; it will look so shabby—so horrid: besides, it was but the other day that you said you wanted a bracelet so much; and I really must have this dear little basket. Now do—there's a good mother."

"My dear Rosalie, I have told you that I do not choose to have the bracelet: I am the best judge of what I want, I should think."

"Well then, I will just take the money out of papa's pocket; he won't be angry with me, I know, for he hates any thing to look stingy." Rosalie sprang forward to her father.

"Rosalie, Rosalie—don't disturb your papa. How very troublesome you are! I really beg you'll never do such a thing again, without asking my leave. I can buy what I want, without your doing it for me." Rosalie returned to her seat. Again she leant her head towards Leo's knee, almost crying. He stroked her hair (as though she were a child) to comfort her.

"Leo," said she, looking up, "when I belong to you, you won't scold me so, if I do such a thing, will you?"

Leo stooped down, and kissed her forehead, but he said nothing; for he knew he should not have the heart to scold her, and yet he felt that hers was an awkward propensity.

The three months passed on rapidly, and, at last, Leo and Rosalie were married. It was a very gay wedding; the bride was lovely, the bridegroom was

handsome. Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave were in the most excellent spirits, and gave a magnificent breakfast, which was very well attended. The speeches were much less stupid than usual on those occasions; and nobody cried. Indeed, the people were all very merry; for everybody said what a good match it was in every respect. They went their bridal tour, and returned home. Leo took a beautiful house for his bride, and she chose beautiful furniture. Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave retired to their country villa, and things went on as comfortably as possible. Rosalie had no mamma to ask now; so she just had the things she liked put down in her own bills. She was fond of dress; fond of jewelry; fond of novelties; but Leo liked to see his dear little wife beautifully attired—and wished her to have what she liked—besides, he was rich, and could afford to spend a little more than was, perhaps, absolutely necessary on his young bride; and as they had a large acquaintance, and brides are expected to go out a great deal and to dress well, he was not surprised that his expenses were considerable; but he hoped they would soon decrease. And so for the first year or two they went on capitally.

After that there came a change: the wheel of fortune turned. Leo lost first one of his ships, and then another; his speculations failed; and at last, one sad gloomy Christmas, he came home one day through the dark fog to his wife, and told her that he feared he was a ruined man. Rosalie was astonished; she had thought the riches of her husband inexhaustible, and she had acted accordingly. The dinner was passed over in gloomy silence; and after it, the husband and wife, with

thoughtful faces, left the dining-room, and with the doors of their drawing-room close shut, they sat down to talk matters over. Leo sat in his chair by the fire, and Rosalie where she always did, at his feet; but she was a quite different Rosalie now, to what she was two years before; there was no thoughtlessness in her face now—no, nor passionate grief even. Leo was astonished; he had expected quite a scene: hysterics and reproaches, and bewailings, or, at any rate, tears; but Rosalie was calm and serious. She looked determined to meet her misfortune courageously; and Leo felt it a great help to him, as it gave him courage: and he loved his little wife still more than ever; though it was no longer as a mere child, but as an esteemed friend, with whom he could reason calmly as to what was best to be done.

“Must we leave our house?” asked Rosalie, timidly; for she felt that would be indeed a trial.

“Not if I can manage to meet my expenses this Christmas,” replied Leo; “I hope and trust your bills are not large.”

Rosalie was silent.

“Have any of the Christmas bills been sent in, Rosalie?”

“Yes, some of them, Leo.”

“Have you any idea how much they come to, dear? I mean not the house bills, but your bills, my love.”

“I don’t know, but I am afraid it’s a great deal. Are your bills heavy, this half-year, Leo?”

“No,—I knew that things were going badly with me, though I had no idea how badly; so I took care to keep my bills under.”

"Oh! if I had but known too," said Rosalie, sorrowfully.

"I wish you had; but I thought it would only frighten you, perhaps needlessly. And besides, I did not know, darling, how well you can bear things. Will you get those bills you have," continued he, after a short pause, "that we may look them over, and see if it will be possible for us to remain in our house?"

Rosalie rose; she opened her exquisite little desk, and gloomily took out three or four long bills; silently she put them in Leo's hand, and sat down again. He looked them over, and she heard him sigh heavily, but he said nothing. She knew they were enormous; higher this year than they had been before.

"Leo, may I look at your bills?" she said, meekly.

He gave her his accounts, and she looked them over. She was astonished how much lower they were than hers; astonished to find how many things he had denied himself. Then for the first time she burst into tears.

"Ah, my dearest Leo, how many things you have done without! How many things you have denied yourself, that you really must have wanted, and all to spare me! Oh, I see it all, you thought that, by being so economical yourself, we might get over this Christmas very well in spite of my extravagance. Oh, Leo! Leo! how selfish I have been; I might have known that you did not leave off Port wine and cigars because you were tired of them. Oh, will you forgive me, Leo? I know I am the cause of all our difficulties. If I had not been so extravagant, all might have been well—but even now, perhaps, with a little help from papa"—

"Your father cannot assist us," returned Leo,

gloomily; "he says he has the greatest difficulty to live himself."

"Well, well," cried Rosalie, "then we must sacrifice every thing, so that we can but pay what we owe; for it's no matter being poor, so that one is not in debt. Oh, how selfish I have been! But, Leo! dearest Leo! will you promise me one thing?—that another time you will tell me how poor we are, that I may make sacrifices too. There are so many more things I can do without than you can (oh, how blind I was!)—I'll have no more jewelry. Ellen shall make all my things at home (oh, how I hate the sight of that wretched name *Mademoiselle Delphine de Paris!*); and I'll do without millions of things that are of no consequence to me: I will have no more bills: and I shall be so happy, for I shall feel that I am doing right."

"My darling Rosalie," said Leo, as he kissed her affectionately, "how foolish I was, not to have told you my difficulties from the first; it would have saved you much sorrow and privation now. We must let this house, and go into lodgings. I will make the greatest exertions; we will sell the furniture of our house to pay our private debts; my father will help me with my business ones; and in another year, I trust we shall be all right again; and I will confide all my joys and troubles, my wealth and poverty, to you; and you shall be my dear darling wife and helpmate."

How worthless and paltry her trinkets appeared now! How she hated ever to think of them, and how firmly she resolved, if she could once be free from the load of debt that weighed so heavily upon her, how differently she would act for the future! All this

passed through Rosalie's mind with the rapidity of lightning; and when Leo ceased speaking, she felt an altered being. From that moment might be dated the commencement of a new era in her life.

It is pleasant to add, that the timely aid of a friend prevented the sacrifice of the house and furniture; and that the following Christmas found Leo and Rosalie free from all debts but those which they could easily pay. Rosalie, however, never forgot the lesson she had received; and during the whole of her after-life, if she took a fancy to any expensive trinket, she always paid for it at the time, and, never, on any account, desired the jeweller to put it down in the bill.

S. N.

Lessons in the School of Life.

BY MRS. JAMES WHITTLE, LATE MISS CATHARINE TAYLOR.

"WHAT did my aunt mean, when she said to you, this morning, that my education would never be finished? Surely, mamma, I am not always to remain at school. I am sure I often wish the time were come, when, instead of having to leave you at the end of every holiday, I could always stay with you, dear mamma, and wait on you, and nurse you, and try to amuse you, when you look so sad, and so weary: and sometimes it seems to me that I learn more in listening to you, and hearing you read to me, than I do from all the regular lessons I learn during the whole half-year. Do

you know, mamma, I remember every thing you tell me, while all that I learn by heart, to say to Miss Brewster, is forgotten in a minute. When shall I leave school, and be always with you?"

The little girl, as she asked this question, looked eagerly into her mother's face, and saw that large tears were rolling down her cheeks. Fearful lest she had been the cause, she threw her little arms round her neck, and kissed her again and again. The mother raised her languid head from her pillow, as she replied, "Fanny, sit down beside me, on the sofa, and let me tell you what your aunt and I mean, when we say that your education will never be finished. While we live, we may still learn something, and the school in which you at present study is only the first class in that wider school, the world, in which, by-and-by, you will have to take your place,—in which I, Fanny, am a scholar."

"You, mamma, a scholar? Why, you are a woman—a wise, grown-up woman. You have no lessons to learn, no tasks to repeat, no punishments to bear, no"—

"Stay, Fanny, I have all these. I have many lessons to learn daily, many tasks to perform, many punishments to endure. Do you think that I lie here on this sofa, day after day, and month after month, without learning any thing?"

"Oh, no, mamma! You are always reading large wise books."

"Yes, my dear child; but it is not always from books that we learn lessons in the great school I told you of. Life is bestowed upon us by God; that great and good Being, who creates nothing in vain, had some

wise purpose in breathing into each of us the breath of life; it is for us to find out what particular task God has apportioned to us; to learn what this is, is the important lesson which must be studied in the great school of life."

"But, mamma," said Fanny, after a longer pause than was usual with her, "how can a little girl hope to find out what God intends her to do? God cannot care whether my lessons are said well or not: what can I do, that can please God, or show him that I am wishing to find out what he intends me to do?"

"You can do what you know to be right, in the school in which you are for the present placed; you can learn to be obedient to those who are older and wiser than yourself; you can be kind and affectionate to your schoolfellows, willing to give up your own will to theirs; you can be careful not to resent any unkind word which may be said to you; you may help those who are weaker than yourself; you may comfort any who are unhappy; and if, among your playfellows, one has done a wrong action, you may, perhaps, by kindly pointing out to her the harm she has done, induce her to strive in future to avoid all sin. These duties, my little girl, belong to your position as a schoolfellow; and the same duties, rightly and faithfully discharged, make good men and women, good servants and good masters, good parents and good friends, good statesmen and good kings. Greater duty there is none, whether in you, as a little child, or in the queen upon the throne, than that you should do unto others what you would wish others to do unto you. And this, Fanny, is one of the lessons that we all have to learn in the great



"Thy will be done."

LADY'S COMPANION, p. 77.

school of life. Another, and far more difficult one, is that of bending our wishes to the will of our Father in heaven. You, who are happy and gay, to whom sorrow seems a thing still far distant, a sort of awful stranger, who may one day come into your home, but who is as yet unknown to you, may think it an easy thing to say those words, which daily you repeat: 'Thy will be done;' but, Fanny, dear, it needs a brave heart, and a firm trust in God, to say that little sentence when sorrow really comes; when Death first enters our home, and takes away the little girl from her mamma, or perhaps the mother from her child; then it is that we must learn the hard task of *submission*; and many are the tears that are shed ere that difficult lesson be learned. Or it may be that sickness comes, as it has come to me, Fanny, binding me like a prisoner, with fetters of pain, to one spot; depriving me of all my former pleasures, and rendering me useless to others. To bear the pain that never leaves me, to lie here, and never again go forth into the fields with you, and show you the glorious works of God, there set before us—to do this, and be patient and content, and able to say, 'Thy will be done,' is not an easy thing; and this, Fanny, is the lesson I study daily."

The little maiden's eyes were full of tears; she knelt beside the couch, hid her face in her mother's bosom, and was silent. Then looking up, a smile brightened her sweet face, as she said, "And yet, mamma, you are happy; no one smiles as you do, no one looks more cheerful;" then, after a minute's pause, she added, "Ah! mamma, I see it all now; you have learned *your lessons well*, and as I am never unhappy when I

do and say all my governess requires from me, so you are happy, because you have learned to do and say all that God requires of you."

The mother smiled, and said, "Not *all*, my child;" but her heart was glad that Fanny had thus learned one of the lessons of Life's Great School.

Women's Books and Men's Books.

LEAVING out of the question books which deal with the special or technical knowledge of some profession or pursuit followed exclusively by men, there is no book which is wholesome for man's reading, that can be mischievous for women to read also, if they have the requisite preliminary cultivation, which may enable them to sift the wheat from the chaff.

"History, philosophy, political economy, logic, criticism, and all the higher and more strengthening branches of knowledge," may, and should, be far more studied by women than they are at present. The neglect of these studies by them has much to do with that helplessness which either really disables them from forming their own opinions on things about them, or makes them afraid to express those opinions when formed. And the same erroneous theory of female training which would confine women to particular classes of books or subjects of study, lies at the root of that moulding of their habits which make them so ludicrously and deplorably helpless in even the simplest

business of life. Women, as a class, sadly want decision and courage, and some mothers seem to think that helplessness in women is attractive to men, and sits gracefully upon the sufferer. No doubt, men do like to feel the dependence of women upon them sometimes; but men are much oftener "bored" by women's inability to make their own way and manage their own business, than either flattered or attracted by it.

So there are peculiar *duties* which are especially women's duties, as the care of children, and the earlier part of their education. But in all these *feminine topics*, there is a knowledge and a way of thinking which are as much masculine as feminine, which, in short, have no sex; and these, it is humbly hoped, may be usefully conveyed through a volume addressing itself to women specifically. Oh, if women did but know the thankfulness, the grateful and ready respect, with which all men who are worth any thing light upon a really natural, honest, courageous, and sensible woman! all the silly theories of the charms of female ignorance, and the interest inspired by female dependence, and the attractiveness of little affectations, would be swept away at a blow, and an unspeakable gain to society the riddance would be.

What Men think of Women.

LET no one doubt that it would be well for both men and women if each sex really knew more of the other; if women were less in the habit of wearing a smiling mask in their intercourse with men, and men showed more of their natural manly selves in the society of women. As it is, there is a sort of hypocrisy of sex on both sides, which is usually practised out of the family. It is curious to mark how far this goes, and in what little things it shows itself. You shall watch a man talking with men; mark how natural his tones are, how easy his attitude and gestures, if he indulge in any. But see the same man go up to a woman and talk with her: in nine cases out of ten, you see a sudden and total change of bearing and demeanour. His voice has a sort of affectation in it; his body has acquired a sort of ungraceful movement, or is stiffened into a more constrained repose. It is clear that he is acting a part; and a similar change is observable in the woman, who has, generally, one manner for her own sex, and another for the other. While conversing with a man, she is much more alive, and eager, and vivacious, and often thinks it necessary to affect an interest in things in which she feels no real concern. She is playing to the man, as the man is playing to her. They are showing each other the varnished side of their respective selves.

Now, in all social intercourse there is more or less of this sort of admitted and conscious deception; but it

is much more elaborate, goes further, and is used more as a blind between persons of the opposite sexes; and it has more serious ill consequences as between men and women than as between man and man, or woman and woman. It is never so much practised as when people are falling in love with each other, and afterwards, during love-making, and the earlier stages of married life; and then, all of a sudden, the husband or wife lays aside the mask from sheer impatience of it, or it gets knocked off in some sudden collision, or it slips aside, and then is the first bitter disappointment and disenchantment, on the one side or the other, as the case may be.

Married people, however, must come to an understanding sooner or later, and at more or less cost. With them the deception is sure to be found out, though the discovery not unfrequently saddens the future of two lives. But in the common give-and-take of social life, between men and women who are not lovers, nor like to be, this habit of mutual deception leads to a sort of general falseness, unreality, and contemptible, though tolerated, affectation.

It belongs to women to say what they think of men, but it strikes the writer (who is a man) that he may be pardoned for saying some things which he has observed men think of women, in the hope that he may hit some real "blots," and, perhaps, touch a quick conscience or so, and thus help, perhaps, to the correction of a bad habit.

As a general rule, men like natural, easy-mannered, frank, and unaffected women. It is true that some men will tell you they "like affectation." But inquiry into this will prove that they only like an af-

fection; some trick, perhaps, or peculiarity, which has for them a mysterious attraction, altogether inexplicable, and which no woman need ever give herself the trouble to seek for, in order to employ it. It is not, indeed, uncommon for a man to declare he likes affectation, because he happens, for the time being, to admire and like an affected woman. But the real charm, then, is not in her affectation: "She's an affected woman," in man's criticism of woman, is blame. So much, women may be assured of.

There are classes of affectations, which vary in offensiveness in the eyes of different men. But as a general rule, it will be found that all abnegation of sex and the characteristics of sex in a woman are looked upon by men with no favour. "A masculine woman" is a personage whom men shrink from with a singular dislike, in most cases. But women must not misunderstand what men mean by "masculine." In a future paper the writer purposes to describe what is, and what is not, a masculine woman, in average men's notions, as he has heard them expressed.

What men mean by a "masculine woman," is not exactly what at the first blush the name may be thought to indicate. They do not mean, for example, a self-dependent woman, who is able to go about her own business, without falling into silly difficulties, and making an unnecessary pother,—who, in town, can do her own shopping, without allowing herself to be bullied by impudent shopmen; knows how to repel insolence; can choose the proper moment to get over a crossing; who, in the country, can visit her cottages,

go cheerfully and readily about her errands of mercy and kindness, alone, and so on.

This sort of self-dependence in women releases relatives, friends, and husbands, from a heavy tax upon their time and patience, and shows that helpfulness and capacity for affairs which every sensible man would wish to find in his own wife. Neither does a masculine woman mean one who is strong and vigorous, fond of walking and riding, and such exercises as women can take, either alone or in company. Nor does the name apply, generally, to a woman who thinks for herself in intellectual matters; who reads books of sound history and criticism, and science. All these habits are compatible with perfect feminineness of character. There are many instances of women who employ their intellects on strong mental food, and discharge, at the same time, in an exemplary way, all the duties of wives and mothers; and in houses where we find in the wife this union of male force of intelligence with the careful and feminine discharge of womanly duties, it is within the writer's, and, probably, within many of his readers' experience, that the pleasantest, most genial, and most cultivated circle is to be found gathered.

A "masculine woman" is very often one who prides herself upon her womanliness. She may glory in being helpless, in laying every man who comes near her under contribution in some way or other; she may have no knowledge of business or books, she may never mount a horse, or get out of a mincing two-miles-an-hour walk, —she may have a horror of "blues," and confine herself closely to the narrowest circle of purely feminine

employments and accomplishments; and yet she will be a masculine woman for all this, if she be bold and confident in the assertion of her opinions, obtrusive of her sex upon men, silly and confident in her little ways and affectations,—in one word, if she be *habitually careless of reserve and gentleness*.

This last point involves the true test. We find “the masculine” in woman, wherever we miss gentleness, real modesty, the soft and low voice, the thoughtful and delicate kindness, the trustingness, tolerance, and sweetness, which go together to make up the ideal of womanhood; all of which are compatible with the most complete self-dependence, the most vigorous health, and the widest and gravest knowledge. Where the former qualities exist, the latter gifts will ever command the thankful admiration no less than the general esteem of the best men; and no woman, who truly respects herself, should court the approval of any men but the best she knows.

What Women think of Men.

THE literary world appears to me to be in danger of being overwhelmed by a flood of publications, having for their object the intellectual improvement of the female sex. One solitary author, Mr. Thackeray, has alone even hinted at the faults of the opposite sex.

He has told us what men think of women, or, rather, his own idea upon the subject; but I am inclined to doubt whether his opinion of the fair sex is shared by the majority of his own. In a word, whether the women he most admires and appreciates are those who would be soonest chosen by the generality of men *as wives*; which, after all, is the truest test by which to judge of the style of women most admired by the opposite sex. No married woman can reach the age of thirty, with ordinary powers of observation, without having formed some opinion upon the subject. I have had a large circle of friends and acquaintances of my own sex, some intellectual and gifted in every way, with the powerful charm of beauty superadded; others quiet, gentle, and sweet, but decidedly below the average in intellectual attainments. I have invariably found the latter the most admired, the soonest married, and united to the best men; while the former, who were ornaments to their sex in every way, have either remained single, or have been married to men decidedly their inferiors in intellect. How frequently have I seen a girl, such as I have described, with youth, beauty, and

mental superiority, introduced into society, and then heard the opinions which men have passed upon her: "too learned by half," "a clever girl, but not the wife for me." While a quiet, simple, pretty, or prettyish girl, with no superiority of mind, is no sooner seen than she is courted and flattered in that way men know so well how to make use of in their intercourse with women.

The writer accuses us of assuming an entirely different character, when in the society of the opposite sex, to that in which we appear when among companions of our own. For the honour of womankind, I must say, that, in most cases, this is entirely unintentional. A woman is naturally gratified when a man singles her out and addresses his conversation to her. She takes pains to appear to the best advantage, but without any thought of wilfully misleading.

How different is it with men! At least it is thus that women in general think of men. The mask with them is deliberately put on and worn as a mask, and wo betide the silly girl who is too weak, or too unsuspicious, not to appear displeased with the well-turned compliments and flattering attentions so lavishly bestowed upon her by her partner at the ball. If a girl has brothers, she sees a little behind the scenes, and is saved much mortification and disappointment. She discovers how little men mean by attentions they so freely bestow upon the last new face which takes their fancy.

Men are singularly wanting in good feeling upon this subject: they pay a girl marked attention, flatter her in every way, and then, perhaps, when warned by some

judicious friend that they are going too far, "can hardly believe the girl could be so foolish as to fancy that any thing was meant."

The writer says, "Men like women to be self-dependent, to be able to go about their business, journeys, &c., without requiring the attention of their male relatives." Much would it add to the comfort and happiness of women, if it could be so. But, upon this point, again, I do not think that this writer's opinion is shared by his fellow-men. I grant him, when a woman has reached the age of the "Unprotected Female," her helplessness is a most serious annoyance to her male friends; but, if in the place of the stout middle-aged Martha Struggles you put a young and pretty girl, how different is the feeling excited! her helplessness is most touching and appealing. The man feels himself a protector, sees the great impropriety of ladies travelling alone, imagines inconceivable dangers, &c. &c. for his fair charge. Unfortunately women cannot always remain young and pretty; then, in middle-life, the faults which have been so carefully fostered by the *girl's* admirers, become the greatest source of annoyance to her husband, brother, or cousin.

The fault which strikes women most forcibly in men is *selfishness*. They expect too much in every way, and become impatient if their comforts and peculiarities are interfered with. If the men of the present day were less selfish and self-indulgent, and more willing to be contented and happy upon moderate means, there would be fewer causes of complaint against young women undertaking situations as governesses when they were wholly unfit for so responsible an office. I

feel the deepest interest in the present movement for the improvement of the female sex; and most cordially do I concur in the schemes for this desirable purpose laid down in "The Ladies' Companion;" but I could not resist the temptation of lifting up my voice in testimony against some of the every-day faults of men, to which I think many of the follies and weaknesses of women are mainly to be attributed.

Mr. Thackeray is, as I have said, the only writer of the present day who touches, with any severity, upon the faults of his own sex. He has shown us the style of women that he thinks men most admire, in "Amelia," and "Mrs. Pendennis." Certainly, my own experience agrees with his opinion; and until men are sufficiently improved to be able to appreciate higher qualities in women, and to choose their wives among women who possess such qualities, I do not expect that the present desirable movement will make much progress. The improvement of both sexes must be simultaneous. A "gentleman's horror" is still a "blue-stocking," which unpleasing epithet is invariably bestowed upon all women who have read much, and who are able to think and act for themselves.

I feel conscious of not having done justice to my subject, but if I have supplied a hint upon which some more gifted sister will speak, I shall be amply repaid.

A YOUNG WIFE.

What Women think of Men.

AN ANSWER TO THE LAST ARTICLE.

I REMEMBER, when I was a child, having a most awful idea of a learned lady, or "blue-stocking," whom I always pictured to myself as a cross old maid, who did not like little children, and who talked in high-flown language that very few people could understand.

A recent writer seems to think that men of the present day have much the same idea of a well-informed woman as I had in my childhood, and that they dislike clever women, simply because they are clever. This, however, I firmly believe is not the case. There are some women who are called clever, who are very disagreeable; but, if men dislike them, which I acknowledge they very frequently do, it is not because they are clever, but because they presume upon their cleverness; and because they are very often sarcastic, pedantic, and dictatorial—qualities which no one likes in either man or woman.

But the kind of cleverness I have alluded to is only of the *parvenu* kind, and it is never found in women of genius, or of high intellectual attainments. Women of real talents are invariably simple and unaffected, and most of those I am acquainted with are wives and mothers. If we look round at the ranks of female authors, how very few we shall find unmarried. It is not true, therefore, that all men dread intellectual attainments in their wives.

Men, and clever men too, do sometimes, I own, choose very silly women for their wives; but how different is their fate from those who are more suitably wedded! In the first case, the man has no companion in his wife; he is afraid of her speaking, lest she should say something silly; and, when he wants society, he generally seeks it in the society of his male friends, unless, indeed, he should form some disgraceful acquaintance. The man of talent, who has married a sensible wife, finds, on the contrary, that he has acquired a constant companion and friend; one who can appreciate his powers, who can rejoice in his success, and condole with him in his disappointments;—one who can lighten his labours by sharing them, and give advice, on the sincerity of which he can safely depend. Even if his sole wish is to rule, and to be obeyed implicitly, he has a better chance of succeeding with a sensible woman than with a silly one, as weak people are proverbially obstinate; and a sensible woman would always wish to raise her husband in the eyes of the world, and not to lower him by appearing to rule over him.

It is the law of nature for women to look up to men for protection in times of trouble; and women do so instinctively, not as a proof of intellectual weakness, but from a want of physical strength.

J. W. L.

Tableaux Vivants.

BY MRS. SEVERN.

PERHAPS there is no intellectual amusement in fashionable life the nature of which is so little understood as the *Tableau Vivant*; it being generally considered as only a vehicle for display, whereas its real purpose is to arrange scientifically a combination of natural objects, so as to make a good picture, according to the rules of art.

A *tableau vivant* is literally what its name imports—a living picture composed of living persons; and, when skilfully arranged and seen at a proper distance, it produces all the effect of a real picture. It is said, that the first living picture was contrived by a profligate young German nobleman, who having, during the absence of his father, sold one of the celebrated pictures belonging to the old castle, which was an heir-loom, to conceal the deficiency, placed some of his companions behind the frame, so as to imitate the missing picture, and to deceive his father, who passed through the room without being conscious of his loss.

A *tableau vivant* may be formed in two ways; it may consist of a group of persons, who take some well-known subject in history or fiction to illustrate, and who form a group to tell the story according to their own taste; or, it may be a copy, as exact as circumstances will permit, of some celebrated picture. The first plan, it may be easily imagined, is very rarely effective; since, as we find that even the best masters

are often months, or even years, before they can arrange a group satisfactorily on canvas, it is not probable that persons who are not artists should succeed in making good impromptu pictures. Indeed, it has been observed, that artists themselves, when they have to arrange a *tableau vivant*, always prefer copying a picture to composing one.

Copying a real picture, by placing living persons in the positions of the figures indicated in the picture, appears, at first sight, an easy task enough; and the effect ought to be easily attained, as there can be no bad drawing, and no confused light and shade, to destroy the effect of the grouping. There are, however, many difficulties to conquer, which it requires some knowledge of art to be aware of. Painting being on a flat surface, every means are taken to give roundness and relief to the figures, which qualities of course are found naturally in a *tableau vivant*. In a picture, the light is made effective by a dark shadow placed near it; diminished lights or demi-tints are introduced to prevent the principal light appearing a spot; and these are linked together by artful shades, which show the outline in some places, and hide it in others. The colours must also be carefully arranged, so as to blend or harmonize with each other. A want of attention to these minute points will be sufficient to destroy the effect of the finest picture, even to those who are so unacquainted with art as to be incapable of explaining why they are dissatisfied, except by an involuntary liking or disliking of what they see.

The best place for putting up a *tableau vivant* is in a doorway, with an equal space on each side; or, at

least, some space on both sides is necessary; and if there is a room or a passage between the door selected for the picture and the room the company is to see it from, so much the better, as there should be a distance of at least four yards between the first row of the spectators and the picture. It must be remembered that, while the tableau is being shown, nearly all the lights must be put out in the room where the company is assembled; and, perhaps, only one single candle, properly placed, in the intervening space between the company and the tableau, must be left slightly to illuminate the frame. In the above-mentioned doorway a frame, somewhat smaller than the original picture, must be suspended, three, four, or even five feet from the floor, as may suit the height of the door; or, if the door is not very high, the frame may be put one or two feet behind to gain space; but care must be taken to fill up the opening that would, in that case, show between the doorway and the frame; also a piece of dark cloth ought to be put from the bottom of the frame to the ground, to give the appearance of the picture hanging on the wall. The most important thing is, that chairs or tables ought to be placed behind the frame, so that the persons who are to represent the tableau may sit or stand as nearly in the position, with regard to the frame, as the figures appear to do in the real picture they are trying to imitate, and at about two feet from the frame, so that the light which is attached to the back of the frame may fall properly on the figures. In order to accomplish this, great study and contrivance are required, so that the shades may fall in precisely the same places as in the original picture; and sometimes

the light is put on one side, sometimes on the other, and often on the top; and sometimes shades of tin or paper are put between the lights and the tableau, to assist in throwing a shadow over any particular part. The background is one of the most important parts, and should be made to resemble that of the picture as nearly as possible; if it is dark, coarse cloth absorbs the light best; but whether it is to be black, blue, or brown, must depend on the tint in the picture; should the background be a light one, coloured calico, turned on the wrong side, is generally used. If trees or flowers form the background, of course real branches or plants must be introduced to imitate those in the picture. Even rocks have been imitated; and spun glass has often successfully represented water. A thin black gauze, black muslin, or tarlatan veil should be fastened to the top of the frame, on the *outside* of it, through which the tableau is to be seen.

Care ought to be taken to conceal the peculiarities of the different materials used in the draperies, and it is even sometimes necessary to cover the stuffs used for the purpose with a gauze of a different colour, so as to imitate the broken and transparent colours found in most good pictures. This, carefully attended to, will give a quietness and simplicity to the whole, which will greatly add to the illusion.

The Heart's Awakening.

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

ONLY yesterday a child,
She the little rosy maiden,
Hers the glee of laughter wild!
Now her brow with thought is laden.
From behind her eyes there gleams
Light which tells of stranger-dreams,
Faint, like summer morning breaking,
With the shadows warfare making;
It is waking—It is waking!

Gone for aye the childish pace,
Bounding, trotting at our call;
Slowlier, with a sweeping grace,
See her tiny footprints fall:
Silenter the babbling tongue,
When her elder friends among;
Yet her speech new music making,
And her words new meaning taking,
Now her girlish heart is waking!

She hath opened Nature's books,
Leaf by leaf they turn for her;
And her soul, as still she looks,
Heaveth with a gentle stir.

Stars,—that were but stars before
Shown by scientific lore,
Off such prosy fetters shaking,—
Are with spirit-lustre breaking
On the heart that's newly waking!

She will sit in listless thrall
Gazing on a fleecy cloud;
Or upon the waterfall;
Or upon a flowery crowd;
Or on bee and butterfly;
Or on birds that climb the sky;
As she were dull earth forsaking—
Life from dream-land only taking,
Meet for young hearts just awaking!

There is yet another change
For the pensive little maiden:—
Now good angels near her range;
Be their white wings wisdom-laden!
She no longer solely looks
Into Nature's extern books,
Though she musing sits apart:
She hath found a subtler teacher,
And a more impassioned preacher,
In her wakened woman's heart!

Duty. A Tale.

Stern lawgiver! yet dost thou wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we any thing so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong.

And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

WORDSWORTH.

“WHY do you dwell so much, dear mamma, upon the necessity of acting from a principle of duty? It seems so cold and severe a word! and it is so much easier and happier to obey you and papa because I *love* you, than because it is my *duty* to do so.” As Lucy Edwardes gave utterance to these words, she fixed her eyes with so fond and earnest a gaze upon her mother, that Mrs. Edwardes looked sadly on her for a moment; but her pale countenance was soon lighted up by a soft, tender smile, such as mothers only can bestow upon their offspring, and she replied, “May it long be your privilege, my child, to obey your parents joyously and freely as you do now; but perhaps, in after-life, you may remember your mother’s word, that affection is never so pure or steadfast as when it is guided and controlled by duty. Duty, not cold and stern, as it exists in your imagination, but tender and gentle amid its high and firm resolves. Duty, such as I trust will be familiar to your heart, when the earlier and more ardent impulses of affection may perhaps have passed

away. But I will not enlarge on this subject now, as it seems distasteful to you, my love;" added Mrs. Edwardes, while her head sank back upon her couch, as if she were wearied by the effort of speaking. Lucy pressed to her lips her mother's hand, which she had held within her own during the brief moments of their conversation; and rising from the footstool whereon she had been seated, entered the conservatory, near whose open door the invalid's sofa was placed, and plucking a sprig of heliotrope, which she knew to be her mother's favourite flower, laid it on the work-table at her side. Mrs. Edwardes smiled gratefully upon her daughter; and Lucy inquired whether she would like some music. "Yes, let me have one of your beautiful Scotch airs." "Or my last new Italian song, mamma?" "Whichever suits your own taste best, my love." Lucy seated herself at the piano and poured forth a full tide of song, which at other times would have gratified her mother's ear; but the closed eye and hectic flush bespoke suffering too acute to be soothed by mortal melody.

All this while, Mrs. Edwardes had been watched by another anxious eye; for Lucy had a sister, about a year older than herself; and just then, Marion Edwardes was seated at the other end of the drawing-room, seemingly engaged in sketching, but her pencil was held in silent thoughtfulness, while she looked earnestly towards her mother. After a moment's hesitation, she arose, and going into the next room, brought back a restorative which she offered to the invalid; a look of grateful love rewarded her consideration, and she inquired in a low voice, "Is the music too much for

you, mamma?" "Oh, no; don't mar Lucy's pleasure: I am stronger again. But Marion turned round and whispered to her sister, "I think, Lucy, some simpler melody would please mamma better, for she does not seem well enough to-day to enjoy such brilliant music." "That is just one of your old-fashioned notions, Marion; as if an air of Bellini's could be more hurtful than some ditty which has been sung for ages by shepherds and ploughboys! But if mamma is suffering, I had better not play at all," she continued; and closing the instrument, rose up from her seat. Observing that Marion looked grieved, she added in a contrite tone: "I hope, dearest Marion, you are not displeased with me; I would not vex you for worlds." So saying, she kissed her cheek, and resuming her embroidery, seated herself once more at her mother's side.

This little scene passed behind Mrs. Edwardes's couch, but she had overheard some of her children's words, and her inquiring eye rested anxiously on them both. The entrance of her husband introduced new topics of conversation, and as she exerted herself to enliven the leisure hour which was always devoted to her, he could not realize to himself that the being, whose soft cheerfulness and harmless wit formed the delight of his home, was about to pass away like a shadow from the face of the earth.

A year had elapsed since the day just alluded to. The sun shone as brightly as ever upon the gay conservatory, whose fragrance had often been so grateful to the drooping invalid. The sound of music was still heard within that pleasant drawing-room. Books and

work were, as heretofore, scattered throughout the apartment. But she, whose presence had once shed a calm joy around these household comforts, was gone; and her young daughters looked sad and desolate in their sable garments. Yet theirs was the sadness of a spring morning, whose clouds and sunshine are so happily blended together, that one would not give up the tempered brightness of that changeful sky for the brilliancy of the noontide hour. She who was gone hence had spoken words of peace and hope which dwelt within their hearts, as pledges of their mother's bliss; and her spirit seemed to hover around their domestic hearth, binding together more closely than ever those who were dearest to her on earth. Her widowed husband seemed to centre all his love and all his hopes in his two daughters, who now formed his only household treasures.

Marion and Lucy were at an age which peculiarly needed a mother's care, for they were just springing into womanhood; but all that a father's tenderness could supply was bestowed by Mr. Edwardes, who in each leisure hour directed their studies, shared in their pursuits, and gave them every healthful recreation they could desire. He seemed to live for his children, and they loved him with that devoted affection which is the happiest bond between a father and his daughters. Marion was his daily counsellor and stay, for she united to all the freshness of seventeen, the ripened judgment of a more advanced age; but Lucy was his pride and his darling. Her dark eyes rested on him with such fond affection—her childlike playfulness was so bewitching—her voice so full of sweet modulation! Yes, Lucy was her father's favourite, and she knew it.

In the earlier days of his widowhood, Mr. Edwardes had turned chiefly to Marion for comfort, and her silent tears were his best earthly solace; but as his grief became less poignant, he found relief in the society of his younger daughter, whose occasional bursts of sorrow were less oppressive to his spirits than the quiet sadness of her sister.

As time wore on, Marion spoke more rarely than heretofore of her beloved mother, whose image, however, dwelt within her heart, and whose words she treasured up as a storehouse of wisdom and consolation. Lucy, on the other hand, loved to talk with her father of the being so dear to them both; and these conversations tended to lighten the burden of their sorrow, and to prepare them for a participation in other thoughts and joys, connected with the present rather than with the past.

It was a calm autumn evening. The sisters were standing together in a bay window, from whence they watched the setting sun as it sank behind the distant hills which bounded their horizon. Marion's hand rested on her sister's shoulder, and it seemed as though some painful recollection had been awakened by the beauty of the scene, for a tear stole down her cheek, which, being observed by Lucy, she gently kissed away. At this moment, their father entered, with an open note in his hand.

"Here is an invitation for you, my children, to Florence Court."

"Are we to go?"

"May we go?" escaped, at the same moment, from Marion and Lucy's lips.

"Just as you please; for I have no wish to deprive you of any innocent enjoyment. What say you, my grave and gentle Marion?" inquired Mr. Edwardes, addressing his eldest daughter.

"Oh, papa, so far as my choice is concerned," began Marion, but perceiving a shade of disappointment on Lucy's countenance, she added, "let dear Lucy decide; I will do whatever she likes best."

Lucy's features lighted up as she expressed the delight it would give her to accept Lady Leslie's invitation, saying that Isabella Leslie was such a charming person that she longed to see her again.

"Well, my little enthusiast, you shall go there; but this is rather an impromptu friendship you have formed for Miss Leslie; you have met but once—besides, she is several years older than you are."

"Yes, yes, papa; but she is so beautiful and so kind, and sings so divinely! I cannot help loving her."

Mr. Edwardes rallied her for a few moments longer, and then returned to his study. Marion looked rather graver than usual; but Lucy was too happy in anticipation of the morrow, to observe her sister's saddened aspect.

The second year of Mr. Edwardes's widowhood had passed away, and the beloved mother of his children was about to be replaced by a younger and more beautiful companion. Isabella Leslie was on the eve of becoming the mistress of Hazlewood. Lucy's heart leaped with joy at the prospect of having her friend the inmate of her home, so that she could enjoy her society without the many interruptions which had of late somewhat excited her impatient disposition. There

was but one drawback to her happiness. She could not conceal from herself that the union in which she so fondly rejoiced, was painfully unwelcome to her sister. Marion's calm smile and quiet demeanour might have deceived an ordinary observer; but the eye of affection could detect a struggling heart beneath this peaceful exterior. This discovery would have affected Lucy still more deeply had she not thought it strangely unreasonable of Marion not to share in the ardent attachment she felt for her friend. At times the remembrance that her mother had not desired the acquaintance of Lady Leslie's family for her children, would give her a momentary pang; but this unwelcome thought was quickly expelled by her determination to believe, that had Isabella's excellences been known to her mother, she would gladly have chosen her as the companion of her daughters.

The bridal pair had returned from their wedding tour, and on their arrival at home Isabella was greeted by Lucy with the same ardent enthusiasm which had marked her attachment since the first day of their meeting; Marion was there too, and in the cordial welcome she gave her father's wife, no shade of gloom was suffered to overcloud this, their first family meeting. Mr. Edwardes was too much engrossed with his own happiness to observe the changing colour of his eldest daughter at this trying moment; but the haughty expression of Isabella's eye, as her glance rested on Marion, showed that there was one, at least, who had detected the hidden feelings of her heart. Isabella was not destitute of many good qualities, but her natural vanity had been fostered by an injudicious mother into

arrogance and self-conceit. Alas! how often does mistaken affection check the unfolding of kindly virtues within the bosom of its idol! even like some parasitic creepers which stifle the blossoms of those fragrant shrubs around which they have entwined themselves with an aspect of clinging tenderness.

The sisters were now emancipated from the restraints of the school-room, but their old place of study was still appropriated to their exclusive use; and there, a few hours were daily spent by Marion in reading or in other favourite pursuits. There, too, she often sought refuge from petty mortifications which awaited her in the drawing-room; nor did she ever trust herself to rejoin the domestic circle, until she had obtained strength to fulfil cheerfully the new duties which were now allotted to her.

In this quiet apartment she was seated one afternoon, when Lucy rushed into the room, and, throwing her arms round her sister's neck, exclaimed passionately, "You are the only one now left to love or care for me, dearest Marion! Oh! how bitter it is to be deceived where one has trusted so fondly—so entirely."

"What do you mean, my love?" inquired Marion, with an anxious look.

"You know, Marion, how I have devoted every thought to my father and Isabella,—how I longed for their union,—how I rejoiced at its accomplishment. Well, they no longer care for me. I am not necessary to their happiness; nay, my presence seems unwelcome to them; but," added she, rising up with an air of offended dignity, "I will not tamely submit to such insulting treatment. They shall learn that I can exist

without them. The world is wide enough for them and me."

Marion, though used to occasional outbursts of her sister's ardent temper, looked perplexed and grieved. After a moment's hesitation, she said: "Surely, you are mistaken, Lucy; although papa has, of course, less leisure to bestow on us now than in former days, yet he is very kind; and as for Isabella, it is impossible but that she should love you."

"Yes, with such love as a stepmother may bestow, but not such as I have a right to expect from my chosen friend. And, as for papa, he is so engrossed with his young wife, that I believe, at heart, he cares very little for you or me, although *you* may choose to believe the contrary; for *my* part, I will not be deceived by him or by Isabella either."

"Dear, dear Lucy," said Marion gravely, "do you remember that he is our father, and that it is our duty to love him, and to love her for his sake?"

"*Duty!* that is so like you, Marion. You are a very wise teacher truly, but you cannot make me love by rule," said Lucy scornfully.

"Indeed, I did not mean to *teach* you, dear Lucy; but you cannot forget who it was," she added with a trembling lip, "who it was that taught us that duty was the highest and holiest principle of life. You cannot forget who it was that warned us how the strongest affection might sometimes waver, if not controlled and guided by a sense of duty."

Lucy burst into tears, and throwing herself anew into her sister's arms, cried out, "Ah! my beloved mother, would that she were here again, to pity and direct us."

"We cannot recall her, dearest Lucy, nor, perhaps, ought we wish to do so; but may we not best cherish her memory by endeavouring to obey all her wishes concerning us?"

"It is so hard! so very hard!" observed Lucy. "You cannot know, Marion, how difficult it is to be gentle and loving to those who are wounding and annoying you; for you are naturally so kind and good that you have no struggle in doing what is right."

"No struggle!" replied Marion, mournfully. "Oh, Lucy! how little do you know of the long, bitter struggles I have had before it was possible for me to overcome painful and rebellious feelings, so as to be able cheerfully to fulfil the duties of my present position."

"Is it possible, dearest Marion? and I knew nothing about it. How cold, how hateful, you must have thought me!"

"No, no. I always felt sure that you loved me, although we seemed unhappily to be estranged for a while."

"Oh! I shall never—never be like you, my dear, good Marion," said Lucy, in a renewed agony of grief.

"Say not so, dearest Lucy; for are we not both equally weak and frail in our best resolutions? and have we not the same unflinching promise of strength to cheer and support us in every time of trial? Only let us ask earnestly for it, and act honestly up to our convictions of what is right, then all will be well, and happy too."

"Happy!" re-echoed Lucy, with an incredulous smile.

"Yes, happy, my dearest sister; for we cannot but

remember how often our beloved mother, told us, that the path of duty is the way to happiness, even in this present life."

We will now pass over two years of the domestic life at Hazlewood; and, at the end of this period, we find Isabella the mother of a lovely boy, whose birth had made her dearer than ever to Mr. Edwardes; indeed, the little stranger seemed to be a sweet bond of love, drawing the whole household nearer to one another.

Hour after hour Marion would steal into the nursery to gaze upon her new-born brother, and her gentle caresses soon made her welcome to the infant. As for Lucy, her admiration of him was unbounded; and Isabella, whose whole being seemed softened and elevated by the new sensation of maternal love, could not but look kindly upon those by whom her little one was so tenderly cherished.

Alas! a worm was within this early bud of domestic joy. Isabella saw her babe droop and wither at a time when her own failing health rendered her unable to yield all those fond offices of love which a mother best can bestow. Marion supplied her place with untiring devotion; nor was Lucy less anxious to watch over her dying brother; but the ardour of her spirit somewhat disqualified her for the patient stillness which a sick room requires. Marion directed her zeal into the more active channel of attendance on Isabella, whose indisposition, combined with anxiety, often made her sensitive and irritable. This was a time of trial to the new-formed principles of Lucy; but, amid some failures and discouragements, she gradually learned the blessed-

ness of forbearing, as well as of acting from a sense of duty. Keeping this high aim steadily in view, she found, moreover, that insensibly her affection for Isabella was reviving, and that it was no longer a passionate emotion, but a kindly, unselfish love.

When Isabella came to suffer that bitter anguish which a bereaved mother alone can know, Lucy saw without jealousy that she turned intuitively to Marion for comfort;—to Marion, who had borne with Christian meekness her neglect and scorn—to Marion, who had fostered her little one with unwearied tenderness. To her she now sought for sympathy; and it was yielded to her in all its gentle and unalloyed purity, fresh from the fountain-head of mercy and of love.

The first agony of maternal grief was past, and Isabella, unwilling to make others more miserable by indulging in the luxury of solitary wo, had rejoined the domestic circle. It was a cold autumn evening, and the family party were collected around their fireside, at that twilight hour when English reserve is wont to be unlocked, and the thoughts of English hearts to be more freely spoken. Isabella had just placed on Marion's finger a mourning ring, in remembrance of the babe who was so dear to them both, and almost involuntarily she pressed the finger, with its precious burden, to her lips.

"Oh, Marion," she exclaimed, "how could I have been so cruel to you; and how were you able to bear so gently with my unkindness?"

"Surely, it was my duty to do so; besides, you never *meant* to be cruel, or unkind, dear Isabella."

"Not deliberately, perhaps, but that is no excuse for

my conduct, neither can I be so ungenerous as to accept it as such."

"That confession is worthy of you, my noble-minded Isabella," said Mr. Edwardes to his wife; "nor can I feel myself guiltless of having somewhat neglected those who are very dear to me; but how can we atone better for past errors, than by acting for the future on Marion's principle?"

"Not mine, dear papa, do not call it mine; it was taught us by our beloved mother, and you know from what high and holy source she drew it."

Isabella drew a deep sigh. "Ah! Marion, what a treasure your mother must have been! Would that I were like her."

"That is a wish which every heart here might well re-echo for itself," rejoined her husband; "but why, dearest, should we not adopt the same principles which were her guide, and seek for the same strength which was her stay? Then we, too, shall know the happiness arising from a steady adherence to duty, and which, my children," he added, with a look of affection upon his daughters, "which, my children, I rejoice to think, have already found."

Isabella's glance bespoke a deep though silent acquiescence. Lucy almost sobbed for joy as she threw herself into Isabella's arms, exclaiming, "Ah! we shall all be happy again—shall we not, dear Isabella?"

The mother's heart had been too recently wrung with misery to respond cheerfully to Lucy's expectation of happiness; but, while returning her affectionate embrace, she whispered, "We shall, at least, have a home of peace and love."

"And shall we not indulge in bright hope too?" inquired Marion, softly. A gentle pressure of her hand was the only answer given.

Mr. Edwardes sat silently by, gazing upon his wife and daughters; his look was one of tenderness and admiration.

That twilight conversation was prolonged until the shades of night fell thickly around the inmates of Hazlewood; and that dull autumn evening, which began with such sorrowful reminiscences, was followed by a long course of tranquil happiness, such as can only be experienced by those whose love has been strengthened by trial, and whose most ardent affections are swayed by the firm yet gentle hand of duty.

Self-Love and True Love.

BY MRS. JAMES WHITTLE, LATE MISS CATHARINE TAYLOR.

IN the deep bay-window of the library of Oldcourt sat two girls absorbed in earnest discourse; the varying expression of their faces, as the conversation proceeded, showed that the subject which occupied them was one of strong and peculiar interest to both. They were beautiful, but their beauty differed as the hues of Spring and Autumn. The youngest was graceful as Hebe herself; her bright hazel eyes sparkled with gayety or melted into tenderness; now quick as lightning flashed from beneath their long silken lashes,

and then overflowed with tears as some softer emotion touched her heart; her rich auburn hair fell in wild beauty over her snowy neck, and her form, slender as a sylph's, was replete with grace;—formed to love and to be loved, she seemed too bright and joyous a creature to face the cares and troubles of this world. The countenance of the other, on the contrary, was remarkable for its calm serenity; her fair high forehead bespoke a powerful intellect, and the pensive expression of her clear gray eyes, while it spoke of past suffering, told of present peace, and, far from marring the perfect beauty of her face, gave it a character so pure, so heavenly, that unconsciously a reverence mingled with the love which she inspired.

"Margaret," said the younger girl, "I wish you were as happy as I am; surely you cannot love my brother as I love Alfred, or you would not to-night look so serious."

"If it is a proof of love to be always merry," said Margaret, with a smile, "then, indeed, must I plead guilty to your charge."

"No, Margaret, I do not mean exactly that; but love seems to me so absorbing a feeling, that it should drive all care, all clouds, away. I should think it high treason to my love for Alfred," she added, with a blush, "to be sad to-night."

"I am not sad, Emily; thoughtful I cannot but be on the eve of such a day."

A shade of disappointment crossed Emily's face, as she exclaimed, "Oh, Margaret! I thought that you loved Edward with your whole heart."

"Do you doubt it? Do you not know that I have loved your brother for years, and that to-morrow I am

to become his wife? Could I marry him unless I loved him?"

"No, dearest! I could never doubt you, who are the soul of truth and goodness; but your present feelings are so strangely different from my own. Tomorrow I, too, shall become a wife; but the thought, which brings only rapture to me, makes you grave and full of care."

"I am older than you, my dear Emily, and, therefore, less sanguine. I have, however, no fears for the future that interfere with my present peace of mind; in Edward's noble character, sweet temper, and firm religious principles, I shall find a secure anchorage for my happiness. I love him, and trust him implicitly; and yet I cannot take this important step without some anxiety. When I think how high Edward's standard is, and that he has chosen me to be the friend and companion of his life, I tremble lest I may fail him."

"Fail him! O Margaret! can you believe it possible that your love should ever change?"

"No! not while life and reason last; but there must be a higher, sterner principle than even love itself, to guide us safely through the dangers of this life. Impulse is at best an uncertain pilot; and love, without reason, often leads to misery."

"Love—such love as I feel for Alfred—can never mislead. I love him better than myself, better than the whole world besides; to live for him, to die for him, is all I ask. With him every joy will be doubled; nay, pain and care themselves will lose their bitterness when endured for him. Such love as this fills the heart, to the exclusion of every doubt, of every fear."

Tears rolled down Margaret's cheeks as she gazed on the enthusiastic girl; for she knew that time must dispel her dream, as care and trouble are the portion of all, and sorrow too often visits us through the beings we love best. Drawing the fair girl close to her, she imprinted a long and fervent kiss upon her brow, and whispered a prayer that it might be long ere the brightness of that spirit should be dimmed by sorrow.

The following morning dawned in perfect beauty; the sunshine streaming through the deep-set windows awakened all to the business of the day. Oldcourt had never before witnessed such a scene—the whole neighbourhood was astir at early dawn; trains of villagers flocked from all parts, eager to be present at the important ceremony, and to join their voices to the prayers and blessings that were showered on the young people whose weddings were that day to be celebrated.

The noble domain of Oldcourt, and the large estates thereto belonging, had for many centuries been in the possession of one family, who had transmitted their rich acres, together with a fair unsullied name, from generation to generation. Simple and unostentatious in their habits, upright and liberal in their dealings, the Mortons were respected by their aristocratic neighbours, revered by their equals, and idolized by their tenantry and dependents. Marmaduke Morton, the present head of the family, was a fine specimen of an English country gentleman; his noble countenance and demeanour bespoke that independence of character which is found peculiarly among the class to which he belonged; and while his courteous manners won the love of all, no one had ever dared to take a liberty with

him, or infringe the bounds of intimacy he prescribed. He had two children; a son, in whom his hopes centred; and a daughter, whose gay, volatile nature, while it shed sunshine through the house, yet caused her parents many an anxious hour. Emily had been from infancy the petted darling of the family; her sparkling vivacity, graceful figure, and beaming countenance rendered her so fascinating, that her faults were unheeded; she took the heart by storm, and if reason would at times have whispered blame, she disarmed it by an ingenuous confession of her folly, or by the playfulness with which she parried all attempts at remonstrance. Her brother Edward was the idol of her heart; thoughtless and giddy as she was, she had sense to perceive, and a heart to feel, the beauty of his character. Edward was worthy her affection; trained under the careful eye of his parents, his education had been eminently calculated to fit him for his future position, as one of the wealthy landholders of England. His father had early taught him to regard wealth as one of "the talents" committed to man by God himself. He pointed out to him the duties and responsibilities which the possession of such an inheritance as his involved; taught him to respect the rights of all his fellow-men; and while he inculcated virtue by good and noble precepts, by his own example, more potent far, he won the heart of his son to love it for itself. Edward inherited his mother's gentle nature, and to her he was indebted not only for the softer graces of his character, but for a reverence for holy things, which, imbibed in childhood, had in after years matured into deep religious feeling. Yet must we confess that

this gentleness often degenerated into indecision, and led him at times to acts unsanctioned by his better judgment.

Within a mile of Oldcourt, nestled amid the hills, lay a beautiful old manor-house, called the Grange; a fine avenue of chestnut trees led to the house, which looked the abode of peace and happiness. The large mullion windows were twined with the most luxuriant climbing plants; the deep porch, embosomed in roses and myrtles, opened into a spacious hall, the walls of which were ornamented with antlers, whips, horns, and other implements of the chase, without any pretension or show; and there was throughout the house an air of refinement and elegance which none could mistake. Many might have called the old house dull, but none who had ever enjoyed its boundless hospitality, or breathed its atmosphere of tranquil happiness, would have uttered such treason. In this peaceful spot had dwelt for many years a family of the name of Grahame; in its happiest days five daughters and one son had gladdened the hearts of their parents; but death had been busy among them; four girls had followed each other, in quick succession, to the grave, and Margaret and her brother Alfred alone remained to cheer their aged father; their mother, a delicate fragile being, had sunk beneath the weight of her afflictions, and now slept beside her children in the quiet churchyard. On Margaret these sorrows had fallen with peculiar severity; in her sisters she had lost the sweet companions of her childhood, and the friends of her youth; she beheld them one by one sinking to the grave, with calm fortitude, but the final

blow given by her mother's death seemed to stun her. In the first moments of her grief, she had sunk into a state of dejection, from which nothing could rouse her; but as soon as the last rites were performed, Margaret awoke from her sorrow, and in the efforts she made for those she loved, she found a peace which the world cannot give: none knew, however, that her calm unselfish conduct concealed a sad and weary spirit—none knew but one beloved friend; to him she had long confided her most secret feelings, and in his devoted love had found the sweetest consolation earth could afford. Edward Morton had loved her since they had first played together as children, and time had ripened these youthful feelings into a firm and enduring attachment. Margaret had yielded a slow consent to listen to his vows of love; sorrow had left an indelible impression on her character; she viewed life, if not gloomily, yet earnestly; to perform its duties, to bear, and to suffer submissively, seemed all that she now looked for; it was therefore long before Edward could induce her to seek in his affection a new source of hope and comfort. "No, Edward!" she had replied to his oft-repeated entreaties, "I am not able to be to you all that a wife should be; seek not to darken your own bright future, by taking to your home so sad a heart as mine." Edward's love was too sincere, and founded on too accurate a knowledge of her excellences, to be influenced by Margaret's distrust of herself; he waited patiently, and saw with joy the veil gradually dispelled that overshadowed her noble spirit.

A circumstance soon occurred that tended to hasten their union. Mr. Grahame's pecuniary affairs had

become embarrassed for a time, owing to the unexpected failure of his banker, in whose hands he had placed a large sum preparatory to its investment in an advantageous speculation; but the retrenchments rendered necessary by this loss were regarded as trifling evils where so much real sorrow existed. On Alfred's prospects, however, this event exercised an important influence; he had passed through college with honour, and had just returned home, uncertain what path in life to choose, when this misfortune happened. It incited him to immediate action, and stimulated him to secure an independence by the pursuit of an honourable profession. The law was his choice; his talents were great, and the excellence of his connections promised him a shorter probation as a briefless barrister than is the lot of most young men. Alfred Grahame was by nature sanguine and ardent, perceiving no evil until it was forced upon him in its stern reality, thinking all men true, until compelled by their acts to acknowledge them otherwise: he was the very reverse of his sister; life to him was all brightness; sorrow, though acutely felt for the time, glanced off his gay spirit, as arrows from the polished steel; to live and to enjoy were synonymous with him; but sorrow has its own blessed task to perform, and fails not, sooner or later, to find its way to all hearts. Alfred had been settled in London several years, and had risen high in his profession. His handsome person and refined manners, united to his brilliant powers of conversation and sparkling wit, rendered him a favourite wherever he went, and admitted him into the best circles. Society was his element; in the con-

flict of intellectual warfare, in the strife of gay repartee, in the sallies of sarcasm and wit, his soul delighted; the flattered and courted favourite of all, there was reason to fear that he might become vain and selfish, when after an absence of many months he returned to the Grange.

The intimacy that subsisted between the Mortons and the Grahames had been rather increased than diminished by the events recorded above. Sorrow and distress had awakened all the best feelings of Mr. and Mrs. Morton, and what had been at first but a mere acquaintance between the two families, had, in adversity, ripened into a warm friendship. Alfred had spent but little time under his father's roof since he first quitted it for school, and during the last two summers, his vacation had been spent in travelling, so that his visits to the Grange had been limited to a few days; it was not surprising, therefore, that he and Emily Morton had not met for several years; he remembered her as the petted plaything of her father's house; he found her a lovely woman, such a one as in his dreams he had pictured to himself, the heroine of his life's romance. There was so much in their characters mutually to attract, that it was matter of little surprise when it was reported that Alfred Grahame was the accepted lover of the fair Emily. Visions of a more splendid alliance for this darling child, might have visited her father's heart, but in the unimpeachable honour of his family, and the talents and rising fame of Alfred, he found ample compensation for the want of rank and fortune. Emily loved him with a passionate devotion that, in Alfred's eyes, heightened every charm; she exercised over him the most un-

bounded sway; it was her delight to make him feel and glory in the fetters she had cast around him, and to lead him a willing captive to her caprices. Alfred pleaded for a speedy union, urging his want of all domestic ties, and loneliness when absent from his beloved Emily. Edward Morton, too, emboldened by the successful issue of Alfred's suit, pressed his own so earnestly, that Margaret consented that the same day should witness the marriage of the two brothers and sisters.

Our digression has been long, but not unnecessary, since it enables us to recognise friends in the party now assembled round the altar in the village church of Oldcourt; the wedding arrangements have been made in accordance with the simple taste of the two families, the ceremony is performed in the quiet little church, in the midst of a numerous assembly of the tenantry and villagers; no procession of gay equipages, no retinue of servants, no splendours attend the important event; all that can gratify the heart or please the fancy has been thought of, but cold formality finds no place on such a day; the ceremony is regarded by all parties as a solemn religious rite, not to be profaned by any parade of worldly pomp. The church stands in the park; the path which conducts to it winds through beds of sweet flowers and wild tangled shrubberies, until it enters the open park, where, overshadowed by ancient oaks and other forest trees, beneath which herds of deer graze unmolested, it terminates in an avenue of lime trees which conducts to the little gate of the churchyard; the picturesque tower of the church, partially covered with ivy, forms a pretty object at the end of this vista. Along this path the villagers have

ranged themselves, to see their beloved benefactors pass; the ground is strewed with flowers, and many a murmured blessing breaks the silence of the scene. The ceremony is ended, the irrevocable vows are uttered, and in the hearts of all there reigns a deep and holy joy, that shines forth on the countenances, though the tongue utters no sound. And now the procession is seen quitting the church, dispensing with the carriages as needless appendages; the party is returning, and, as they proceed, the villagers fall into their train, forming a long line, until they reach the house, on the lawn in front of which tables are spread, and with true English hospitality all are invited to partake of the feast. The family retire to the repast prepared for them, and soon the sound of rattling wheels announces the departure of the young people; a departure undimmed by aught of sorrow, for in such unions there is cause alone for thankful joy even in the hearts of those who are left behind.

Three months have passed away. Let us peep into a pleasant drawing-room looking into Hyde Park; beside the open window Alfred is ensconced in a lounging chair; at his feet on a pile of cushions, her arms resting on his knee, and with eyes gazing up to him with unutterable love, Emily is kneeling; lovelier than ever, radiant with happiness, she looks more like an angel than a mortal: at least so Alfred seems to think, for, parting the luxuriant ringlets on her fair brow, he suddenly exclaims—

“Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.”

"Love me not, Alfred? The thought has madness in it;" and tears filled her eyes.

"Foolish child," said he, kissing her fervently, "I did but speak that which is impossible; the world were, in truth, a chaos without thee, my heart's joy!"

"Yet, Alfred, she to whom those words were addressed found cause to rue the day that she had listened to the voice that uttered them: 'men are deceivers ever,'—so runs the old song."

"Men may deceive, but never where they love."

"And thou dost love me," said she, with an arch smile, "to have and to hold, for better, for worse, love, and honour, and cherish—those were the words, Alfred—till death do us part?"

"Ay, Emily, till death do us part! Now let us go into the Park; the air is cooler, and a saunter beneath the trees will refresh us."

"Trees," said Emily, contemptuously; "where shall we find them? Heigho! for the green sward and the old oaks of dear Oldcourt! London is suffocating in this hot weather."

"London versus Oldcourt, with me," said Alfred, gayly.

"Oh! a desert or a dungeon were heaven with thee, beloved as thou art," said Emily, twining her arms round him in sportive fondness; "so come into the Park, and I will swear the grass is greener, the trees finer, the air purer, than in any other spot."

And what were Edward and Margaret doing? They had agreed to take up their residence at the Grange; Margaret could not resolve to leave her father, nor

would they either of them consent to the desire of Mr. and Mrs. Morton that they should take possession of Oldcourt, while they sought a home more suited to their present wants and wishes, near their children;—to supplant his father there, to deprive him of any part of his estates, one day sooner than death would compel him to do, was an idea not to be harboured for a moment. The Grange was so near Oldcourt, that in fixing their residence there, Edward would still be able to help and advise with his father, while at the same time he left Margaret to comfort the declining days of her remaining parent. The evening was closing in, and Margaret was sitting beside her father's chair, having read him to sleep as usual; she remained absorbed in thought; her sweet face had lost much of its pensive expression, and a feeling of deep calm happiness seemed to pervade her whole being. There were eyes resting upon her, as she thus sat, that told volumes in the intensity of their gaze; she raised her head and met them; a bright gleam stole over her countenance as she said, "Ah, Edward! are you there?"

"Yes, Margaret, I have been sunning myself in your quiet happiness; dearest, may I not believe my prophecy already fulfilled? Joy and peace have again taken up their abode in your breast, and I—I am the happy cause."

"Yes, Edward, day by day brings me fresh sources of contentment; could I dare to be sad, while you are beside me? Can I witness your goodness to all around you, your active beneficence, and not desire to be like you? I believed that my heart was with the dead, but you have taught me that for every being there is

a sphere of usefulness and duty. You have roused me to a sense of new responsibilities, and in accepting them, I find new life, new joy springing in my heart; all this I owe to you, dear Edward!"

"And what do I not owe to you? You are my counsellor, my better self, my resource in all difficulties."

"May it ever be thus; thus mutually dependent, may we never fail each other. Will you walk to Old-court? I have sadly neglected my school of late, and want to speak to Mrs. Bond about some work; will you come?"

Ours can be but glimpses into the lives of those whose history we attempt to sketch. Again we visit Emily's home. Is all there as bright as when last we saw her kneeling beside her husband? Alas, it is not so! A demon has insensibly crept into the charmed circle, and is despoiling its beauty.

"Emily, why will you not go with me to Lady Bilton's this evening?" said Alfred, laying down his book; "you know how I like to have you with me, how I delight to see you admired, as you are wherever you go."

"I am tired, I cannot go," was the only reply.

"Nay, darling, if I ask you to oblige me you will go; time was," he added, incautiously, "that you thought only of pleasing me, nothing that I could wish seemed irksome to you, but now,"—and he sighed.

"Alfred," she said, fixing her keen eye on him; "time was when I was all *you* needed, all *you* desired; when my love sufficed you, and in my society you found all that made existence sweet, but now,"—and she

paused with an abruptness that betrayed a jealous, wounded spirit.

"Now, you would say, I need other excitement."

"No, Alfred, now I would say you love me no longer!" and she buried her face in the cushion of the couch on which she was reclining.

"Emily," he exclaimed, "I love you, passionately love you; I would sacrifice life, and all I value most, to secure your happiness; but I fail in every thing; you deny me the pleasure of feeling that I succeed in this, the first desire of my heart. I see you restless, and often, forgive the word, wilful. Love accepts no enforced sacrifices, and I shall not ask you to oblige me, if my requests are always met in this spirit." So saying, he quitted the room, and quickly returned, dressed for the evening.

"Oh! Alfred, you are not going without me?" she said, peevishly, raising herself on the sofa. "How cruel you are!"

"No, Emily, I am not cruel; but if you choose your part, I must take mine. I can no longer exclude myself from the society of my friends, as I have hitherto done, in accordance with your wishes; neither will I force you unwillingly into society." He bent down, kissed her, and went away.

Poor Emily! it was the first time Alfred had shown a determination to follow his own judgment, rather than her caprices; hitherto, she had led him whither she would, but the time was come when the force of habit had begun to make itself felt; he had lived too much in excitement, and Emily's power to fascinate him was already failing. Had she known that neither

wit nor talent, beauty nor grace, can avail a wife in the attempt to rivet the chains which she has thrown round her lover, she might still have preserved his love and their mutual happiness; but, alas for her! a creature of impulse, she knew not that her love, to be the pure, ennobling principle of life, must be founded on self-conquest; that self must be subdued, and the tyrant temper overcome, ere it can rule with its best and holiest sway; that love, to its perfect work, must be first gentle and patient, then firm and courageous, holding, as its highest aim, the well-being of its object; indifferent to all that interferes with this, and ready, at every call, to sacrifice itself to insure the happiness of the one beloved. Such was not Emily's love. She would have died to save Alfred one pang; she lived but in his presence, drooping in his absence like a flower deprived of sunshine and air; she idolized him, worshipped the ground he walked upon; but she could not yield to him one single caprice, or for his sake control one petulant word. Poor Emily! she now hid her burning face in the sofa cushions, and, with the feeling of desertion, sobbed herself to sleep. Such scenes were now, alas! too frequent. Alfred had truly loved Emily, and would have been easily won by her to become a domestic character, had she possessed the true key to his heart and mind; but she continually wounded his self-love by reproaches which he felt to be unjust, and resented in anger. Reconciliations took place, amidst tears and protestations of unchanged and unchanging affection; but the wounds thus inflicted are never healed: they bleed inwardly, and burst out afresh on the slightest suspicion of offence.

At the Grange, on the contrary, all was peace. Margaret's disposition to sadness had gradually given place to a cheerful, healthy tone of mind; and as she bent over the cradle of her darling child, if tears stole into her eyes, they were tears of grateful joy. One thing alone startled her at times from her tranquillity; she saw that, in spite of Edward's great virtues and strong religious feelings, he needed strength of purpose and steadiness in the pursuit of what he knew to be right. Many would have recognised in this only one of those faults that, leaning to virtue's side, are too easily overlooked and pardoned; but not so did Margaret view this weakness in her husband's character: she saw the dangers to which it exposed him, and, with a wisdom that love alone could have inspired, she gently warned him against them.

"I shall not go to Embleton to-day, Margaret," he said, one morning.

"Why not? I thought that you had appointed to meet Sir John Gascoigne there: your father seemed to think delay might bring further trouble on the poor Ashtons. Surely you will go, dearest."

"One day can make but little difference, I think; I shall be sure to meet Gascoigne at the cricket-match to-morrow. I had every intention of going this morning, but Frank Ardley is just come from Oxford, and he wants me to go to Hensley, to give him my opinion of a horse he wishes to purchase."

"I am sorry it has happened so unfortunately; you know best whether in this case delay is permissible; but surely appointments on business should be kept, Edward, even at the cost of disappointing Mr. Ardley."

"Why, Margaret, Ardley is such a good-natured fellow, that I do not like to refuse him."

"I thought he was no favourite of yours, Edward; I have often heard you blame his extravagance and dissipation."

"True, my love, I have not much dependence on his principles, but he has a kind heart, and that covers a multitude of sins. Have you any commands at Hensley? We shall be home to dinner, dearest."

Edward knew that he was wrong, and hastened to make a speedy retreat, lest Margaret's arguments might divert him from his purpose; but, as he drove along, his conscience smote him: it was, however, too late to retract. The horse was bought, and the two acquaintances were preparing to return, when they met a friend of Ardley's, who persuaded them to adjourn to the hotel, where a party of Oxonians was assembled; dinner was served, and "*it was impossible*" to refuse their urgent entreaties to remain. Edward was uneasy; he knew that Margaret would wait for them, and perhaps grow anxious; but, as he had never yet learned the important art of saying "No," he yielded. It was late ere they reached the Grange at night.

Margaret had indeed watched anxiously for her husband's return: during his absence, Mr. Morton had called, and he expressed the greatest surprise and indignation on learning that his son was not gone to Embleton. He entreated Margaret to urge him, on his return, to lose not a moment in executing the commission he had intrusted to him, adding, "By this delay, Edward has not only placed in jeopardy the welfare of

an honest and respectable family, but he has caused his father, whose word has hitherto been honoured by all men, to forfeit a solemn promise. Let Edward look well to this matter, for Marmaduke Morton cannot brook dishonour." Hour after hour passed; dinner had been announced, but Margaret could not eat; surely he would soon return. The old turret-clock struck ten, eleven—still he came not; midnight was long passed, when Margaret's ears, rendered keen by intense listening, detected the sound of approaching wheels. "There he is at length!" said she, and she rose to meet him; but before she reached the outer door a gentleman presented himself, who, in extreme agitation, apologized for the unseasonable intrusion, and asked if Mr. Morton were at home. On Margaret's replying that he was not, but that she expected him every moment, the stranger exclaimed, "It will be too late! My poor wife!" Margaret, affected by his genuine grief, invited him into the library; he tottered to a chair, and covering his face with his hands, said, "Forgive me, madam! It is a cruel blow: my wealth I could have parted with; I have with unshaken trust laid my children in the grave, for death is God's own messenger; but disgrace, dishonour, ruin—oh, it is too much!" and the unhappy man burst into an agony of tears.

"Calm yourself," said Margaret. "I believe I see my husband's friend, Mr. Ashton; Mr. Morton will be here ere long, and all will be right: he will do all he can to aid you."

Her kind words and kinder tones in some degree reassured Mr. Ashton, and he went on to say, "If,



"Mr. Ashton, and Sir John."

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before nine o'clock to-morrow, certain sums are not forthcoming, I shall be dragged to prison; my credit, my good name will be gone, and I shall be a ruined man. Of this money, your excellent father-in-law offered to advance a part, if Sir John Gascoigne would guarantee the remainder; his verbal promise I held as secure as any legal deed, and failed to procure a written paper from him; this evening I found, to my dismay, that without such a document Sir John refused to fulfil his part of the contract; to-morrow morning is the latest moment that I can hope to keep my creditors amused by promises, and a prison will be my only portion!"

Margaret now saw at a glance all the distress that Edward's delay had occasioned; to his care this paper had been intrusted, with the injunction that he should see Sir John, and negotiate the business for Robert Ashton, who had been suddenly thrown into pecuniary embarrassments by the failure of an extensive mercantile speculation in which he had been incautiously engaged. Edward's dismay was great, when, on his return home an hour afterwards, he found Mr. Ashton sitting with his wife, and learned from them that his weakness of purpose had nearly betrayed him into being the cause of his friend's ruin. He lost no time in repairing the evil: he was with Sir John by early dawn, secured his written engagement to advance the needful money, and waited on Ashton's principal creditors. On his return home, Margaret met him with tearful eyes, but she uttered no word of reproach. Edward, touched by her forbearance, pressed her to his heart. "O Margaret," he exclaimed, "how unworthy I am of such a friend, such an adviser! Would that I could

become more like you, more firm, more true to my own heart! but, weak and irresolute, I do the very things my soul abhors: guide me, strengthen me, that I may be more worthy of you."

"Nay, dearest Edward, do not speak thus," said Margaret, leaning on his shoulder, and looking on him with admiring love; "the fault, though fatal in its consequences, is in itself but trivial; and surely," she added, smiling, "by our united efforts, we shall succeed in routing a feeble enemy."

And so they did: faithful to each other in all things, faithful even in blame, did these two noble beings walk on through life, aiding and strengthening each other's virtue.

About six months after the above incident, Alfred and Emily came to Oldcourt to spend the summer months. The lovely girl had changed into the pale and listless woman, and every one who looked at her mourned over the alteration. Margaret mourned, too, but it was for the moral change she detected, not only in Emily, but in her brother. Emily's countenance bore the traces, even in its sweetest moments, of a settled discontent, while a fretful, restless expression marred all its former beauty. She had now two lovely little girls, but, even for their sake, she scarcely roused herself to exertion; even to their winning ways and exquisite grace she seemed indifferent, while to Alfred they were the source of unbounded joy and pride; he lived in them, and seemed careless of all besides. To Margaret, this appeared as unnatural as it was distressing; she saw that Emily shrank from the delight which Alfred felt in these children, and became impatient and fretful

whenever he noticed them in her presence, as if she were jealous of the love he felt for them.

One fine summer morning, Margaret having tempted her sister to stroll in the park, they found themselves in the path which led to the church, and by which, four years since, they had returned to Oldcourt, two happy brides. Margaret recalled that day to Emily's remembrance, adding, how different were her feelings as a wife to those she then experienced.

"Different, indeed!" Emily replied, with bitterness. "You were right, Margaret, to fear marriage as you did. Oh, how cruelly have my dreams been dispelled—how mad and foolish it is to think that love can last! It is truly our unhappy lot

'to make idols,
And then find them clay.'

Alfred, whom I believed so true, so kind, so devoted to me, see him now—he scarcely knows if I am present or absent. O Margaret, my heart is broken: would that I could lay my head down and rest in that church-yard!"

"Dearest Emily, do not say so; you have far too many blessings to venture on such a wish: at all times wrong, in you it is doubly so."

"Ah! you do not know all. I look at you sometimes with wonder, and, I am afraid, with envy; you are so happy—you have found Edward all you believed him."

"And has Alfred been false to you, that you should envy me?"

"Not false, perhaps; but he has ceased to love me, and I am wretched."

"Alfred does not appear to me more happy than yourself, and yet you still love him."

"Love him!—yes, it is my misery still to idolize him; I cannot leave him out of my sight; I care for no earthly thing but him."

"But your children?"

"Oh, yes!—of course, I love them; but"— She stopped, and tears choked her voice.

"But what, dearest?"

"I cannot tell you: you would not understand me, and would only blame me."

"When did I ever blame you? Surely, you can trust me. I desire to see you happy; and if I think that you have erred from want of experience, I will strive to set you right, as one frail, sinful creature should alone correct another, in the spirit of true love. Speak freely to me, my dear sister; let me be your friend and comforter."

Emily, unused to such kind and reasonable treatment, covered her face and burst into tears; then recovering herself, she went on to say, "If you had been always by my side, I should have been wiser and happier, but I have no hope, no comfort now; Alfred will never love me again, and the world is all dark to me."

"Are you sure he has ever left off loving you? Alfred is not one to change lightly. What has happened to make you think him less loving than formerly?"

"Cannot you see," rejoined Emily, pettishly, "how indifferent and careless he is about me? He never wants me—any one's society is preferable to mine; he

leaves me alone for hours—sits in his room studying, he says, while I am solitary and deserted.”

“This is so unlike Alfred! Are you sure you have made his home a happy one? Have you always been cheerful and considerate of his wishes? Have you met him with smiles, and been willing at times to sacrifice your own inclinations to gratify his?”

“I would have given up every thing to him, Margaret, but he told me he wanted no sacrifices.”

“If you made him feel them as such, no wonder he would not accept them. Love does but half its work, if it cannot succeed in making all sacrifices appear as nothing. As wives, we must not expect to receive the same outward marks of devotion that were yielded to us before marriage: the manner of evincing affection may, nay, it must, change, and yet the feeling can remain unaltered. Have you not looked for too much from Alfred, and exacted too much subservience to your wishes, while you yielded too little deference to his?”

Emily coloured and hesitated—then replied, “You may be right, to a certain extent; but Alfred has thrown me off: he goes his own way, seeks his own amusements, cares only for the children, and forgets my existence. He is always in society, while I do not care for it.”

“Perhaps you let him see too clearly your dislike to society, forgetting, Emily, that the habits of years’ standing may have become a second nature to him.”

“Alfred knew that I hated those stupid dinner parties, and yet he teased me to go with him. I wanted only *him*, while he found my company wearisome.”

“Then you refused to accompany him?”

"Yes, certainly. Why should I go, when I have no pleasure in such things? And he could not want me, you know," she added, rather doubtfully.

"Alfred may have submitted to your caprices, Emily; but a man who loves his wife, as he loves you, likes to have her always with him; even in a crowd he is conscious of her presence, and rejoices in the admiration she excites."

"I care for no admiration but that of my husband," said Emily, coldly.

"But you may care whether you give him pleasure or selfishly refuse to do so. Believe me, Emily, a woman not only contributes to her husband's happiness by studying his wishes, but acquires influence of the best kind—an influence, for the use of which she is responsible to God."

"Do you think, Margaret, that I could ever gain such an influence over Alfred? He looks upon me as a spoiled child, and treats me as such."

"You can gain it, dearest Emily, if you earnestly desire to do so. Learn to be patient—endeavour to find out what your husband really desires: he will not lead you astray, for he is kind, and generous, and high-principled. Do not think of yourself so much; think more of him; and you will find the happiness that you have hitherto sought in vain."

Saying this, Margaret kissed her sister, and left her to reflect on what had been said; conscious that, in spite of her waywardness, Emily had too much good sense not to perceive and act upon the truths she had heard. Faithful to her brother as to Emily, Margaret pointed out to him the rocks on which he had wrecked

his own and his wife's happiness; and, long before they quitted Oldcourt, she saw a better understanding established between them. Nor were her warnings forgotten on their return to London. Emily was amazed to find that Alfred sought less than before the excitement of society, while she was more than ever ready to be his companion in all he desired. By a slight mutual concession, these two hearts were preserved to each other, and peace and joy took the place of fretfulness and misery. Thus may it ever be! Warned in time, may the selfish learn that safety can alone be found in loving others better than ourselves! and may love become, in all hearts, an active principle of good, seeking not its own, but the happiness of others!

Do Women choose their Husbands?

"When a girl marries, why do people talk of her choice? In ninety nine cases out of a hundred, has she any choice? Does not the man (probably the last she would have chosen) select her?"

A VERY clever correspondent has sent us a letter containing this query; and she makes out her case very ably. She says: "I have been married many years; the match was considered a very good one, suitable in every respect—age, position, and fortune. Every one said I had made a good *choice*. I loved my husband, when I married him, *because* he had, by unwearied assiduity, succeeded in gaining my affections; but had 'choice' been my privilege, I certainly should not have chosen him. As I look at him, in his easy chair, sleeping before the fire, a huge dog at his feet, a pipe peeping out of one of the many pockets of his shooting-coat, I can but think how different he is from what I would have chosen. My first penchant was for a fashionable clergyman, a perfect Adonis; he was a flatterer, and cared but little for me, though I have not yet forgotten the pang of his desertion. My next was a barrister, a young man of immense talent, smooth, insinuating manners; but he, too, after talking, walking, dancing, and flirting, left me in the lurch. Either of these would have been my 'choice,' had I so chosen; but my present husband chose me, and therefore I married him; and this, I cannot help thinking, must be the way with half the married folk of my acquaintance."

There is both sound sense and truth in this ; but is it not better that men should choose than that they should be chosen ? And is not our correspondent probably much happier with her present husband, shooting-jacket, pipe, and dog inclusive, than she would have been with either the fashionable clergyman or the clever barrister ? Men are proverbially inconstant ; and after marriage, when the trouble and inconvenience of children are beginning to be felt, and when (the most trying time of all) the wife begins to neglect her husband for her children, unless there was originally a very strong attachment on the husband's side, there is little chance of happiness.

A wife's affection, on the contrary, always increases after marriage ; and even if she were indifferent before, no well-disposed woman can help loving the father of her children. Children, on her side, are a bond of union ; and though she may appear for them to neglect some of those little attentions which men seem naturally to expect, it is only because the child is the more helpless being of the two, and the true woman always takes the side of those who are most feeble.

It is a strange but melancholy fact, that when young girls fancy themselves in love, they are seldom, if ever, happy if they marry the object of their choice. The fact is, in most cases, they find the husband they have chosen quite a different person, as an individual, from the imaginary object he had appeared as a lover. The imagination, in most girls, is stronger than the judgment ; and as soon as the first idea of love is awakened in a female heart, the imagination is set to work to fancy a lover, and all possible and impossible perfec-

tions are assembled together in the young girl's mind, to endow the object of her secret idolatry. The first man whose appearance and manners attract a girl on her entrance into society, is generally invested by her with the halo of these secret thoughts, and she fancies herself violently in love, without the least real knowledge of the man she supposes herself in love with. No wonder, then, that, if she marries, she is miserable. The object of her love has vanished, never to return, and she finds herself chained for life to a man she detests, because she fancies she has been deceived in him.

On the other hand, the man who, with very pardonable vanity, fancied himself loved for his own merits, and who was perfectly unconscious of the secret delusions of the girl, becomes, when he finds her changed after marriage, quite indignant at her caprice. The friends and relations on both sides share in the same feelings: "What would she have?" they cry; "she married for love, and see the consequence!"

The consequences are, indeed, in such cases, generally sad enough. When the first delusion is dissipated, and the truth, in all its hard and stern reality, comes forth from the veil that has been thrown round it, both parties feel indignant at the false position in which they find themselves. Mutual recriminations take place, each accusing the other of deceit and ingratitude; while the apparent injustice of these accusations, which is felt by each party alternately, first wounds the feelings, and then, if repeated, rankles in the wound till it becomes incurable.

I have endeavoured to prove it is well that women

seldom choose their own husbands, or, rather, I should say, that their first girlish feelings of preference are not indulged in. But it is also essentially necessary that they should have the power of choice, in so far as concerns the acceptance or rejection of the men who may make proposals to them. Marriage is a holy and solemn charge, not rashly to be entered into; and certainly not at the bidding of another.

Notwithstanding this, there is, perhaps, no event in the ordinary course of life that friends and relations consider themselves called upon to interfere with so much as marriage. Wherever there is a family of grown-up daughters, the female relations and friends are incessantly speculating on the chances of their marrying. The manœuvres of mammas to entrap rich sons-in-law have been often depicted; and many "eligible men" are so impressed with the idea that they are in danger of being "caught," that they deprive themselves of the pleasure they would otherwise enjoy in female society.

This is surely a wrong state of things; and whether it has originated in the folly of women, or, which is more likely, in the vanity of men, it places men and women in a false position with regard to each other, and ought to be corrected. It is this feeling on the part of the men, of fearing to be caught, and on the part of the women, of not wishing to appear desirous of catching, that has led to what an able coadjutor of ours has called "the hypocrisy of sex," and which makes men and women appear, when talking to each other, to be each playing a part, and "showing each other the varnished side of their respective selves."

But why should men dread being entrapped into marriage? Are they not quite as much benefited by the change as any woman can be? And does not a woman, generally speaking, make by far the greater sacrifice of the two? A man, when he marries, gives up very few of the enjoyments of his single state; but a woman, when she marries, takes upon herself care and trouble of every description; and generally has to endure an amount of bodily suffering and mental anxiety which makes her old before her time.

If we consider carefully the condition of a married man and that of an old bachelor, we shall see how little reason the latter has to congratulate himself that he has never been "caught." The married man has some one to think of all his little comforts; to sympathize alike in his adversity and in his prosperity; to soothe his ill-humour when he is annoyed; to amuse him when he is dull; and to nurse him when he is ill; but who cares for an old bachelor? unless, indeed, he should chance to be rich, and then he is surrounded by courtiers, all eager to please him; but with what hope? Only that they may benefit by his death.

Let us, therefore, no longer hear of women trying to catch husbands: the tables should be turned. It is men who should try to catch wives, and women who should be afraid of being caught, if it is necessary that any fear should exist in the case.

There appears to me, however, no reason that men and women should regard each other as enemies, in what is generally the most important step in their respective lives. The marriage vow is a very awful one; and, as its consequences must occasion the hap-

piness or the misery of those who take it, I repeat that "marriage is a holy and solemn charge, not rashly to be entered into."

J. W. L.

The Withered Rose.

[FROM A PASTOR'S RECOLLECTIONS.]

It is now between thirty and forty years since I entered on my pastoral office in the quiet neighbourhood where I live. When I first undertook its duties I was young and energetic; and though I feel myself to be as active as I could reasonably expect after the lapse of so many years, I begin to think myself not *quite* so young as when I first took charge of my flock. My tastes are more subdued. I no longer aspire after bold, wild scenery, but become every day more satisfied with the tranquil views which surround me; and as I look from the window of my snug parsonage, I fancy that the pleasant fields, sprinkled with their store of daisies, are fresher and greener than when first I saw them: the gurgling brook, across whose waters the willow here and there casts a shadow, seems to make sweeter music, as it winds its way, than it used when first I heard it. The very sound of the mill, which formerly disturbed me, has now such a lulling effect, that I should feel something was wanted to my repose were it to cease; and each year the steeple which out-tops the trees in which the church is embo-

somed becomes a dearer object to me. How often have I seen groups on the Sabbath morning leading their way through the pleasant green lanes to the house of prayer, called by the chimes of its bells; on many a one of that dear flock, whom I had christened, have I bestowed the nuptial benediction; and over, alas! not a few of those I held in my arms at the baptismal font, I have performed the last rites. Among all my young parishioners, there was not one that I loved more than Jessie Williams. It was not for her beauty, remarkable as it was: it was her pleasant and caressing ways and her sensitive nature which made her irresistible. She was but a few months old when I christened her, and she had already lost her father; and this dear child was now all in all to her poor mother. I have often seen her, when an infant, lying on the lap of the widow, whose silent tears fell as she leant over her, trying to trace in her infantine features a resemblance to him who was gone. I felt deeply interested in the early sorrows of the young widow and in the piety which sustained her under them. As the child grew apace, her affectionate disposition, and the manner in which she attached herself to me, made me love her so dearly, that she became almost necessary to my happiness. She was about seven years old when I was slowly recovering from a severe fit of illness, and she would steal softly to my bedside every morning with the bunch of flowers which she had collected, and with the little basket of strawberries gathered by herself, and she would feed me with them from her own tiny fingers. She was of such a warm and confiding nature, that she was the favourite among all her young companions:

and it was even remarked of her that she never lost a friend, except by death—her kindness was so unwavering, and her constancy so secure. No wonder that she was the comfort and the delight of her mother's days; the pride with which she looked at her was but natural, for she was indeed lovely, and years, as they sped on, stole nothing from the innocence and warmth of her heart. One of her young friends, her *own especial friend*, was to be married, and Jessie was to be bride's-maid, and the bride entreated to have her home to spend some time. Jessie longed to accept the invitation, and the young girls in the neighbourhood promised to be company for her mother during her absence; and she, glad to see her darling gratified, gave a ready permission. The bridal party went to the town of —, and it so happened that the bridegroom's greatest friend, Captain Danvers, was quartered there. The friends were delighted to meet, and the young officer was soon quite domesticated in his house. He was a great acquisition to the little party, for, besides being remarkably prepossessing in manners and appearance, he was skilled in the accomplishments most prized in society; and, captivated immediately by Jessie's beauty, he made himself as agreeable as possible. Ever by her side, he could look at or listen to nobody but her. He attended her to all the pleasantest walks in the neighbourhood; he sang for her beautiful songs, of his own composition, with the most exquisite taste. Jessie was enchanted, and could have listened for ever. Week after week sped on, intimacy and confidence increasing every day. All the verses which he wrote were repeated to her, and copies given;

and never were verses more expressive of deep affection and touching tenderness. Jessie's name was not mentioned in these effusions, but her heart told her for whom they were meant. Once, indeed, the name did escape, and the betrayal produced the greatest confusion on his part, as well as on hers: but in this very confusion there was so much meaning and sympathy, that it was very delightful to her. Sometimes vague expressions of affection, and allusions to feelings and intentions, seemed but the prelude to an open avowal of his attachment and his wishes; to Jessie's truthful and confiding disposition, his words, his looks, and his attentions were as sure a pledge of affection as any verbal declaration. As the time for her return home drew near, he became sad and abstracted, and tears rose to Jessie's eyes when the moment of leave-taking came; and then he spoke, as he often did, of their meeting *very, very* soon, for he had got her permission to visit her at home.

"You may be sure," he added, "that I shall not be long after you; and will you promise me, that when you see me wending my way up your avenue one of these days, you will not desire the servant to say *not at home*?"

A smile and a blush gave Jessie's answer, and he raised the fair hand which he had fondly clasped, and kissed it passionately. Jessie travelled homewards, elated by love and trust. As she threw herself into her mother's arms, she felt that there was not in all the wide world one so happy as herself. . . . Long did she wait for that promised visit, and still she would saunter to the window, and watch, as far as eye could reach, the windings of the road; and often has her

heart jumped to her lips as she fancied she could discern, in the horseman who approached, the air and figure of him for whom she looked. The first glow of morning light and the last of departing day discovered the poor girl watching for her lover. Thus weeks and weeks passed over, and then doubts arose: he might have never loved, as she had thought; he might have forgotten. But, ah! that cannot be: did he not write those lines with his own hand and his own heart? and is he not good and true? And then she would read over and over again the passionate lines which he had penned—lines so fixed in her memory, that she needed not to have read them, but that she loved to see the very words that he had written, as if they could insure his constancy; and, reassured, she would look to the clear blue skies, and think that the blessing of Heaven would rest upon love pure and unalterable as theirs: but months went by, and still he did not come. At length she heard by mere chance that the regiment was under orders for foreign service;—he then would surely come to open his mind before the seas parted them, at least to take leave of one who had appeared, for a few happy months, to have been all the world to him. He came not; but ere long was on his way to a distant land. Poor Jessie strove to stifle her feelings, but she could not hide them from her mother, from whom she had no secret. They soon wrought a sad change in her, which even a casual observer could not but perceive. Her mother's looks constantly followed her, for her languid air and dejected countenance awakened most anxious fears; for my part, I could not see her without the most melancholy foreboding that we were

not to have her long. There seemed a sublimity in her shadowy form as she passed along the aisle of our little church, as if she were no longer of the earth; and the tones of her voice were so sweet and touching as she joined in the psalmody, that I thought them already fitted for mingling with a celestial choir; tears would trickle down the cheeks of her young companions as she sang. I felt greatly troubled about her,—physicians were consulted. Alas! they cannot prescribe for disappointed feelings! They could only recommend tonics; and, as they could not specify any particular ailment, they referred her case to general delicacy, and pronounced it somewhat precarious, and requiring great care. Every month that went was evidently loosening her hold of life, and she was gradually fading away. Some family arrangements, just at the time, required my presence in London, where I was detained for a few weeks. When I returned, I was shocked to see how much worse Jessie was than when I had left home. She was sadly wasted. Her poor mother still had hopes, for hope is the last thing with which we *will* part, “albeit, though that hope is vain;” and at times when I have called and talked with her, I have been persuaded to hope, though there was nothing to justify it. Few have not experienced the delusion so often described by poets; and Moore has spoken the feelings of many, when he says of those who were under similar circumstances with ourselves—

“We still had hopes—for hopes will stay
After the sunset of delight;
So, like the star that ushers day,
We scarce can think it heralds night!”

However, increasing weakness became too evident, and the dear child could no longer take her seat by the open window, to look out upon the green fields and woods, but was obliged to keep entirely to bed. One morning a message was brought that Mrs. Williams was anxious that I should go over as soon as possible, for that Miss Williams was much worse, and was wishing earnestly to see me. With a heavy heart, I obeyed the summons. As I went on my way, fancy conjured up the scenes in which I had been accustomed to see Jessie take her part; I could picture her a merry little sprite, bounding on through the paths before me, filling her held-up frock with wild flowers, which she gathered at random on her way, and ever and anon turning to look back at me with a lightsome laugh, while the breeze blew her hair about her sweet face. As I drew near the porch before the door, the odour of the roses and woodbine with which it was covered brought many a recollection. How is it that the perfume of flowers, so evanescent in itself, is so powerful in recalling feelings and awakening the memories of other days? How often the sweet girl welcomed me at that porch! What affectionate looks and glad tones used to await me there! I was soon by the bed where she lay, and by which her disconsolate mother was sitting. She looked at me with a sweet smile, but none of us could speak for a moment; she then said a word, but it was so low that I did not hear it. Her mother, to whom it was addressed, took a glass which held some flowers from the table where it stood, and brought it to her. With a weak and trembling hand she took a rose from among them, and handing it to me, said, "It is not the first time." "No,

darling—no, darling—it is not, indeed.” “How kind you are, my dear sir! how very, very kind! I perceive how sorry you are to see your little Jessie lying sick; but I sometimes think that I may recover. You are used, dear sir, to see sick people; do you think I *may* recover? I should like to walk along the green fields and among the shady trees, as I used, and to hear the singing of the birds;—do you think I shall ever?” I could not speak, but I pressed the dear wasted hand which I held. “But I have things to say,” resumed she, after a moment’s silence: “what I have upon my mind, before you pray beside me—what I feel most of all—is my own dear mother. I should like to stay by her side; but you will say all to comfort her, and you will often sit by her and talk of me. I have very often heard you say, my dear sir, that you thought we should know our friends in heaven; think of that, dear mother—don’t cry so—think of that, dear mother. And another thing that I would ask you to do, and that is all: I would ask you, my dear sir, if ever chance should throw in your way any that may think that they have done me wrong,—that may think that through their means I have been disappointed in any way,—to tell them I had no anger towards them; and, if such a word as forgiveness should come to be mentioned, say that I forgave, and bid them not to let a thought of me disturb their peace.” A tear trembled on her eyelash as she spoke, but she soon looked in our faces with a smiling countenance. There was a holy calm about her, as she joined in our devotions, which was soothing to her mother’s feelings, as well as to mine. Towards evening she appeared very languid, and com-

plained of fatigue, but said that if her mother rested her head on the pillow beside her, she thought she could sleep. I thought she had fallen into a sweet slumber before I left the house, but I found, on sending early the next morning to inquire for her, that it had been her long, last sleep, so easily did that sweet spirit pass away. I had taken the rose that she had given me from my bosom, and placed in the page that I had last read to her, in my prayer-book, and I felt it was no profanation; it has remained there ever since, and whenever I look at the poor faded flower, it recalls a scene which I can never forget. Though "all her pleasant things are laid waste," the poor mother bears her affliction patiently, and takes comfort in thinking of so good a child. Nearly two years after Jessie's death, I saw in the newspaper a notice of Captain Danvers's marriage to a rich heiress. I need not say how I felt. I opened the book which lay beside me, and looked at the poor withered rose.

Mary's Away.

SPRING hath returned once more, Mary,
To deck the earth in green ;
Cold winter's reign is o'er, Mary—
He's vanish'd from the scene :
All Nature's aspect seemeth glad
Where'er I roam or stray ;
But, oh! this breast of mine is sad,
For Mary is away.

I've watch'd and waited long, Mary,
For thee, I loved so dear ;
I've listen'd for thy song, Mary,
Through many a weary year ;
But she whom I so much adore
Has left me now for aye—
That voice I'm doom'd to hear no more,
Now Mary is away.

Yet time keeps gliding on, Mary—
The seasons come and go ;
And here I linger on, Mary,
A prey to grief and wo :
Though once sweet happiness did seem
To bless me day by day,
Alas! mine was a fleeting dream,
For Mary is away.

Oh, whither hast thou gone, Mary?
Why hast thou left me here,
Deserted and alone, Mary?
Oh, why art thou not near?
Oh, broken now is every vow,
My mind's to grief a prey;
And peace and I are strangers now,
For Mary is away.

J. B.

The Game of Proverbs.

TAKEN FROM THE FRENCH.

A PARTY had assembled at the seat of Sir John Hatton to spend the Easter recess. The host and hostess were a little of the *parvenu* genus, but they were very amiable, and their great wish was to make their country-place, to which they had only lately succeeded, agreeable. As they were very rich, and had a magnificent house in a beautiful country, and as, moreover, Sir John kept a good table, had a first-rate *chef de cuisine*, and was remarkable for his excellent wines, (for before the death of his cousin, the late Sir John, he had been a wine-merchant,) Sir John and Lady Hatton had no difficulty in collecting a host of friends about them in town, and of these they determined to select only quite the *élite* for their country party. The only difficulty was whom to choose. Lady Hatton, whose father had kept a shop, wished to invite only

the great and fashionable; but Sir John, whose education had been somewhat neglected in early life, preferred men of talent and science. Lady Hatton was too amiable to contend with her husband, and so Sir John invited all the first-rate statesmen, men of science, poets, novelists, and artists he could get. Unfortunately, however, the result was not exactly what he expected. The men of science did not mix well with the men of letters and the artists; for, as they had no subjects in common, they felt as strangers to each other; and each, conscious of the celebrity attached to his name, was afraid of committing himself, and doing any thing which a stranger might think unworthy of his previous reputation. Nothing can cast a greater chill over society than a fear of this kind. It is a perfect wet blanket to the fire of genius. So the party, though consisting of some of the cleverest men of the day, was undeniably slow; it was worse—it was dreadfully dull; and, in spite of the good cookery and the good wines, the dinners did not go off well, for the guests would not talk. In the drawing-room they were still silent; they sauntered about, opened books and laid them down again, and looked the pictures of *ennui*, though Lady Hatton bustled about and tried to make herself agreeable, and Mrs. Delcour, a young widow, who was pretty, and quite aware that she was so, flirted with all the men she could get to listen to her. Lady Hatton's own two daughters, who had just left school, gave no assistance in entertaining the guests, for they were too shy to talk, and made so many difficulties about playing or singing, that it was quite painful to ask them.

Only two days of the week for which the party had been invited had passed, when it became quite evident to Mrs. Delcour that something must be done, to save the whole party from dying of *ennui*, or eloping how they could: indeed, one or two had already begun to talk about expecting letters on urgent business, which would compel them to tear themselves away, &c. &c. On the evening of the second day, therefore, when the whole of the party had left the dining-room, and the gentlemen were lounging about the drawing-room in a most disconsolate manner, Mrs. Delcour suddenly exclaimed, "We must get up a proverb."

"What an excellent idea!" cried Lady Hatton. "I have often heard of proverbs being performed by persons of rank and fashion."

"It shall be done," said Mrs. Delcour. "But how shall we set about it? Stanhope, you are just the man to assist me. Don't you approve of the plan?"

"I think it admirable; but, as to assisting you, I must beg you to excuse me."

"No excuse. You are quite celebrated for things of this kind. I heard that you had the entire management of the proverbs at Lady Herbert's last winter."

"It was precisely what happened there that has decided me never to attempt to get up a proverb again."

"But what did happen there?"

"You know Lady Herbert's gouty old uncle, the admiral, and how much Lady Herbert always wishes to please him?"

"O yes, yes! He's an old bachelor, and very rich. Well?"

"He was to choose the proverb, and he chose, 'Good wine needs no sign.'"

"Rather an odd subject; but you have such talents, you can spiritualize any thing."

"So they all said; and so, at last, I suffered myself to be persuaded to undertake it. There is a fine picture-gallery at Herbert Castle, with an arch near the centre, from which it was easy to let fall a curtain, and doors at each end for the separate ingress and egress of the performers and audience. There were plenty of performers, and the ladies were all crowding round me, eager to know what they should wear. I told them what they pleased, so that they did but act as *I* pleased. They promised every thing that could be desired, and so I drew out my plan."

"I dare say you had a good deal of difficulty in making them learn their parts."

"Difficulty? Difficulty is no word for it! It was absolute martyrdom! They would not learn; they would not remember; and I could never get them all together to rehearse."

"But what was the end?"

"You shall hear. Finding that some of my actors, who would perform in spite of every thing, had neither memory nor presence of mind, the idea struck me to tell them, if they found themselves in any difficulty, to say, 'I hear some one coming;' and, unfortunately, I communicated this idea to them all."

"But why unfortunately? The idea appears to me a very good one."

"So it did to me; but it did not work well."

"How so?"

"The company were all assembled. All the beauty and talent of the neighbourhood were collected together. Everybody was in high spirits, and all were impatient for the performance to begin; and, as Lady Herbert had whispered about that the whole was arranged by me, all eyes were turned towards me, and—and—"

"Well, well! we can imagine all that. Go on!"

"The first person who was to appear was the sister of the admiral, an old maid, tall, thin, and bony, with a very long neck, and a skin like shrivelled parchment; and she would absolutely take the character of a Swiss peasant, with all the accoutrements complete."

"Oh! I see her! Miss Priscilla in a bodice, short petticoats, and a little flat hat stuck on the side of her head! How absurd!"

"Absurd, indeed! She was reclining in a pensive attitude, with a crook, when the curtain drew up, and when she came forward, waving her lean, naked arms, and sighed deeply, the effect was so ludicrous, that a suppressed titter ran through the assemblage; and the poor shepherdess, losing her presence of mind, gazed wildly around, and then pressing her hand upon her side, she exclaimed, 'I hear some one coming,' and then sat down, looking just ready to faint."

"How very droll!"

"So the audience seemed to find it; but it was any thing but droll to me, for she should have made a long speech, which would have served as a key-note to all the rest; and it was now clear, that if the others *did* remember their parts, the audience would be in the dark as to what they were about, for want of the expla-

nation which was to have been given by this unlucky shepherdess."

"Well, what happened next?"

"The second performer, who was rather dull, but who had worked hard to master the difficulties of his part, hearing his cue, rushed in, totally unconscious of what had happened, (for he was absorbed in what he was to do himself,) and began his first speech, which unluckily turning upon what the shepherdess ought to have said, but did not say, and which he was supposed to have heard, quite overcame the politeness of the audience, and they burst into peals of laughter; and when the unhappy actor, whose part was tragic, and who could not think what made them laugh, after looking round for a moment or two in dismay, said, also, 'I hear some one coming,' the effect was overwhelming. The audience, including even the admiral and Lady Herbert, were almost in convulsions; and the curtain fell amidst vehement cries of 'Bravo! Encore!'"

"At any rate, the audience were amused."

"Yes; and we laughed it off as well as we could; but it was rather hard work, particularly as, during the remaining three or four days that I was obliged to remain in the house, if ever I hesitated or stammered about any thing,—and really I did make more blunders than I ever did before in my life,—my friends were sure to laugh, and to suggest that probably 'I heard some one coming.'"

During this dialogue, the whole party had collected round Mrs. Delcour and Mr. Stanhope: and as the ludicrous distresses of the latter made them laugh, it

had the effect of thawing the ice that seemed to have bound up their faculties ; and they all agreed to take a part in a new proverb, in performing which they promised to behave better than the unfortunate performers at Herbert Castle. A proverb was selected, and a rough outline of the mode in which it was to be worked out having been settled, the rest was left to the performers to fill up, which they did so admirably, that everybody was delighted ; and proverbs and charades were performed alternately during the remainder of the week of vacation, which they all agreed was one of the pleasantest they had ever passed.

The Trifles of Life ; or, Trifles not always Trivial.

It is wont to be affirmed of women, in a sarcastic tone, that their lives are made up of trifles ; and perhaps, in a certain sense, the accusation may be a true one, for the duties which are allotted to our sex consist chiefly of quiet and unobtrusive offices, which, in their rapid succession, may seem trivial to those whose minds are occupied with the stirring business of life ; but we would venture to remind these contemners of our homelier lot, that small matters only become trifling by the trivial spirit in which they are pursued ; that this material world itself, "clogged with its weighty mass of joy and wo," is composed of atoms,

and that the long flight of ages, bearing upon their wings the destiny of humanity, is measured out by single moments. Let us not, therefore, undervalue the value of trifles, but strive to impart a dignity to every occupation, however humble or however passing be its nature, by the spirit of truth and kindness with which it is performed. It would, indeed, be well for us women, if, even in our highest and gravest duties, we kept in mind the gentle admonition of the poet—

“He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the great God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

Even in our efforts to do good to others, may we not oftentimes fail from a want of that loving spirit which clothes the most trivial acts with grace, and which enables the possessor of it, whether poor or rich, to soothe the sad and ruffled spirit and to strengthen the feeble one? It has occurred to me, more than once in my life, to observe from my own experience how closely the bonds of human fellowship may be drawn together by some small links of passing kindness, so trivial that they scarcely seem to merit record; and yet I am tempted to note down here one or two such instances, in the hope that they may encourage others of my own sex, whose circumstances may preclude their doing *great* things for others, but whose hearts may nevertheless long for opportunities of aiding those whose spirits droop as they pass wearily along the highway of life.

* * * * *

“She won’t give *you* a flower; not she, indeed!”
Such were the words which met my ear as I hurried

through the streets on a showery spring morning, carrying in my hand a nosegay of those early blossoms which are doubly welcome to our sight, as the harbingers of sunnier hours and brighter skies. I was on my way to an invalid, to whom flowers were indeed even a valued gift: to her they cheered the long hours of lonely suffering, and every bright hue and lovely form seemed to suggest thoughts of soothing hope and comfort, while they directed her mind to that Almighty and yet All-loving Father who, while he "calleth the stars by their names," is yet careful thus to clothe the grass of the field, and to lavish beauty on the very herbs that we tread beneath our feet.

A far different being from this patient sufferer was she whose cold, scornful words had fallen so harshly upon my ear. As I walked hastily along, anxious to escape from the increasing rain, I had not perceived by the side of the path a middle-aged woman, of repelling aspect, who held in her arms a sickly child, that reached out its little hand, with a longing gaze, towards the bright flowers which I held, and struggled, in its inarticulate language, to express its wish to possess the treasure. It was in answer to these demonstrations on the part of the child, that the mother had made the observation which had drawn my attention, and arrested me in my course. I stopped, and pulling out some of the gayest and gaudiest of the group, placed them, with a few words of kindness, in the infant's grasp, while the mother thanked me, and fondled her crowing child with an expression of mingled surprise and pleasure.

The incident was a trifling, and might seem an unimportant, one; but how often has it since recurred to

my mind, as I have passed in the way those whose countenances have betrayed inward feelings of discontent with their own lot, and dislike towards those who possessed more of the comforts and luxuries of life than themselves! What a key to the heart-burnings, the jealousy, the dislike which are felt, alas! by many a poor man and woman to their richer neighbours, lies in those words, spoken by a mother in bitterness of spirit, "*She would not give you a flower!*"

For the relief of absolute want and wretchedness, few who are blessed with this world's goods are so hard-hearted as to refuse the contribution which it costs but little effort to bestow; but it is not money, mere money, given and received, which will draw together in kindly union the hearts of the richer and the poorer classes among us. It is rather that interchange of words and deeds of kindness, which it might seem almost trivial to enumerate, but which speak more to the hearts of our fellow-men than hundreds given with a cold heart or a careless hand. Well has it been said by a writer of the present day, whose observations on the "Ways of the Rich and Great"* are full of valuable hints on this and kindred subjects: "In the ordinary intercourse of good offices, it is very important to be *pleasant* to the poor, for services alone will not cultivate their affections, and those who would visit them for every-day purposes of charity should be, by their nature and temperament, genial, cordial, and firm. . . . In order that the poor may feel that the rich are in sympathy with them, the rich must take a

* Taylor's "Notes from Books."

pleasure in their pleasures, as well as pity them in their distress. When the rich give of their abundance to those who want bread, it may be supposed to be done for very shame, or under the constraint of common humanity. When they take order for the instruction and discipline of the poor, they are conferring a species of benefit, for which, however essential, they must not expect a return in gratitude or affection. But if they bear in mind that amusement is in truth a necessary of life, that human nature cannot dispense with it, and that by the nature of men's amusements their moral characters are in a great measure determined, they will be led so to deal with the poor as to make it manifest to them that they like to see them *happy*, and they will be beloved accordingly."

Nor is it merely those who are rich in this world's goods who have the power thus to dispense happiness around them. Well would it be for us each one to remember that every man who breathes, whether master or servant, employer or employed, young and old, rich and poor, each has it in his power, as he passes along his own life-path, either to shed a ray of sunshine on that of his fellow-man, or to darken it by his shade. Well do I remember, though many a year has passed since then, how pleasant to me was one such little act of kindness, shown by one who was herself dependent upon the bounty of others for her daily bread. Old Bessie Milman had the charge of an empty house which we were furnishing, and, while it was still in an unfurnished state, I went thither during several successive mornings, tempted by a new piano, to practise before breakfast. Poor Bessie thought that "the young lady

must surely be cold and hungry, so long without her breakfast;" and never shall I forget the look of anxious kindness with which she came up to me, in her neat old-fashioned white cap and well-folded kerchief, carrying a nice roast apple, surrounded with crumbs of bread, which she thought I might "perhaps be able to relish," nor the pleasure she seemed to feel when she saw that I was gratified by her kind thought of me. This may seem almost too trivial an incident to notice, but it was one which early impressed on my mind the conviction, that the poorest, as well as the wealthiest, has it in his power either to bestow a *flower* upon his neighbour, or to plant a *thorn* in his path.

Which of us are so fortunate as not to remember, among the circle of our acquaintances, some from whose society we shrink with a sort of instinctive dread?—not on account of any moral evil in their character or disposition, but simply because we never leave their presence without feeling, as some one has rather quaintly expressed, as if "we had been *rubbed up the wrong way*." They may be, in *reality*, most kind-hearted people. If you had a fever, and required their care, they would watch over you night and day; but, in your hour of health, and, as *they conceive*, of happiness, they would never think of "*giving you a flower*;" they would not even be able to understand why you should want one.

On the other hand, can we not each recall to mind some happy being—whether he be rich or poor; it matters not—whose very presence seems to cast oil upon troubled waters, whose kindly tones cheer the drooping spirit, whose look of sympathy and love is balm to



"The Country Bird"

LADY'S COMPANION p. 163.

the wounded heart, and to whom the poor, the suffering, even the little child, will turn as if by instinct, and feel assured that there, at least, no chilling repulse is to be feared, but that "such as he has," even if it be *only a flower*, he will give it to them with an ungrudging heart?

Happy, notwithstanding "all the ills that flesh is heir to," would this world be, if we were each one, in our own sphere, to cultivate more of this spirit, to seek, as we pass onwards through life, for opportunities of gladdening the heart of our fellow-man, and being ever ready to

"Give and forgive, do good and love;
By soft endearments in kind strife,
Lightening the load of daily life."

The Canary-Bird.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

A LITTLE maiden, named Caroline, had a canary-bird which was very dear to her. The tiny creature sang from the dawn of day until the shades of evening closed around. It was very beautiful, of a golden yellow, with a dark-coloured head; and Caroline fed him with seeds and with cooling herbs, adding now and then a small lump of sugar, and daily she supplied him with fresh, clear water.

But all of a sudden the little bird began to droop,

and one morning, when Caroline brought him water, he lay dead at the bottom of the cage. Then the little girl wept and lamented sorely over her favourite; so the mother of the maiden went out and bought her another bird, of still more beautiful plumage, and which sang even as sweetly as the former one, and she put it in the cage.

The maiden, however, wept only so much the more, when she beheld the new bird: her mother wondered much at this, and said, "My beloved child, wherefore dost thou still weep and mourn so bitterly? Thy tears cannot recall the little bird to life, and here thou hast one which is not less beautiful than the other which thou hast lost."

Then answered the child, "Ah, dear mamma, I have not acted rightly towards the little creature, and have not done all I might have done for him." "Beloved Lina," answered her mother, "I thought thou didst always tend him most carefully." "Ah, no!" replied the child; "it was only a little while before his death, that instead of bringing him a bit of sugar which thou gavest me for him, I eat it myself."

Thus spake the maiden with a troubled heart. The mother did not make light of Caroline's remorse, for she recognised therein the holy voice of truth, which spake within the heart of her child.

"Ah," said she, "what must then be the grief of an undutiful child over the grave of its parents!"

The Flower Gatherer.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

"God sends upon the winds of spring
Fresh thoughts into the breasts of flowers."

MISS BREMER.

THE young and innocent Theresa had passed the most beautiful part of the spring upon a bed of sickness; and, as soon as ever she began to regain her strength, she spoke of flowers, asking continually if her favourites were again as lovely as they had been the year before, when she had been able to seek for and admire them herself. Erick, the sick girl's little brother, took a basket, and showing it to his mamma, said, in a whisper, "Mamma, I will run out and get poor Theresa the prettiest I can find in the fields." So out he ran, for the first time for many a long day, and he thought that spring had never been so beautiful before; for he looked upon it with a gentle and loving heart, and enjoyed a run in the fresh air, after having been a prisoner by his sister's couch, whom he had never left during her illness. The happy child rambled about, up hill and down hill. Nightingales sang, bees hummed, and butterflies flitted round him, and the most lovely flowers were blowing at his feet. He jumped about, he danced, he sang, and wandered from hedge to hedge, and from flower to flower, with a soul as pure as the blue sky above him, and eyes that

sparkled like a little brook bubbling from a rock. At last he had filled his basket quite full of the prettiest flowers, and, to crown all, he had made a wreath of field-strawberry flowers, which he laid on the top of it, neatly arranged on some grass, and one might fancy them a string of pearls, they looked so pure and fresh. The happy boy looked with delight at his full basket, and putting it down by his side, rested himself in the shade of an oak, on a carpet of soft green moss. Here he sat, looking at the beautiful prospect that lay spread out before him in all the freshness of spring, and listening to the ever-changing songs of the birds. But he had really tired himself out with joy; and the merry sounds of the fields, the buzzing of the insects, and the birds' songs, all helped to send him to sleep. And peacefully the fair child slumbered, his rosy cheek resting on the hands that still held his treasured basket.

But, while he slept, a sudden change came on. A storm arose in the heavens, but a few moments before so blue and beautiful. Heavy masses of clouds gathered darkly and ominously together; the lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled louder and nearer. Suddenly a gust of wind roared in the boughs of the oak, and startled the boy out of his quiet sleep. He saw the whole heavens veiled by black clouds; not a sunbeam gleamed over the fields, and a heavy clap of thunder followed his waking. The poor child stood up, bewildered at the sudden change; and now the rain began to patter through the leaves of the oak, so he snatched up his basket, and ran towards home as fast as his legs could carry him. The storm seemed to burst over his

head. Rain, hail, and thunder, striving for the mastery, almost deafened him, and made him more bewildered every minute. Water streamed from his poor soaked curls down his shoulders, and he could scarcely see to find his way homewards. All on a sudden a more violent gust of wind than usual caught the treasured basket, and scattered all his carefully collected flowers far away over the field. His patience could endure no longer, for his face grew distorted with rage, and he flung the empty basket from him with a burst of anger. Crying bitterly, and thoroughly wet, he reached at last his parents' house in a pitiful plight.

But soon another change appeared; the storm passed away, and the sky grew clear again. The birds began their songs anew, the countryman his labour. The air had become cooler and purer, and a bright calm seemed to lie lovingly in every valley and on every hill. What a delicious odour rose from the freshened fields!—and their cultivators looked with grateful joy at the departing clouds, which had poured the fertilizing rain upon them. The sight of the blue sky soon tempted the frightened boy out again, and, being by this time ashamed of his ill-temper, he went very quietly to look for his discarded basket, and to try and fill it again. He seemed to feel a new life within him. The cool breath of the air, the smell of the fields, the leafy trees, the warbling birds, all appeared doubly beautiful after the storm, and the humiliating consciousness of his foolish and unjust ill-temper softened and chastened his joy. After a long search, he spied the basket lying on the slope of a hill, for a bramble-bush had caught it, and sheltered it from

the violence of the wind. The child felt quite thankful to the ugly-looking bush, as he disentangled the basket.

But how great was his delight, on looking around him, to see the fields spangled with flowers, as numerous as the stars of heaven!—for the rain had nourished into blossom thousands of daisies, opened thousands of buds, and scattered pearly drops on every leaf. Erick flitted about like a busy bee, and gathered away to his heart's content. The sun was now near his setting, and the happy child hastened home with his basket full once more. How delighted he was with his flowery treasure, and with the pearly garland of fresh strawberry flowers! The rays of the sinking sun played over his fair face as he wandered on, and gave his pretty features a placid and contented expression. But his eyes sparkled much more joyously when he received the kisses and thanks of his gentle sister. "Is it not true, dear," said his mother, "that the pleasures we prepare for others are the best of all?"

Woman's Faith.

"LADY! he gives thee back the vow
 He once might call his own;
 For fallen are his fortunes now,
 And all his bright hopes gone.
 Now poverty, thou peerless maid!
 Rests on his noble brow."
 She raised her tearful eyes, and said—
 "I love him better now."

"Lady! the noble form ye loved
 Is marr'd with care and wo;
 The step that once so graceful moved
 Is thoughtful, sad, and slow.
 He may not claim his promised bride—
 He gives you back your vow."
 "I love him still," she softly sigh'd;
 "I love him better now."

"I love him better now," she said,
 "Though wealth and lands are gone,
 Than when proud nobles homage paid,
 Though now he's left alone.
 Tell him that true love ne'er hath known
 Change, when it loved before:
 Tell him the heart that *was* his own
 Is his for evermore."

E. B. M.

Lobe and Ambition; or, The Old Man and the Rose.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PIETRO THOUARS DI FIRENZE.

It is not very long ago since the aged Marchese di B—— used to be seen occasionally within the walls of our “fair Florence,”* visiting her noble works of art, and aiding her institutions by his counsels and his liberality. This venerable man, after having spent the flower of his years in the public service of his country, and filled with credit the highest offices of the state, had, on the approach of old age, withdrawn into an honourable retirement, where his days rolled on in the enjoyment of literary ease and kindly benevolence.

Rarely did he quit his beautiful villa, except for a brief visit to some of the Italian cities, where he loved to seek out the remains of antiquity, or to wander through the noble picture-galleries with which so many of them abound. On such occasions, he was wont to leave behind him his numerous retinue of servants, and set out in a modest equipage, accompanied only by a confidential valet and a favourite nephew, whose enthusiastic love of the *beaux-arts* made him a suitable companion in such excursions.

One day they were visiting together a celebrated picture-gallery. The guide who accompanied them passed

* “Firenze la Bella.”

along from one *chef-d'œuvre* to another, descanting fluently on their various merits, and scarcely deigning to stop a moment before any works of lesser note. They stood before a painting of Titian's, and the guide had commenced his accustomed panegyric, when he perceived that the old gentleman was gazing intently on a work of inferior merit, which hung close to Titian's gorgeous painting. It represented a youthful lady, simply yet elegantly clad, who was in the act of placing in her bosom a rose, on which she gazed with a gentle smile, as if it were the bearer of some message of kindness or of love. Her countenance beamed with ingenuous candour, and the innocent brightness of her glance added to the loveliness of her features.

The old man appeared to be fascinated by the portrait, which absorbed his whole attention, so that he allowed the guide to go on with his professional story without giving the slightest heed to what he was talking about. The latter, observing this *engouement*, stepped back a little, and pointing to the lady's portrait, said aloud, "It must be conceded that this also is a good painting. It is by Francisco Porbus, a distinguished portrait painter. The subject is unknown; but it may readily be perceived that the likeness is an admirable one, for it breathes life in every feature. The position is full of grace . . . the colouring of the flesh is faultless. . . . What transparency! what light! Observe the harmony subsisting between the white robe and the dark upper garment, although the tints contrast so strongly" . . . But at this moment a gay young noble entered, with all the airs of a fashionable connoisseur; and the guide, leaving his dis-

course unfinished, hastened to welcome the new-comer with a profusion of bows, leaving the old man still entranced before the unknown portrait.

Rousing himself at length from his revery, and drawing a deep sigh, the marchese addressed his nephew, on whose arm he was leaning, and whom, unconsciously, he had, in the depth of his emotion, almost pressed to his bosom.

"Be not surprised," said the old man, "at the lengthened contemplation I bestow upon this unknown picture. It revives the saddest and yet sweetest emotion that was ever awakened within my breast. I was like unto thee; in all the vigour of my youth—beloved by my parents—surrounded by every earthly good—heedless about the future—little dreaming of the luminous career (as flatterers call it) which I should afterwards pursue. It was at sunset, in the dear and joyous month of May, and I was walking with a fellow-student in his garden. His only sister was with us. Her features did not resemble this lady's, but she had the same sweet and ingenuous countenance, and, like her, she was dressed with perfect simplicity, unadorned, save by one beauteous rose, which she had gathered while we were standing together, gazing on the glorious sunset. I almost mechanically plucked one from the same branch, and after a few moments' silent admiration, we pursued our walk. While conversing together, my fair companion's flower dropped out of her hand, whereupon I hastily picked it up, and offered her mine in its stead. She accepted it with a smile, and placed it in her bosom, worn as is represented in the picture before us. I cannot describe the happiness

which at that moment filled my breast; but too soon the impression wore away, for it was about that time that I obtained my first official employment. It is true, that I accepted it out of obedience to my father's wishes, for no dream of ambition had yet bewildered my mind; but before long its snares were successfully spread around me; and amid the smiles of princes and the adulation of courtiers, the image of my fair young friend gradually faded out of my thoughts. I scarcely knew that I had loved her, until, in a time of mental anxiety and deep disappointment, I bethought me of the young maiden and the rose. Her image floated across my vision like those refreshing waters which are often seen afar off in the desert, but which vanish from the longing gaze of the traveller as he approaches nearer unto them. Even so did the idea of domestic love and peace pass like a pleasing dream before me amid the turmoils of public life; but such moments of happy thought were rare and fleeting. I had entered a career of emulation, and could not bear to be surpassed by my rivals in fame. Titles, honours, wealth, luxury, all these have I attained; and yet, on looking back at my long and brilliant course, my thoughts rest with pleasure only upon the one bright yet tranquil hour which preceded all this glory. Now, all is over—early love . . . manly ambition . . . successful pride. . . . But amid the many favours scattered around my path, I have slighted the only one which could have brought a daily sunshine into my domestic life."

The old man ceased, and, after a moment's pause, he added, with a deep sigh—

"My friend, when these eyes are closed in death, suffer not a deceiving hand to record in marble that I was great, and good, and wise, and happy; but take care, I charge you, to have a simple rose sculptured upon my tomb."

Death and Slumber.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

IN brotherly embrace walked the Angel of Sleep and the Angel of Death upon the earth.

It was evening. They laid themselves down upon a hill, not far from the dwelling of men. A melancholy silence prevailed around, and the chimes of the evening-bell in the distant hamlet ceased.

Still and silent, as was their custom, sat these two beneficent genii of the human race, their arms entwined with cordial familiarity, and soon the shades of night gathered around them.

Then arose the Angel of Sleep from his moss-grown couch, and strewed with a gentle hand the invisible grains of slumber. The evening breeze wafted them to the quiet dwelling of the tired husbandman, enfolded in sweet sleep the inmates of the rural cottage—from the old man upon the staff, down to the infant in the cradle. The sick forgot their pain; the mourners their grief; the poor their care. All eyes closed.

His task accomplished, the benevolent Angel of Sleep laid himself again by the side of his grave brother. "When Aurora awakes," exclaimed he, with innocent joy, "men praise me as their friend and benefactor. Oh! what happiness, unseen and secretly, to confer such benefits! How blessed are we to be the invisible messengers of the Good Spirit! How beautiful is our silent calling!"

So spake the friendly Angel of Slumber.

The Angel of Death sat with still deeper melancholy on his brow, and a tear, such as mortals shed, appeared in his large dark eyes. "Alas!" said he, "I may not, like thee, rejoice in the cheerful thanks of mankind; they call me, upon the earth, their enemy and joy-killer."

"Oh! my brother," replied the gentle Angel of Slumber, "and will not the good man, at his awaking, recognise in thee his friend and benefactor, and gratefully bless thee in his joy? Are we not brothers, and ministers of one Father?"

As he spake, the eyes of the Death-Angel beamed with pleasure, and again did the two friendly genii cordially embrace each other.

The Sleeping Girl.

I CAME to waken thee, but sleep
Hath breathed about thee such a calm—
Hath wrapt thee up in spells so deep
And soft, I dare not break the charm.

Thy breathings do not stir the folds
That lie unmoved around thee. Rest
Hath rock'd thee gently—now she holds
Thy spirit lull'd upon her breast.

An imaged stillness, by repose
Fast lock'd in an enduring clasp;
A marble silence, with the rose
Just dropping from her languid grasp.

Yet never o'er the sculptured lid
Did such a blissful slumber creep;
Its shade hath ne'er such sweetness hid—
The statue smiles not in its sleep!

And dost *thou* smile? I know not! Night
To one serene, abiding grace,
Hath wrought the quick and changeful light
That flitted o'er thy waking face.

It is not smiling, it is peace—
All lovely things are thine at will;
Thy soul hath won a sweet release
From earth, yet kept its gladness still.

For sleep, a partial nurse, though kind
To all her children, yet hath prest
Some closer to her heart: we find
She ever loves the youngest best.

Because they vex her not with aches
And fever-pangs to hush to rest;
They need no soothing! She but takes
Them in her arms, and they are blest!

And then to thee two worlds are given,
Together bound within her chain;
And, by the golden light of heaven,
Thou livest o'er the day again.

My touch must bid those bright links start
And fly asunder; yet for thee
I may not mourn—not far apart
Thy dream and thy reality!

Soon shall I watch within thine eyes
The sweet light startle into morn,
And see upon thy cheek arise
The flushing of a rosy dawn.

The sunshine vainly round thee streams;
And I must rouse thee with a kiss:—
Oh! may life never break thy dreams
With harsher summoning than this!

DORA GREENWELL.

Love and Marriage.

EDITH CAMPBELL was a young girl, beautiful in countenance, and something more than ordinary in mind. Perhaps it was that from her earliest youth she had been accustomed to the society of people much older than herself. She was the only child of her parents; and one of them, if not celebrated, was at least well known in literary circles as a clever writer and an agreeable man. So Edith grew up from a child to a young girl in the pleasantest society in the world, though, perhaps, the most exciting and the most dangerous. She had now reached the age of seventeen, and what with her beauty and her wit, she was a universal favourite among the literati—a sort of pet-child among them; and, as she was naturally sincere and kind-hearted, few had much to say against her. But she had her faults—faults partly her own and partly the effect of circumstances. Edith certainly was a flirt—she would not willingly have said or done any thing to have deceived, or to have eventually hurt the feelings of others; but from her frank disposition and lively spirits, she frequently said a great many things that she only half-meant, and that she deeply regretted in cooler moments. Being beautiful and an only child, Edith had always been a pet, not only at home, but everywhere. Even now, being considered almost a child by those who had known her when she

really was one, nobody scrupled to pour the most extravagant, yet deliberately-worded, flatteries into her ear; and had not their constant repetitions, and her mother's constant warnings that nobody meant what they said, somewhat deadened their effect, Edith would certainly have been the most conceited and affected little thing that ever breathed. This constant flattery certainly was not without its bad effect upon her, but it was not so bad as might have been expected.

Mrs. Campbell had a very bad opinion of the sincerity of the world. She was herself very sincere, and eminently truthful; but in her life she had been twice deceived, once in love, and once in a servant in whom she had placed her entire confidence. Before these two cases, she had scarcely believed in the existence of deceit in the world at all; but, once deceived, the impression became so strong, that she never recovered from it. Thus Edith was warned, even more than was needful, against the insincerity of the world in general; and, above all, she was told never to believe any thing said to her in society, as people never meant what they said in company. This was a wide term; there is scarcely any society in which there are not some tolerably sincere people; and as most people alter the tone of their conversation a good deal, according to the person they are talking to, if Mrs. Campbell had taught Edith to be careful never to say any thing she did not fully mean, it is most probable that others would have taken their tone from her, and she would have been spared many a pang. But as it was, Edith rattled on, laughing and talking gay, wild things, till she came to be a desperate flirt, though in her own conscience she thought

herself quite harmless ; for as she really did not mean any thing, and as nobody else did, what was the harm of talking ? If everybody made it a rule never to say or do any thing they did not quite mean, coquetry and all its evils would be banished from the world !

In spite of all the cautions Edith had received, there was one whose homage did not pass unheeded by—one who said much the same things as everybody else did, and yet Edith could not help believing them real ; she often wondered if he felt what he said, but that was impossible to find out. Sometimes she felt, in despair, that he must be the same as other people—at other times something seemed to tell her that he was an exception to the general rule ; but one thing was certain, she must not betray herself to him, she must behave exactly the same to everybody, and make believe that she liked all the same. This she did, and kept her secret too well. Everybody said she was a heartless flirt, whereas she would have given worlds now to have been able to prove that she was in earnest, and to let her heart be seen.

Time passed on, and things continued just the same. People found it amusing enough to see Stanley Wilton and Edith Campbell talking together ; they were both such flirts ! Most people thought there was nothing in it, for neither of them meant any thing. Time passed on, and Edith became tired—tired of flirting—tired of perpetually saying things she did not mean, of having no real confidence in any one : tired of life, she wanted change. Perpetual excitement has the same effect upon one as money, opium, or good reviews—the more one has, the more one wants. Edith went to parties

with a suppressed yawn—would only dance with the most perfect dancers—never condescended to amuse any one: to dull people, who could not amuse her, she never said a word. She would only listen to the most first-rate performers—would only put on the most curious coiffures and dresses that could be worn, and passed her days between yawns and the most exciting novels; and yet she was a responsible being, and ought to have been in all the freshness of her youth.

There was one man in the little inner circle of the Campbell's friends who was contented with being sincere himself without believing that all the world besides was not so. He secretly loved Edith; but as he never uttered a compliment, talked little, and seemed to think before he spoke, she gave him no credit for sincerity. She thought him the coldest of the cold; and as to loving her, she did not think it was in his nature to love anybody! His name was Edward Gracme; he was a man of an old, proud family, devoted to science, and fond of the society of clever men. He had scarcely any near relations; his father and mother died when he was very young, and all his life he had been thrown much upon his own resources for amusement, with a large fortune, which enabled him to do pretty much what he liked. It was to science he devoted himself and his fortune; he felt no one was depending upon him, and he followed the bent of his own inclination, by indulging deeply in a sort of experimental speculation, which would have long ago ruined a smaller fortune; as it was, his was already a little impaired. He had little or no hope of his love for Edith being returned, as he was one of the few who thought she was really attached

to Stanley Wilton; besides, though he could not resist her fascination when with her, he felt, in cooler moments, she was not a suitable wife for him.

The Campbells always gave a large party on New Year's Eve; it was Edith's birth-day, and this year she was nineteen. The house was brilliantly lighted, the company assembled, and all as gay as gay could be—even Edith felt a more genuine spirit of enjoyment steal over her than she had done for some time. Stanley Wilton was not there; he had been for the last three months in Paris, and much his loss had been felt, for everybody thought him a witty, good-natured fellow. At one part of the evening, when Edith was walking round the room with Edward Graeme, after a quadrille she had been dancing with him, she saw two young men, just arrived, standing in the doorway, who she knew had been friends of Stanley Wilton's in Paris; she stopped to speak to them. They exchanged a few ordinary civilities of greeting, and then she asked after Mr. Wilton. "Oh, Stanley is in most excellent preservation, I assure you, Miss Campbell," answered one of them. "Yes, I never saw him in better spirits," joined in the other. "But then he has reason to be in good spirits—he is engaged, and to the most lovely of Parisian belles, and they are so happy together. I hear it is quite a treat to see them; it happened since we left." Edith felt a cold chill run over her, but she did not faint nor turn very pale; but, heart-sick and blighted, she tried to laugh, and said she was very glad to hear it, and then continued her walk with Mr. Graeme; she laughed and talked to him, she took pains to amuse him, to make him talk too. They



The Campbell's Party

danced another dance together, and then they sat down on a sofa in the refreshment-room. Graeme thought he had never seen her so beautiful before; he was quite fascinated; he felt his love emboldened. He had always thought she liked Stanley Wilton, but now it seemed quite evident to him that she did not: there she sat by his side playing with her fan, her laughing face looking up to his, telling him he was dreadfully wicked not to learn the polka. Another five minutes, and all was changed: he had confessed his love—had told her, in his open, manly way, that he had loved her long, but had believed her heart pre-occupied; but that her behaviour this night had convinced him it was not so. Edith's lovely head hung down, and she blushed rosy red; she knew she was a flirt now; he thought it was love—she knew it was shame: she felt that he was sincere, that he had acted nobly, honourably, and she, to shield her own pride, had deceived him so grossly; she sat beside him, feeling abashed and guilty; she did not dare tell him she did not love him—that she had been jesting; she could not contradict her actions, and say her heart was pre-engaged. He pleaded again for an answer; and at last she faltered out, that she did not know;—yet, would he give her a week to consider? in a meek, humble way, quite unlike herself. She felt afraid of him, beneath him; and she, who lately had been talking so much, could not find a word to say, but sat there, looking so grave and sad, as though she had been confessing some fault. A reserved man himself, Graeme thought he was perfectly understood, and appreciated her conduct.

Edith longed for the evening to be over now; she

did not know what to do with herself, or how to behave. If she laughed and talked as she did before, what would Graeme think? She felt his eye upon her wherever she went; it annoyed her; she felt uneasy, almost guilty. If she were silent and reserved, they would all think she was in love with Stanley Wilton, which was the more maddening because it was true. At last the party was fairly over, and feeling tired, and her heart throbbing with her various emotions, Edith retired to rest, determined to sleep quite soundly, that she might be perfectly fresh the next morning, to think over her new prospects for the new year.

When Edith awoke the next morning, and saw the New Year's sun shining in at the windows, she felt her heart sink within her; she awoke from a dream, a happy dream. She did not remember what it was about; but, when she first awoke, she felt an indescribable sensation of happiness, as though some kind angel had been holding a halo of love and goodness over her while she slept: the difference of the temperature of the bed and that of the room was precisely the same as that of Edith's dreams and her waking prospects—as she rose she felt the shock of both. It had thawed and frozen again; the streets looked miserable, in spite of the sun's shining so brightly; there was a cold, piercing wind, that came in horribly through Edith's window, which did not fit well, and rattled; her warm water was half cold, and, while she was arranging her dress, she scratched herself with a pin. All these trifles made Edith thoroughly miserable: they are nothings in themselves, but it is astonishing how they aggravate greater evils. Edith descended to breakfast in a

wretched state of mind; the fires were bad, the coffee was weak, the toast was cold, and everybody else in capital spirits, wishing her the happiest of happy New Years, and determined not to be put out with any thing. This was annoying; when one is wretched oneself, it is astonishing what a comfort it is to get anybody to be thoroughly wretched with one—sympathy is the blessing of existence. Edith, however, was not allowed this blessing; but she was a sensible girl, more used to ups and downs than most girls of her age; she possessed considerable fortitude, and if her energies were once aroused, she could look misfortune calmly in the face, and quietly argue out the rights and wrongs of a case. Few people, who knew Edith only in society, would have given her credit for so much strength of mind, but no one can really know what another is till they see him tried. Edith was grave and quiet during breakfast, but showed no ill-temper; in all great troubles she had perfect command over herself; nobody thought there was any thing the matter with her, for she was often quite as quiet and cold without any reason. One often meets with extremes in characters as well as in temperatures—sometimes the hottest summers have the coldest winters; and so it was with Edith: in the reaction from her moments of excitement she was almost stern sometimes.

When breakfast was over, Edith slipped away unobserved, and stole after her mother into her bedroom; there she told her of Mr. Graeme's proposal, and then retreated, to think the matter over by herself. She had always been told that her choice should be free;

and that being the case, she was determined to judge the matter for herself, before she heard anybody else's opinion; so Edith retired to a snug sofa in a quiet room, and lay down with a pale face, a faint heart, but a strong will. In many things she was old for her age, but she had many things yet to learn of the world and its ways; each day taught her how little she knew, and how bitter the knowledge was she had just acquired—that love, freely and devotedly given, may yet meet with no return: even she, with all her beauty, her talent, her fascination, which she had before considered almost irresistible, had been rejected; she was deserted, thrown off. Oh, how her pride rankled at the idea! But her self-esteem felt thoroughly wounded; she wondered now how anybody should love her; she was astonished that Graeme did; she tried to find other motives than love for his wishing to marry her; then she thought, I have no money, no superior rank, nothing but myself to give him—so it must be love: how grateful she felt for that love now! But a discontented murmur rose in her mind: if Graeme loves me, why cannot Stanley? Then she started up, and rejected such thoughts as weakness. Love is as free as the wind, and goes where it listeth, without reason to guide it. Then she began to think, seriously, if she could love Graeme, and sustain the duties of a wife to him: she thought long of this. There are some people one loves at first sight; some, one grows to love; and some, one feels one can never love. Edith had always resisted the idea of marrying unless she loved at first sight, and she would have resisted still, if she had been certain of dying young, but the prospect of subsiding

from being the most admired and most sought-after, first, into a *passé* young lady of a certain age, and then to a dreary old age, uncared-for and unloved, was impossible. She knew that beauty, like all other mortal things, must fade; that wit, which with it and youth was considered only piquant and delightful, was discovered to be ill-natured and sarcastic without them; and she also knew that an unmarried woman loses her charms and is considered old much sooner than a married one. These last thoughts proceeded entirely from vanity—vanity which had been fostered from her youth, and which now seemed almost as necessary to her as food, unless some warmer feeling replaced it: where there is great love, there is little vanity; it is too selfish to have a place. As it was, Edith was reasoning in a calm, rational manner, almost as coolly as if it had been for another person. Then she thought of money: she knew Graeme was rich, and she thought what a great blessing it would be to her mother to see her darling removed from, as far as human eye could see, the danger of being poor. The end was, that she thought she might like Edward Graeme: she did not love him, but she could respect him: perhaps, after all, he was not so cold at heart. She felt in her own heart that she still loved Stanley Wilton, but so hopeless did it seem, that she put it entirely out of the question; though she was secretly convinced that she should always feel that, if she had married him, she could have loved him better than she could ever hope to love Edward Graeme—so little do we know the fickleness of our own hearts! Only once did Edith see Graeme during that week of deliberation; it was at an evening

party. Though his eyes often wandered towards her, he paid her no more attention than usual, for fear it might compromise her or him in case of a refusal. Edith sighed as she saw this, and she thought it too wary for love. This time she watched him. She looked "to see if looking liking moved." He had a handsome, dark face, a tall, commanding person, quiet, gentlemanly manners. He was certainly much older than she was—between thirty and forty; but that was no objection. A woman who wishes to look up to her husband, and is not weak herself, naturally feels that he must be very strong,—stronger, and wiser, and better than she is,—which a young man seldom is. She noticed the deference other men paid to him and his opinions. She recollected little things she had heard from a child of his unostentatious goodness; and she felt that he was a husband she might well be proud of. Still, she did not love him; but it was better the husband should love the wife best at first. Love was more likely to grow in her than in him; and then what a comfort it would be to show Stanley that she had deceived him quite as much as he had her, and that she did not care for him a bit. She felt her pride nearly as much injured as her love by his marriage, and that, at least, would be revenged by her own. At the end of the week Edith consented to marry Graeme; and in little more than six months afterwards they were married, for Mrs. Campbell hated long engagements, and they both thought they must know each other perfectly well, as he had known her from a child. They went their bridal tour, and returned home to their beautiful town-house, fitted up with every comfort and luxury,

and withal tasteful in the extreme. Edith still thought him very cold; there seemed some veil between them, which prevented them from understanding each other rightly. He was too reserved to set matters right, and she stood too much in awe of him to attempt it; but she would have given worlds if he would have spoken without thinking, but he seemed perfectly aware of what he was doing, and always to have a reason for every thing. This seemed a barrier between them. She acted generally from impulse, unless called upon to reflect from some very serious reason. At last the fatal idea came into her head that he did not love her; that he had married her for her beauty, because she was a woman a man might feel proud to call his wife, and because she was born one of the society he liked to mix with, which, perhaps, might not have been so congenial to a woman more of his own especial class. This was a fatal idea! Edith had never properly loved Graeme; she had begun with respect, and felt that she might get to love him from his love to her; but now the belief in his love was entirely shaken. She regained her first impression of his utter heartlessness, and looked upon him as a cold, selfish being, who had measured the very amount of love that was necessary to deceive her, and given neither more nor less. She was disgusted with him, with the world, with herself; she felt she had been alike deceiving and deceived; but she would throw off the mask—she would deceive no longer. She despised herself for having ever respected him; she would show him that she hated him, show the world that she was as indifferent to him as he to her. So she took refuge, as many a

disappointed heart has done, in a constant whirl of dissipation—she became reckless and extravagant; and, as she could not help feeling a secret awe of her husband and his calm dignity, she took the small revenge of treating him in society with marked indifference and disrespect. And he—he remained the same, perfectly silent; nothing she could say or do provoked an angry word from him. He looked on her behaviour as a punishment to him, for having been so led away by his love as not to have sought to understand her better before their marriage. He thought, now, that he saw her in her true colours; but if he was deceived in her before, he was doubly so now. He thought her irretrievably heartless and frivolous; whereas, she wanted but one magic touch of love to kindle the most devoted affection, and make her the most thoughtful of wives; the germs of goodness lay hidden in her, wanting but some grateful dew to make them spring forth. In the meantime, his silence confirmed her suspicions, and made her plunge still deeper into the headlong course she was pursuing.

One balmy May evening, little more than a year after their marriage, which Edith spent at the house of a friend, where there was a gay party, she was, as usual, "the admired of all admirers;" she was herself in the wildest spirits, laughing and talking with the utmost vivacity to the little coterie around her, as she sat by an open window, inhaling the cool evening air, so refreshing after the heating dances. Slowly, a young man approached the little coterie; he had been for some time watching them, half concealed by the arch of the doorway in which he had been standing

He was so pale, and thin, and grave, that Edith hardly recognised him ; when she did, she could hardly help the colour mantling deeper in her cheek ; nevertheless, she laughed and talked with him as gayly as with the others. "And where is your wife, Mr. Wilton ? I am most anxious to be introduced to her," said she. "Thank you, Mrs. Graeme ; I fear I shall be deprived of that honour—I am not married," was his answer. He said no more, but stood quietly by her side. The words rang in her ears ; perhaps it was her fancy, but she thought there was something reproachful in the tone, yet it was so slight, she could not possibly take offence. She looked for her husband ; he was deeply engrossed in conversation at the other end of the room ; he had become even more devoted to science than ever now, and seemed as though he could talk and think of nothing else. Edith could not speak, and felt it a positive relief when her partner claimed her hand for the approaching dance, and she was obliged to move away. During the whole of the evening, Edith was haunted with Wilton's pale face. He seemed continually watching her ; he did not dance at all ; he left early, bidding Edith adieu with the greatest outward respect, but with a suppressed sigh on his lips, as he asked permission to call on her. Edith continued her dancing, but her spirits were gone—she felt uncomfortable ; she knew he was not behaving as he ought to do, and in the secrecy of her own conscience (though she scarcely owned it to herself) she felt that there must have been something in *her* manner, if not to him, to others, which was the cause of it. Edith went home that night, feeling discontented with herself—the most

uncomfortable of all feelings, but a salutary one, if we have strength enough not to seek throwing the blame on others. Unfortunately, Edith had not this strength; she could not bear to own, even to herself, that she was in the wrong; so she comforted herself and soothed her conscience by thinking that her husband was not careful enough about her. He had never warned her not to flirt; he had never said a word about it; he did not care a bit what she did; it was all his fault. So Edith put herself off her guard, by trying to persuade herself that she was not to blame.

Two days passed, and Mr. Wilton did not present himself. Edith could not help feeling her vanity piqued; she had thought over his conduct over and over again in those two days, and the only solution she could come to was, that he loved her. She did not know whether to be glad or sorry; her pride was relieved, but she was angry with him that he had not told her before, when her heart and hand were free. The third day, when she was seated alone in her beautiful drawing-room, lounging on a sofa, near a window which opened into a conservatory of the sweetest flowers, doing nothing but indulging in her own thoughts, thinking how things might have been if she had married Wilton, he came; the footman announced his name at the door; it startled her; she felt faint, her heart beat so violently. His step on the stairs recalled her to herself; she rose and received him coldly. She might have been a princess, for the pride there was in her air. Whenever a woman feels weak, she puts on a double armour of pride; whenever a man has been poor, he makes the most ostentation of his

riches. "Mr. Wilton, will you take a chair?" said Edith, as she resumed her former seat. Wilton sat down, not too near her; then he began talking in such a respectful but friendly manner, that she began to feel ashamed of her reception. He talked of old times, of little pleasure-parties they had had, of songs they used to sing together, of a Valentine they jointly composed and sent to her mother, of friendly things and *home* recollections. The time passed pleasantly; Edith relaxed to kindness, he seemed so good, so much interested in her; his kindness was so soothing, after her husband's coldness. She inwardly sighed, as she thought how different she might have been if she had been his wife. At last he asked her who had spread the false report of his marriage; she blushed, as if he had read her thoughts; she trembled, she grew pale; and then she roused herself, and told him in a forced manner who it was and how it was; then she sat still and said nothing, because she could think of nothing to say. He said nothing, either. She did not dare to look up, for fear of meeting his eye; she felt she was making a fool of herself—first receiving him so very coldly, then getting kind, and now sitting there, looking so absurdly conscious. She felt angry with herself and with him again, and was quite glad to take revenge on her dog, which slept on a cushion near her; she began arranging his collar—she did it so roughly, that he growled; she slapped him. She felt so weak and powerless, it was quite a comfort to have power over any thing; but the dog, not understanding her feelings, made no allowance for them, and growled and growled again, and at last snapped at her. Just then

her husband entered the room; she rose up to meet him, more affectionately than she had done for months. What a relief his presence was! "Edward, Beauty was just going to bite me," said she, "but, seeing you, I suppose he was afraid." Then, with her usual ease of manner, she introduced Graeme to Wilton as her husband; Wilton bit his lip; Edith felt she had triumphed, and was pleased with herself, and consequently more amiable. Graeme was astonished, but hoped that it augured some change for the better; but when Wilton was gone, Edith, laughing at Graeme's astonishment, left the room.

Of all Edith's little circle of admirers, Stanley Wilton was the only one who resisted her gay, laughing manners, and always retained a grave air of sentimentality; he who used to be the gayest of the gay was now hardly ever seen to smile; and more than once Edith overheard it said, "That it was because he was so annoyed at Miss Campbell's marriage, that young Wilton had become so dull." One hot summer's day Edith and her husband spent with some friends who resided at a very beautiful country-house in the neighbourhood of London; a large party of guests were there assembled. The evening was just drawing on, and the guests were taking one last turn in the beautiful grounds, previous to their departure. The day had been charming; the grounds were laid out in the most excellent taste—statues, fountains, and little architectural flower-gardens, all appropriately arranged; the coolness of the approaching evening was truly grateful after the heat of the day; and what with the previous heat and fatigue, all felt a sort of pleasing languor upon

them "as that last turn they took." Edith was walking with Mr. Wilton—her husband and another gentleman were a short distance behind, for she had protested their dry conversation made her quite ill; a great many other people were walking in the same direction, but Edith and Wilton were alone together in the crowd. He talked of the beauty of the evening, of what a charming day it had been, of what happy old recollections the summer flowers called forth; he asked if she remembered when he, a school-boy, home for the holidays, used to bring her flowers, and how they tried to talk their language together. He spoke long, gently, and kindly, as an old friend. Edith was completely off her guard: she looked at him now as a true friend, and felt quite ashamed of her former conduct towards him. He proceeded to tell how astonished he had been to hear of her marriage; how he could scarcely believe it at first; how different things were now to what they had been when he was in England last; how that year-and-a-half's absence had altered the whole course of his life. She said no word, but he felt her hand tremble on his arm. Then he talked of the faithlessness of women—of their utter heartlessness and deceit. Tears came into her eyes. She looked wildly round for her husband, but he was gone; he had stopped to examine the antique carving of a fountain. She looked for some friend she might join, but she knew no one in the crowd around her; they were all talking busily of their own joys and sorrows, and she could not intrude among them. She already thought they looked cold upon her. Wilton continued: he spoke of man's affection, as fervent, strong, and undying; spoke of himself, that it

was long before he loved a person, but when once he did, he never forgot or changed. "But you!" he said, suddenly. Edith trembled; tears came to her eyes again. She hurried on, but she could not speak. He conjured her to tell him if she had not loved him once; to tell him she had not forgotten those happy, half-childish days, when they had loved each other; to say that she had married her present husband from some other feeling than love, and he would rest satisfied, and never see her more, but bear his sorrow in silence and alone. Edith was too much overcome to speak; she could hardly support herself; her knees trembled under her; she felt faint. Sinking, she was obliged to cling to his arm for support. Fortunately, they were now arrived at the house-door. Her husband had reached it before, and was there to meet her. Edith told him she was ill and faint, and must leave directly. He attributed it to the heat of the day; and, while he conducted her, half-fainting, to a seat, he gratefully accepted Wilton's offer to look for the carriage. He quickly returned. She left the house on her husband's arm, and Wilton most respectfully walking on one side. Her poor head half-turned with bewildering thoughts, she could not understand if he were a hypocrite or not, or why, if he loved her so much, he had not told her before, when her heart and hand were free, which would have saved them both so much misery.

When Edith awoke the next morning, she saw things in a very different light. The cold, gray morning air was upon them, and gave them no artificial glow, but showed them in their true colours. She was horror-struck; the burning blood rushed to her face. Blushing at her

own weakness, she wondered now at herself—wondered that she had listened to a word he had said. Nothing seemed easier, now, than to have stopped him directly. She thought of a thousand things she might have said—polite, conventional things, which would have showed him in an instant she was not to be tampered with; but as it was, she had shown her own weakness, and she trembled for the future. One thing she was thankful for, that in the excited state she must have then been in, she had not been able to say anything. She felt she could not answer for what she might have said, had she spoken with her feelings so much excited. She recollected how many incautious, only *half-meant things* she had said in old times, when she had been excited, and trembled for what might have been the case, if she had acknowledged his suspicions, which she had felt so true. How could she ever have recovered the disgrace of such an avowal? She thanked God that she had not spoken then, though even her silence was culpable; and she secretly determined for the future, for *fear of being* again on such a precipice, to keep a strict guard over her words, and never to say any thing that *she did not quite mean*. Then she thought of her husband; how guilty she felt towards him! What a comfort it would have been to have confided in him, to have opened her whole heart to him, to have asked his pardon, and obtained his forgiveness, to have been able to trust her weakness to his strength! She felt it was a punishment on her former deceit and worldly reasonings, that she could not do so. She felt sad and humbled, and, in the sense of her own inferiority, thought of him with more of love than she had ever done; but

still she could not confess to him. Even if he had loved her at first, she felt that she must have now forfeited his love. She could not blame him for it—she felt it was her own fault. She wished he could read her heart, and see how penitent it was, and then, surely, he must forgive her. She sat, shrinking at the slightest sound, her head leaning on her hand, wishing that day were over; thinking how dreary a thing it was to walk alone in life, and that she had thrown all chance of sympathy from her, and wondering if her husband ever thought now of that evening when first he had told her that he loved her, which he must have done then,—when the door opened, and he stood before her. She started like a guilty thing! His face was pale, and grave, and sad, and his voice sounded hollow to her ear when he spoke. “Edith, I want to speak to you very seriously,” he said; “will you come down into my study?” She turned deathly pale, and tremblingly rose and followed him. They went down stairs to his study—they entered—he closed the door, and pointed to a seat. She sat down—he also, opposite to her. “Edith, I have something to tell you, which is, I know, quite unexpected, for which you are not prepared.” His deep voice thrilled through her; she could hardly breathe. “When you married me,” he continued, “you thought I was a rich man; that you would never know want. That, perhaps, was your greatest inducement,” he added, bitterly;—tears struggled in her eyes. “I am no gambler, nor am I extravagant, but *you* are; and I have lost such vast sums with my experiments and inventions, that, living as we do, things can go on no longer. My entailed estates are deeply embarrassed,

and for some years we must live with the greatest care abroad. We must live secluded, and curtail your extravagance. I shall endeavour to obtain some occupation to assist in our support. Had you loved me, this would have been no great hardship; but as it is, I fear it will be a great trial, which I am sincerely sorry to have brought upon you. It has all originated in my not having ascertained soon enough how little we were suited to each other." A flood of tears burst from her eyes. She knelt down before him; she clasped her arms round his neck; she laid her head upon his breast; she told him the whole history of her heart; she besought his forgiveness, his aid, his counsel; she told him how deeply unworthy she felt of him—that she knew she had been a bad wife to him in the days of prosperity, and that had caused their misery; but she would prove in trial what she could be. She was thankful they were going away. The removal for a time from old scenes and old faces would make the change easier. The veil was thrown aside now, and Edith had a husband in whom she could confide. They talked long and earnestly, and thanked God for the adversity which had brought their hearts together,—the evil seemed so light, considering the good which it had wrought.

Mr. Wilton called that afternoon to see Mrs. Graeme, but she was engaged, and could not be seen; and the next he heard was, that their house was let, and they had started for Caen, where they expected to reside some time.

The Angel and the Flowers.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH OF HANS ANDERSEN.

"Each time that a good child dies, an angel of God comes down to earth, takes the dead child in his arms, spreads abroad his large snow-white wings, flies forth over all those places which the child had loved, and plucks a whole handful of flowers, which he bears upwards with him to the throne of God, that they may bloom there in yet greater loveliness than they had ever bloomed on earth. The good God folds all these flowers to his bosom, but upon the flower which he loveth best he breathes a kiss, and then a voice is given to it, and it can join in the song of universal blessedness."

Lo, all this did an angel of God relate, while he bore a little child to heaven; and the child heard as if in a dream, and the angel winged his flight over those spots in the child's home where the little one had been wont to play, and they passed through gardens which were filled with glorious flowers.

"Which of all these shall we take with us, and plant in heaven?" asked the angel.

Now there stood in the garden a slender and beautiful rose-tree, but a wicked hand had broken the stem, so that its boughs hung around it withered, though laden with large, half-unfolded buds.

"The poor rose-tree!" said the child; "let us take it with us, that it may bloom above there, in the presence of God."

And the angel took the rose-tree, and kissed the child, because of the words it had spoken; and the little one half opened his eyes. They then plucked some of the gorgeous flowers which grew in the garden, but they also gathered the despised butter-cup and the wild heart's-ease.

"Now, then, we *have* flowers!" exclaimed the child, and the angel bowed his head; but he winged not yet his flight towards the throne of God. It was night; all was still; they remained in the great city; they hovered over one of the narrow streets, in which lay heaps of straw, ashes, and rubbish, for it was flitting-day.

Fragments of plates, broken mortar, rags, and old hats lay scattered around, all which bore a very uninviting aspect.

The angel pointed out, in the midst of all this confused rubbish, some broken fragments of a flower-pot, and a clump of earth which had fallen out of it, and was only held together by the withered roots of a wild-flower, which had been thrown out into the street because it was considered utterly worthless.

"We will take this with us," said the angel; "and I will tell thee why, as we soar upwards together to the throne of God."

So they resumed their flight, and the angel thus related his story:—

"Down in that narrow street, in the lowest cellar, there once dwelt a poor, sick boy; from his very infancy he was almost bed-ridden. On his best days he

could take two or three turns on crutches across his little chamber, and that was all he could do. On a few days in summer the beams of the sun used to penetrate for half an hour to the floor of the cellar; and when the poor boy sat there, and let the warm sun shine upon him, and looked at the bright red blood flowing through his delicate fingers, as he held them before his face, then was it said of him, 'He has been out to-day.' A neighbour's son used always to bring him one of the young boughs of the beech-tree, when it was first budding into life; and this was all he knew of the woods in their beauteous clothing of spring verdure. Then would he place this bough above his head, and dream that he was under the beech-trees, where the sun was shining and the birds were singing. On one spring day, the neighbour's son also brought him some wild-flowers, and among these there happened to be one which had retained its root, and for this reason it was placed in a flower-pot, and laid upon the window-sill, quite close to the bed. And the flower was planted by a fortunate hand, and it grew and sent forth new shoots, and bore flowers every year; it was the sick boy's most precious flower-garden—his little treasure here on earth. He watered it, and cherished it, and took care that the very last sunbeam which glided through the lowly window should shine upon its blossoms. And these flowers were interwoven even in his dreams; for *him* they bloomed, for *him* they shed around their fragrance and rejoiced the eye with their beauty; and when the Lord called him hence, he turned, even in death, towards his cherished plant. He has now been a year with God; a year has the

flower stood forgotten in the window, and now it is withered; therefore has it been thrown out with the rubbish into the street. And this is the flower, the poor withered flower which we have added to our nosegay; for this flower has imparted more joy than the rarest and brightest blossom which ever bloomed in the garden of a queen."

"But how comest *thou* to know all this?" asked the child whom the angel was bearing with him to heaven.

"I know it," replied the angel; "for I was myself the little sick boy who went upon crutches. I know my flower well."

And now the child altogether unclosed his eyes, and gazed into the bright, glorious countenance of the angel; and at the same moment they found themselves in the Paradise of God, where joy and blessedness for ever dwell.

And God folded the dead child to his heart, and he received wings like the other angel, and flew hand in hand with him. And all the flowers, also, God folded to his heart, but upon the poor withered wild-flower he breathed a kiss, and a voice was given to it, and it sang together with all the angels which encircled the throne of God; some very nigh unto his presence, others encompassing these in ever-widening circles, until they reached into infinity itself, but all alike were happy. And they all sang with one voice, little and great; the good, blessed child, and the poor wild-flower, which had lain withered and cast out among the sweepings, and under the rubbish of the fitting-day, in the midst of the dark, narrow street.

The Duties of Mistresses to Servants.

THE following remarks are the result of experience, which is always valuable, and are the gleanings of a careful consideration on this most important topic. There is no question but that we should seek to perform *all* our duties without hope of recompense; and yet, as regards our treatment of servants, we should be especially careful that, in endeavouring to make their bodily comfort and mental improvement an object of consideration, we do not allow ourselves to dwell on the hope of gratitude or affection from them in return. Many have done so, and having, with that view, been tempted to accord unwise indulgences and to overlook serious faults, they have found that, far from gaining the love of their servants, they have incurred their contempt; and when they have perceived that their favours, unappreciated, have led but to new encroachments, they have hardened their hearts, and rushed into an opposite extreme. Then they have considered their servants as mere machines, from which labour must be extorted by all available means.

A man-servant is rarely grateful, and seldom attached. He is generally incapable of appreciating those advantages which, with your cultivated judgment, you know to be the most conducive to his welfare. Do you accord to him regular hours, a stated allowance of work; do you refrain from sending him out, because it is wet,

and he is unwell; do you serve yourself, rather than ring for him at dinner-time,—he will rarely have the grace to thank you in his heart for your constant consideration. Hear him! He will thus describe a comfortable place: “There were very few in the family; when they went out of a night, we made it up of a morning; we had nice hot suppers, and the cook made a good hash for breakfast, and we always got luncheon between that and dinner; and we were all very comfortable together, and had a friend in when we liked. Master swore at us sometimes, but often made us a present for it when he had been very violent; a good-hearted man as ever lived, and mistress was quite the lady, and never meddled with servants. We didn’t often get to church, but they often gave us a ticket to the play. It was a capital place!”

Servants’ sympathies are with their equals. They feel for a poor servant run off his legs and moped to death; they have no feeling for a pains-taking mistress, economical both from principle and scanty means; they would (most of them) see her property wasted and her confidence abused without compunction. It is the last effort of virtue in a servant if, without any *private reason*, he should discharge his duty by informing you of the injury which you are enduring at the hands of his fellow-servant. It is an effort of virtue, for it will bring down many a bitter taunt and hard word upon his faithful head. “I never got a servant out of a place by telling tales on him,” will be said to him. Directly a servant departs, we all know, tongues, tied before, are loosed, to gain our favour by apparent candour. When it can avail us nothing, we are told. We all know this, and

have said, "Be silent now; you should have mentioned this at the time." Supposing, then, you have the *rara avis*, the servant that "speaks at the time," be chary of him, or let me say *her*, (the best servants are women.) Oh! as you value her, let her not suppose you cannot part with her. Treat her with confidence, but with strict impartiality; reprove, when necessary, mildly, but decidedly, lest she should presume, (power is so tempting,) and compel you, if you would retain your freedom, to let her go.

There is one thing a man-servant values beyond all that your kindness and your consideration can do for him—his liberty; liberty to eat, drink, and be merry, with your things in the company of his own friends; liberty to get the housemaid to clean his candlesticks and bring up his fuel; and the housemaid wishes for liberty to lie in bed in the morning, because she was up so late, talking to John in the pantry; liberty to wear flounces and flowers. For this liberty, if you grant it, they will despise you; if you deny it, they will respect you. Aim at their esteem—despair of their love or gratitude; make your place what the best class of servants will value, and though, in their heart, they may not thank you for it, you will gain, perhaps, one servant out of twenty who will keep gross imposition and gross immorality at bay.

These remarks can never be intended to deny the warm attachment of female servants to the children of their employers. Deep love, no doubt, is lavished by many a woman on the babe she has nursed, and we are disposed to feel grateful to her for the broken rest and weary hours she has passed, when we have slept

peacefully on our beds. There is a great deal to be said on the chapter of nurses, which would require to be dealt with by itself. Much wisdom is required in the administration of a nursery, to which few general rules would apply. Cruel is the tyranny the nurse frequently practises on the parent, who often refrains from entering her nursery, not from want of love to her children, but positive dread of the sour looks which greet her. Let her be firm; let no shrinking from grieving her darling, who would "break his heart if his Nanna went," deter her from discharging the encroaching servant.

I know a lady who was quietly informed by her nurse that she must have a "specified hour" for visiting her children, for that her entering without ceremony was most inconvenient. The poor young lady, who was fully persuaded her delicate infant would die if removed to a stranger's hands, meekly obeyed, and, though tortured by the cries of the poor sickly baby, never dared to intrude, lest the nurse should abandon it. This is a true history, and the sequel may as well be given: that the nurse remained seven years, at the end of which time, having become insupportable, though really devoted to the children, she gave warning, and, though it cost her mistress bitter tears and much resolution, she was suffered to depart, and then peace entered that house.

The Sleeping Wife.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

My wife! how calmly sleepest thou!
A perfect peace is on thy brow:
Thine eyes beneath their fringed lid,
Like stars behind a cloud, are hid;
Thy voice is mute, and not a sound
Disturbs the tranquil air around;
I'll watch, and mark each line of grace
That God has drawn upon thy face.

My wife! thy breath is low and soft;
To catch its sound I listen oft;
The lightest leaf of Persian rose
Upon thy lips might find repose;—
So deep thy slumber, that I press'd
My trembling hand upon thy breast,
In sudden fear that envious death
Had robb'd thee, sleeping, of thy breath.

My wife! my wife! thy face now seems
To show the tenor of thy dreams:—
Methinks thy gentle spirit plays
Amid the scenes of earlier days;
Thy thoughts, perchance, now dwell on him
Whom most thou lov'st; or in the dim
And shadowy future strive to pry,
With woman's curious, earnest eye.

Sleep on! sleep on! my dreaming wife!
Thou livest now another life,
With beings fill'd, of fancy's birth;—
I will not call thee back to earth:
Sleep on, until the car of morn
Above the eastern hills is borne;
Then thou wilt wake again, and bless
My sight with living loveliness.

On Female Education.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "MORAL HISTORY OF WOMEN."

EXPERIENCE is a good schoolmistress for theory. Occupied with the delicate question of the education of girls, I went one day to the house of one of my friends, a practical philosopher, who is bringing up his children himself, in the country. When I arrived he was walking in his garden with the Count de B., a young man of about twenty-eight years of age, a born enemy, by the turn of his mind, of every idea of reform, and who brought to the conversation that touch-and-go style of raillery, and that surface of good sense which is so often mistaken for understanding. I was going to lead the conversation to the point which interested me; and the insufficiency of private, the nullity of public, education for girls was becoming the theme of our discourse, when, on turning up an avenue, we heard a clear young voice calling, "Papa! papa!"

"My friends," said our host, smiling, "I must attend to serious affairs first; my daughter is calling to me; I must go."

He rose, listening and trying to find out whence came the voice. All at once the noise of rustling leaves and rapidly-approaching footsteps announced the arrival of the new auditor; then the lower branches, which formed, as it were, a hall of verdure, were divided, and a tall young girl, of about fourteen years of age, sprang lightly into the midst of us, saying, "Come, papa, and"—The words stopped on her lips when she saw us.

"Well, why are you come for me?"

"Papa," said she, quickly, gathering courage, like one who had not been taught embarrassment, "mamma has sent me to ask what distance we should put between Saturn and Uranus?"

"You will find the written calculation in my study, near the celestial globe. You may go, love."

The young girl then left us.

"My friend," said the count, with astonishment, "why did your daughter come to ask you the distance from Saturn to Uranus?"

Host, (laughing).—In order to know it.

Count.—Of course; but for what object?

Host.—To arrange her little system of the world in exact proportion, on our terrace.

Count.—Her system of the world?

Host.—Have I not told you of this invention of mine? You must know I am very proud of it. When I had explained to my daughter the principles of astronomy—

Count.—Your daughter understands astronomy?

Host.—Oh, dear, no! She is learning it; we are only in the first book, but to-morrow we shall begin the second. When the first principles had been nearly mastered, I devised a scheme, to make her remember them, of planting on our terrace.

Count.—Now you are joking. What should your daughter do with astronomy?

Host.—What we do with all the sciences: with history, natural philosophy, chemistry.

Count.—Perhaps you are teaching her chemistry?

Host.—Why not?

Count.—She will want nothing but Latin.

Host.—She has begun it already.

Count.—She is learning Latin! she will understand Latin!

Host.—Do not all young girls learn Italian, French, and German?

Count.—That is very different; those are living languages.

Host.—Well?

Count.—Well, that is very different; I do not know why, but one feels it. Besides, they speak English and sing Italian; but a dead language—the language of college pedants! What! that charming young girl to conjugate, decline, and repeat those frightful verbs in *ire* and *are*, which have made so many fools! What! should infinitives and supines come out of that pretty mouth? It is impossible. Do you not see that you are spoiling one of the most delicate works of nature? Adieu to her natural disposition, her feminine character. Why is woman charming? Because she does not reason.

Host.—Finish—because she talks nonsense?

Count.—Because she is a singing-bird, an infant playing, above all, a loving heart. Can a woman who understands Latin know how to love?

Host.—It is impossible; Heloise, for example, who never wrote to Abelard but in Latin.

Count.—Do not tell me that—you make me not like her. Besides, if Heloise had the defect of Latin, at least she had only that; but astronomy! chemistry! philosophy! theology! Can a woman be lively, encumbered with all this trash?

Host.—It is impossible; Madame de Sévigné, for example, who passed her life in reading Nicole and Arnauld.

Count.—So much the worse for her. Besides, what is Madame de Sévigné, with all her genius? A maternal author. She put her maternal love in letters, and her heart in postscripts. That is where you are going with your mania for higher education. It is not enough for women to be learned—they will be writers next.

Host.—And, if some should write, where would be the harm? Have they not written too many eloquent pages and exquisite poems, in later times, for us to wish to take the pen from them? Besides, perhaps the surest means of moderating their desire of writing is to educate them. Are their books ever the result of labour or recapitulation of study? No: they only paint their active and devouring idleness—their romantic voyages into the depths of the soul; they only write because they neither work nor profoundly know. Science does not direct their pen, but imagination—a quality all-powerful over active and strong beings, but destructive

to feeble and indolent natures; a feverish ardour, that nourishes the unoccupied mind with dreams, the empty heart with chimeras, and devours those whom it does not animate; imagination, that perfidious counsellor of indolence, that companion of the *ennui* which she causes and increases, that wicked fairy who, by her inventions, disenchant us with all actual existence, and who invents nothing but impossibilities! You, young man, who think of nothing but seducing pleasure, you may regret her; but I am a father, and she frightens me. When I look upon my daughter, when I see the lightning of the stormy soul of woman strike through her youthful countenance, when I see revery and melancholy beginning to appear in her looks, already profound, a sort of terror seizes me, and, enlightened by my tenderness, I exclaim, "Give nourishment to this young intellect—nourishment strong and substantial!" The more we look upon woman as open to impressions and quickly moved, the same qualities making her easy to turn either to good or evil, the more we must seek for a counterpoise in a serious and solid education. Do physicians order nervous people to feed on fruits and sweet biscuits? But it is said, you will stifle their soul and blunt their sensibility! It would be a new thing if the knowledge of the beautiful, the habitual and intelligent study of the works of God, should efface in the creature its most beautiful trait of resemblance to the Creator—the power of loving! Stifle their soul! yes, the ball-room soul, a sickly and factitious sensibility. I hope and believe that it will die; but the soul that God looks upon with pleasure, the soul such as was shown by our women during our great revolutions,—

the reign of terror, for example,—the soul of the daughter, of the wife, and of the mother—do not doubt that that soul will find support and nourishment in the powerful study of nature. The great nourishes what is great.

Count.—In fine, what does your programme of a girl's education include?

Host.—Every science and every art, without any other rule of exclusion than the particular disposition of each mind.

Count.—That would be to make women like men; to overlook that law of difference which makes all the charm of life and all the richness of creation. How can you think that the same studies can suit two beings so different? Look at them: can that delicate and graceful head lodge the same brain as that masculine forehead and bearded countenance? Can that fair and feeble frame enclose the same heart as that vigorous muscular organization? Is that gentle and silvery voice destined to express the same sentiments as that rough and sonorous one? Of two things, one will happen: either the young girl will not profit by your education, or she will; if she does not, she will become stupid; if she does, she will cease to be herself. In either case she will be spoiled.

Host.—She will receive new life from it. I believe, with you, that the law of difference is the very foundation of the creation; but that law will only appear in its true grandeur when women receive a true education. As different plants draw different juices from the same earth—as two beings do not assimilate the same substances from the same aliment, but seem to take only

those which are suitable to their particular nature—so woman and man will not profit in the same way from a lesson which will benefit them both. Teach history and the sciences without fear, to the young girl as well as to the young man—she will not learn the same lesson; what in the one will turn to reason and strength, will nourish sentiment and tact in the other; and thus the diversity of their nature developing itself by the very identity of their objects of study, we may say that women will be more truly women the more manly is their education. I will go farther: there is not one of the sciences we have mentioned which is not useful to a woman as woman.

Count.—Prove it. What need has she of chemistry?

Host.—You make a bad selection. Do you think that a person fills any office better when they know what they are doing, or when they do not?

Count.—You are joking.

Host.—Do you think that neatness and elegance, the care of her husband's and children's health, form part of a woman's duties? that a woman, for example, is interested in having her household linen of a spotless whiteness?

Count.—No doubt.

Host.—Well, bleaching is part of chemistry. A woman, according to your patriarchal ideas, ought to have some part of her pride in the exquisite taste of her preserves?

Count.—Certainly.

Host.—Well, sweetmeats belong to chemistry. To chemistry is allied the varied art of the kitchen—that is, of hygiene. Chemistry teaches the preservatives

and remedies against poison in our food. We depend on chemistry for making our houses wholesome. The young lady who takes a spot out of her Cashmere shawl performs a chemical experiment. Can you deny the necessity of this science?

Count.—I will grant you chemistry; but geometry?

Host.—What is the object of education? It is twofold: to develop what is strong, and to strengthen what is weak. Now, the general defect of woman is a want of strength in the reasoning faculty and of solidity in the reasoning processes; thence proceed those inconsistencies which pass from their ideas to their actions: half their mistakes in conduct are mistakes in logic. Geometry, by disciplining their mind, would rectify their life: a just way of thinking produces a correct mode of action.

Count.—Let geometry pass too; but natural history?

Host.—Here I change my argument: it is for the sake of natural history itself that I would urge women to study it. Madame Necker de Saussure, in her excellent work on education, has already pointed out in part the progress which the genius of woman might realize in this science; but there is one important object where their assistance would be a true benefit—I mean in the domestication of different species of animals. Almost the whole animal creation has yet to be subdued; of the millions of different insects that people the universe, we have only converted one species to our use—the silk-worms;* five or six quadrupeds, eight or ten varieties of fowl, form all our riches in that respect.

* We may add bees.—TRANSLATOR.

Women alone, by their faculty for observation, their practical talent, their exactitude, their patient sweetness, their natural instinct for education, could multiply these peaceful conquests; and the woman occupied in agricultural pursuits, as well as the rich lady, would of themselves, by their individual improvement, assist the progress of humanity, and would find the one an amusement for her leisure, and the other a guide for the management of her farm. If the girls of Jersey had had some notions of natural history, vaccination would, perhaps, have been discovered two hundred years sooner.

Count.—Heavens! do you wish women to learn medicine, too?

Host.—I should wish more: I should wish the state to establish a public course of medical hygiene for mothers.

Count.—You surely cannot mean what you say. Of what possible use can it be to women to know any thing of medicine?

Host.—They ought all to be able to apply the stethoscope to their children; to know the symptoms of eruptive diseases; and what to do at once in case of convulsions: in fact, to do well what they now do ill. How many mothers have lost their children from not knowing the cough characteristic of the croup!

Count.—And do you know what will happen when you have succeeded in cramming all these sciences into a woman's head? The woman will have disappeared, and there will be nothing but a pedant left; there are a thousand examples to prove it, both living and dead.

Host.—Of what weight are these examples? Is woman her true self at the present day? Do you reflect whence comes this poor-faced one of yesterday, and how she has been educated? Our grandmothers did not know how to read, and were proud of their ignorance. The women of the present day still bear the marks of the intellectual servitude of preceding ages—they are *parvenus* in education; but when once the breath of liberty shall have passed over them, and regenerated them,—when, the exception of to-day having become the rule of to-morrow, science shall have become the possession of some and education of all,—then, laying aside unconsciously those pedantic manners which are but the airs of freedmen become masters, they will walk easily in this new path, as in their natural domain, and will receive from science an aid which they will know how to repay. There is particularly one object of study which we have just alluded to, in which, I think, feminine genius will realize marvellous triumphs—and that is astronomy. The science of the infinite, it belongs, as of right, to the priestesses of the unknown, as women were styled by the Germans. Who can assure us that this mental organization, so subtle, so acute, so endowed with divining power, will not pierce the veils of nature, before which our reason, less inspired by spiritualism, is arrested and stunned? They will not make the same discoveries as we shall, but paths which we cannot foresee will, perhaps, lead them farther and higher. I shall never forget a scene I once witnessed: I was present at an astronomy lesson, given to a young girl and her brother. The grand book of the heavens was opened for the first time before

their eyes; they were both seated before their master. Suns more innumerable than the grains of sea-sand; worlds recommencing beyond worlds; God limitless in his power, as space boundless in its extent; in a word, the Infinite: such was the picture that was unrolled before them. The young boy, motionless, his eyes fixed, his eyebrows contracted, gazed and listened with ardour; he was wishing to understand. The young girl only turned pale; with quivering features and eyes filled with tears, she rose unconsciously from her chair and approached her master, as if drawn by very terror; his words seemed to call up before her an image full of fear and of joy. He was seeking God—she beheld him. Thus I saw, as it were, before me the peculiar genius of woman mingling inspiration and sentiment with every subject, and making of every scientific study a step leading up to heaven. This is why I demand, above all things, a deep and thorough education for women. It is their office to uphold the religious ideas of the world, and to propagate them; let us, then, furnish their faith with all the arms of reason. A fatal prejudice has tied a bandage over the eyes of faith as well as of love, and has not feared to say that to believe and to love is to be blind. A blasphemy against faith and ingratitude towards love! A little knowledge leads us away from God, but much leads us back to him. Bacon enounced this truth, and women will prove it; and, for the future, invincible in their religious mission, they will be at the same time the apostles of the reason and the apostles of the heart!

Our host here paused, and the Count was silent, like a man conquered, if not convinced; he tried, however,

a last attack, and replied in a jesting tone: "An admirable programme! It has but one slight defect—it destroys the family. Who will take care of the children while the mother is gazing at the stars? Who will manage the household, and watch, as Molière says, the porridge I am wanting, while the wife is making chemical experiments? Your learned daughters will, perhaps, be apostles, as you term them; but wives and mothers? no! It is true that these duties are very terrestrial for theologians!"

I had been silent so far, that our host might speak; but on hearing this eternal sophism, under which women have been crushed for so many ages, I exclaimed, involuntarily—

"Oh, here they are again! those old tactics, which, as Molière says,

Destroy the victim with a sacred knife.

If wives and mothers are to be educated, take care, say all the men of that party, you will overturn family life. If we talk of giving them their rights—take care, you will destroy the nature of woman; and thus concealing their envious despotism under a mask of respect, cutting women off from all intellectual and vital development, under the pretext of leaving them the empire of the family, and then subjugating them in the family, under the pretext of leaving them the feminine character, they transform their tyranny itself into a delusive homage! It is in the name of family life, in the name of a mother's duties, of marriage, of household government, that we must demand for girls a thorough and serious education. Let us define, once for all, those

venerated titles from which have been forged so many instruments of subjection—the titles of wife and of mother. Certainly, no one bows with more respect than I do before those household functions, subordinate in appearance, but sublime in reality—for they may be summed up in the words, ‘Thinking of others.’ But do these functions comprehend all the duties of women? To be a wife and mother, is it only to order dinner, to rule the servants, to watch over the health and material well-being of the household? Nay, more; is it only to love, to pray, to console? No. It is all this; but it is more: it is to guide and elevate, and therefore to know. Without knowledge, no mother is completely a mother, no wife is truly a wife. By unfolding the laws of nature to feminine intelligence, we shall not make all girls astronomers and natural philosophers, (do we find that all men become Latinists, because they have spent ten years of their life in learning Latin?) but their style of thought will be strengthened by intercourse with the sciences, and they will be prepared to enter into all the ideas of their husbands and all the studies of their children. People enumerate all the inconveniences of education, and overlook the mortal dangers of ignorance. Education is a tie between husband and wife—ignorance is a barrier. Education is a consolation—ignorance is a torment. Ignorance brings with it a thousand defects, a thousand mistakes in a wife. Why is one woman devoured with *ennui*? Because she knows nothing. Why is another coquettish, capricious, and vain? Because she knows nothing. Why does she lavish, on the purchase of a jewel, the price of a month of her husband’s labour? Why does

she ruin him by secret debts? Why does she drag him in the evening, ill and fatigued, into fêtes which have no pleasures for him? Because she knows nothing; because she has received no serious idea that can support her; because the world of intelligence is closed to her. . . . Therefore, she inhabits the world of vanity and dissipation. More than one husband who laughs at knowledge would have been saved by it from dishonour."

"So, my dear sir," resumed our host, "do not fear knowledge for wives and mothers, for it alone will render them worthy of their position. And, even if it should never enable them to attain this object, I should still say it is right."

"I have always been struck and hurt," said I, "by the fact, that all the virtues cultivated in young girls, and all the opportunities of instruction afforded them, have uniformly had marriage, or, rather, their husbands, as their object. People see and educate nothing in the young girl but the future wife. What use will that talent or that quality be of when she is married? is the constant question. Her own development is a means, never an end. Does woman, then, not exist for herself? Is she only a daughter of God when she is a companion of man? Has she not a soul distinct from ours, immortal as our own, and allied, like our own, to the Infinite by its perfectibility? Do not the responsibility of her faults and the merit of her virtues belong to herself? Above the titles of wife and mother—transitory titles, broken by death, and suspended by absence, belonging to some and not belonging to others—woman has the title of a human being; an

eternal and inalienable title, which outweighs and precedes all others : as such, she has a right to the most perfect development of her mind and of her heart. Away, then, with these vain objections, drawn from our laws of to-day ; you owe her light in the name of eternity."

This declaration of principles cut short the sarcasms of the Count. Then turning towards our host, "My friend," said I, "one word more. You have spoken as a father and a philosopher—let me speak as a citizen. There is no defect in your educational reform but being individual, and therefore exceptional. An exception is nothing more than a good omen. When a general want is concerned, of what consequence is it that one colonist frees his slaves? Every slave on earth should be set free. Of what importance is it to the state at large that one daughter should be well educated? All should be educated. And if education answers its true end, whether it is their destiny to be married or single, they will become estimable beings and useful members of the community."

The Count smiled, but my host gave me his hand, and we felt that we were indeed friends, for we thought alike.

Fancies of a Country Child.

Child of the country, thy small feet,
Tread on the strawberry red and sweet;
With thee I wander forth to see
The flowers which most delight the bee.

* * * *

The knoll, wrought o'er with wild blue bells,
Where brown bees build their filling cells;
The greenwood stream, the shady pool,
Where trouts leap when the day is cool.
The shilfa's nest, that seems to be
A portion of the sheltering tree;
And other marvels, which my verse
Can find no language to rehearse.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

I WAS born in the country. From the time when the plucking of a tough-stalked dandelion was a mighty effort for my tiny fingers, when I used to wander almost hidden in the tall, ripe hay-grass, my nurse anxiously watching my track, lest I should get mazed in its waving wilderness, and slip suddenly into the river,—from these early days of my merry and hardy childhood, I have been used to the country, its pleasures, and its pursuits. I knew little, as a child, of Nature in her sublimer forms; I was, rather, accustomed to wander in the grassy meadow, by the quiet river-side, or in the cool and echoing wood. I confess that, when I look back upon these woods and rivers of my childish days, they present to my recollection

nothing more than a pretty bit of woodland scenery; but that delusion surely was a pleasant one, which threw around the objects of our early attachment double their rightful charm—a charm which passed away with the first impressions of youth. My recollections of the large hay-field, bounded by the river, are by no means confined to the month while the grass was growing. When it was all scattered over the ground, or cast up into neat and regular hay-cocks, I used to lie upon it, happy when the breeze wafted to me its delicate tea-like scent,—happy in listening to the distant waterfall, and in watching the flitting and fleecy clouds, as they scudded across a bright June sky.

The river, winding through meadows, gradually approached the wood, until boughs might almost dip in its waters, and in autumn dead leaves float upon the surface. I was afraid of the still water, though, and would look down with trembling into a deep place, and cling closer to my nurse as she related how some poor boy went in there to cool himself on a hot day, and was taken out so cold that he never could be warmed again. I used to look at the deep, impassable gulf which separated me from some coveted bulrush in the middle, or a pink ragged-robin growing safely in beauty on the other side of the water; and, while I looked, I thought what a pity it was that there should be danger even in that peaceful-looking stream, danger even in the attainment of that small object of desire. On the other side of the meadow the water was narrower, and I could, standing on tiptoe, stretch across to, and bear off in triumph, the first white buds of “May” from a bush growing beside and hanging over the stream; “May”

being, as every country boy and girl knows, much sought after by children, and widely different from the common blackthorn blossom, with which every urchin may wreath his hat.

The wood itself was even more an object of my attachment, although I seldom felt myself thoroughly at ease within its shade. The pale, cool-looking wood-anemone, reposing on its green leaves, looked, I used to think, in that subdued light, like the spectre of a flower. The blue harebell and bright bee-flower were more earthly, and suited my taste better. Then the wood re-echoed so ! I was half frightened at my own voice.

In some of my evening walks I used to stroll along the top, through a hilly sort of field abounding in every kind of woodland flower ; I walked along, until I came to a spot whereupon, at the hour of sunset, I delighted to look. It was a small field, enclosed on each side by the thick wood, and sloping down to the river below. I, in my childish fancy, used to gaze upon that scene of placid and solitary beauty, when the sun, setting behind the trees, projected many a dark shadow out upon the damp, green grass, until I thought it must be like some American solitude, where the foot of man had never been before.

Earlier in the day, when we went on the river, our boat would sometimes stop for a minute in the middle of the stream, in a gentle entanglement of twined roots and fibres and flat green leaves, with here and there a flower of marble whiteness, the lovely water-lily. What a pretty sight it was then to watch the afternoon breeze sweeping along the grass to the water's edge, (for there was no bank just there,) until every blade and each

slender yellow cowslip seemed animated with its own particular life.

But none of these haunts were better suited to me than our own bright garden—in the summer-time one blush of beauty. I could fancy I knew every flower, every pebble in the gravel-walk, every blade of the shining turf. There was the oval bed, the star-like bed, the round bed, the brilliant French standard rose, with its multitude of crimson flowers; but chiefly I loved the small but glowing ranunculus bed. I would lie beside it on the dry turf, peering down into the depths of each particular flower,—the brilliant pink, the pale sulphur, the sober brown, the gaudy red and yellow,—trying to catch the faint odour of those matchless blossoms, and shaded from the sun by the dark, solemn foliage of a Portuguese laurel.

How well I remember the warm southern corner, where an elegant passion-flower was carefully nursed in winter, and repaid us every season by a few large, delicate flowers, upon which I gazed with childish awe, and scarcely dared to touch them; for I had been told that, in other lands, monks, in their idle retirement, had mused upon these flowers until they fancied some strange resemblance in those blue spikes to the nails wherewith the Son of God was fastened to the cross, and had given them, in consequence, that sacred name.

Then the bright colony of young goldfinches! (all hatched in our own old plum-tree;) how I loved to watch them pecking and glancing about upon the turf, in a bright summer morning. After the goldfinches had flown, that old plum-tree still had its charms; for a high wind would sometimes strew the grass with a

shower of round blue plums, sweet to look at, sweeter to taste. Surely no goldfinches are so bright and so tame, no ranunculuses so gay, no plums so sweet, as these birds, and flowers, and plums of one's youthful days.

I have not many recollections connected with the hotter season of harvest. I fancy the sharp ears of corn and the prickly stubble were not so pleasant to lie musing upon as the soft, fresh hay; but I remember my heart was always touched when I saw the gleaners returning from the field with their golden loads, for it reminded me of that sweet story of eastern country-life, the tale of Ruth. The winter failed not to bring its pleasures with it; for when the meadows were one sheet of ice, when snow crackled under one's feet, and wild ducks quacked overhead, then I used to walk out in the sharp, clear air, and look with delight upon innumerable little diamonds lighted up by the sun upon the pure snow, upon white, elegant festoons hanging from many a tree, upon round hay-stacks looking like huge twelfth-cakes; and I almost fancied I saw some Russian sledge, with its fleet horses and tinkling bells, and fair ladies, wrapped up in fur, whisked along in spite of hard ground and frozen air.

Seldom have I seen the sweet bit of scenery of which I have spoken look unlike itself; for even when an unusual rain had converted the meadows into a wide waste of waters, (saving here and there a hedge,) even then I have seen the evening sun light up that discoloured flood into a mirror of unspeakable glory and beauty.

Alas! the home of my childhood is changed. The last time I saw it, the heavy Portuguese laurel and the old plum had been cut down; my ranunculus bed turfed up; we ourselves had taken away the passion-flower, and "its place knew it no more!" But, worse than all, the kind, sensible governess, the gentle nurse, the fond, indulgent father, are gone too.

That wood re-echoes a shriller whistle than I ever heard from thrush or blackbird; the breeze wafts through the meadow a louder roar than ever sounds from the waterfall after a high flood. The gentle river, indeed, flows and ripples as it did before, and many a lily looks out from its calm waters in pure and stately beauty; but the whistle and the roar speak but of a coming train, and the pale lilies look up to the spruce arch of a new railway bridge, every brick of which seems to blush for its own unsightly appearance. The wood, and the waterfall, and the river are there, indeed. But, alas for the romance of those early days! It is gone!

A. L. A.

Village Choristers.

THE sympathies of one musical instructress with another, I have reason to know, are as warm as those which arise in the breasts of professors of far higher order. It is not wonderful that it should be so : to any one who has been obliged, Sunday after Sunday, to listen to the horrors perpetrated in the village-church by conceited volunteers, it can hardly be less than an exquisite pleasure to have been instrumental in exchanging all this for a pure, harmonious, doctrinal performance of music, truly sacred. And, perhaps, above all others, is the triumph greatest, when this result has been attained solely by the right management of *vocal* resources ; for, although the first thing thought of on these occasions is generally the purchase of an organ, I have witnessed too many mistakes and disappointments resulting from this course not to recommend a vigorous attempt, in the first instance at least, to train a choir without it. A good arrangement of tunes, such as will admit of two divisions of the young choristers, and two good bass singers, will be sufficient for all the purposes of effective psalmody ; and, be our desires for further filling up what they may, we ought not to forget that, where the dependence of a church is on young voices principally, it is extremely difficult to find a continual supply of singers capable of sustaining *well* more than two parts. The care of the teacher will

be exercised chiefly in selecting such arrangements of tunes as may give, within these limits, the richest possible effect to the voices. In the reformation of village singing, I believe, two points are ever found to present great difficulty. First: the choir requires the support and confidence given by the presence of a leader; and, secondly, it is not always easy to have the valuable addition of a good bass voice, without falling back into the habits of the olden time. This bass is an important person in his own eyes, and is apt to be mightily charmed with basses of his own special construction, not always in accordance with the other harmonies of the tune; while, with the leader, there is generally great inclination to alter the pitch of music, especially to set the tunes much higher than the majority of voices can follow. If I am so fortunate as to draw out some records of the experience of other ladies in the management of these small choirs, I shall expect to hear that they consider themselves much favoured if the village furnishes, as a friend of mine expresses it, "ONE manageable man;" and, however feeble a choir may appear at first, through timidity and want of practice, this, I believe, will be found a minor and constantly-diminishing evil. The difficulty, after a time, will be, I am persuaded, with true lovers of music, to know where to stop. Even children, when the first trials are over, experience so high a delight in their after conquests, that the instructress is tempted onward, to the expenditure, perhaps, of rather too large a portion of that precious time, of which the poor have, alas! so little. The music it is possible to introduce into a village choir, and the degree of refinement and

excellence in its execution, are so superior to what can commonly be enjoyed out of the schoolroom or the church, in most of our scattered small towns, that it is no wonder if passionate lovers of harmony, who can thus indulge themselves by perpetual improvement in its cultivation around them, are occasionally too eager in the pursuit of their pleasurable occupation.

Many ladies, who at first thought of nothing but of improving the village psalmody, have been surprised into attempts and achievements far beyond what they had proposed. In fact, when once a good standard has been established, the scholars become as intolerant of vulgarity as heart can wish ; and it is worth something to listen to the unlearned and genuine criticism proffered by the members of a well-trained young choir upon music of this description. Regular, steady lessons on first principles, as steady a practice in exercises of harmony, a careful attention to expression and to the pronunciation of words, with, of course, a rigorous and tasteful selection of the music sung, will soon not only render the services of a village church beautiful and harmonious, but refine and improve the taste for what may be called domestic singing. Few things have given me greater pleasure than standing by a cottage-door, in the course of a summer evening ramble, and listening to the harmonious voices of a little group of young people singing rounds and part-songs, guided only by the superior knowledge of one or two of the elder monitors among them. Though perseverance on the part of the superintendents is necessary, a comparatively small degree of care will be needed to preserve the spirit when once infused.

Rural Comforts.

BY A YOUNG LADY WHO "CANNOT BEAR THE COUNTRY."

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE "LADY'S COMPANION."

Dove Grange, May 10th, 1851.

SIR OR MADAM, (or MR. and MRS.,) as may be—

Having found the following paragraphs in the dressing-table drawer of our spare room, left there by a young lady who professed (so long as my nephew was with us) the greatest relish for country pleasures, I think it right to publish them for the benefit of quiet persons, like myself, who invite fine city girls to pay them a visit out of the season, and expect the latter to evince gratitude.

Your obedient servant,

GALATEA WHITELAMB.

To lie down at full length on the grass, and to rise with a dress, that was previously of a most unblemished white, patched all over with large spots of green.

To follow, in a contemplative mood, a solitary, shady path, and to find your bonnet, when you reach home, folded up in a thin wrapper of cobwebs, which hang round it like a fringe—such fringe being extremely difficult to pull off.

To be caught in a good shower of rain some three

miles from home, without an umbrella or a parasol, and not a cottage or a tree within sight, and with thin shoes on.

To fall asleep on a beautiful velvet tuft of grass, and to find, when you awake, that you have been sleeping on an ants' nest.

To give a tree a good shaking, and to be rewarded for your pains with a goodly shower of snails, slugs, and caterpillars, which fasten on your dress in the most tenacious manner.

To have fowls every day for dinner.

To pick a ripe, luscious fruit from the tree, and, at the first bite, to dislodge a raging wasp, who immediately revenges himself on the handsomest feature of your face.

To go out riding, and have your hat knocked off, every other minute, by the protruding branches of a tree.

To go out sketching, and, when you go to look for your portfolio or reticule, which you have laid down upon the grass, to discover a big toad sunning himself very leisurely on the middle of it.

Or worse still, to be absorbed with your work, and, when you look up again, to find a monster bull occupying a prominent position in the foreground, which, upon your first survey of the beautiful landscape, certainly contained no such animated object.

Go where you will, to have dogs continually barking after you.

To have your finest linen and best collars ruined in the washing.

If you have a ribbon to match, to have to visit all the

little towns in the neighbourhood, before you can get the precise colour.

To be the innocent cause of the flower-garden being invaded by a foraging army of cocks, and hens, and puppies, kittens, and young pigs, who run higgledy-piggledy over all the beds, by continually leaving the garden-gate open; and being continually requested, in an angry tone, to be "a little more careful," just as if you were in the habit of thinking about such things.

To have to listen to the little jealousies and petty rivalries of the neighbouring gentry.

To go out walking across the fields, and to have your dress torn to rags in getting over the stiles, more especially if your dress is trimmed with lace.

Never to have a piano in tune.

To take tea in the open air, and not to have a minute's sleep all night, in consequence of the dreadful way in which you have been stung by the gnats.

To go to bed at ten o'clock, and to be down to breakfast every morning at eight.

To play a rubber of whist in the evening to please the old country folks.

To be expected to know every thing about flowers, cows, making butter, curing bacon, rearing poultry, fattening pigs, just as if you had been brought up among such pursuits all your life.

To see no society, to get no books, no new music, no novels; to be shut out from all the news; to be separated from all your friends; to have no amusements, or afternoon visitors, no droppers-in to tea; and to hear nothing talked of among the country *Elite* but crops, cattle, horses, game, and the everlasting tariff.

Lady Lucy's Secret.

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

With clamorous demands of debt, broken bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand,
Where there is not one heart, and one mouth, and one hand?

LONGFELLOW.

IN a charming morning-room of a charming London house, neighbouring Hyde-Park, there lounged over the breakfast-table a wedded pair—the rich merchant Ferrars and his young wife, the Lady Lucy. Five years of wedded life had, in most respects, more than realized the brightest hopes which had been born and cherished in the dreaming days of courtship. Till the age of forty, the active mind of Walter Ferrars had been chiefly occupied by business; not in mean, shuffling, speculative dealings, but on the broad basis of large transactions and an almost chivalrous system of integrity.

Then, when a secured position and the privileges of wealth had introduced him to that inner circle of English society which not wealth *alone* can penetrate, but where wealth, in some due proportion, is an element necessary to hold fast a place, it was thought most natural and proper that he should choose a wife from the class which seems set apart from the rest of woman.

kind, like the choice flowers of a conservatory, on whom no rude breath must blow. The youthful, but nearly portionless, daughter of a poor earl seemed the very bride decreed by some good angel for the merchant-prince.

But though the nuptials fulfilled nearly all the requirements of a *mariage de convenance*, there was, in reality, very much more of the ingredients in their hearts which amalgamate into very genuine "love," than always meet at the altar; though, of course, "the world" resolutely refused to believe any thing of the sort—the world, which is capable of so much kindness, and goodness, and justice, among its individuals, taken "separately and singly," and yet is such a false, malignant, many-headed monster in its corporate body! Walter Ferrars had a warm heart, that yearned for affection, as well as a clear head; and, fascinated as he had been by the youthful grace and beauty, the high-bred repose of manner, and cultivated talents of the Lady Lucy, he set himself resolutely to win and keep her girlish heart, not expecting that the man of forty was to obtain it without an effort. Thus when he assumed a husband's name, he did not "drop the lover." His was still the watchful care, made up of the thousand little thoughtful kindnesses of daily life, neither relaxed in a *tête-à-tête*, nor increased in public. He was the pleased and ready escort for every occasion, save only when some imperative business claimed his time and presence; and these calls now were rare, for he had long since arrived at the position when efficient servants and assistants carry out the plans a superior has organized.

Is there wonder that the wife was grateful? Few, few women indeed are insensible to the power of continued kindness; they may have a heart of stone for the impetuous, impulsive lover, but habitual tenderness—that seems so unselfish—touches the finest chords of their nature, and awakens affection that might have lain dormant through a long life, but for this one sweet influence. Thus it was that the wife of five years loved her husband with an almost adoring worship. She had felt her own mind expand in the intimate communion with his fine intellect; she had felt her own weakness grow less, as if she had absorbed some of his strength of character; and she had recognised the very dawn of principles and opinions which had been unknown to her in the days of her thoughtless, ignorant, inexperienced girlhood. And yet, with all her love, with all her matured intelligence, she had never lost a certain awe of her husband, which his seniority had perhaps first implanted, and, alas! one fatal circumstance had gone far to render morbid.

They sat at breakfast. It was early spring, and though the sunshine streamed through the windows, and from one of them there crept the odours of the conservatory, a bright fire gleamed and crackled in the grate, and shed a charm of cheerfulness through the room. Mr. Ferrars had a newspaper in his hand, but not yet had he perused a line, for his son and heir, a brave boy of three years old, a very model of patrician beauty, was climbing his large chair, playing antics of many sorts, and even affecting to pull his father's still rich and curling hair—so little awe had the young Walter of the head of the house; while Mr. Ferrars's

parental glee was like a deep bass to the child's crowing laugh. Lady Lucy smiled too, but she shook her head, and said, more than once, "Naughty papa is spoiling Watty." It was a pretty scene: the room was redolent of elegance, and the young mother, in her exquisitely simple but tasteful morning-dress, was one of its chief ornaments. Who would think that beneath all this sweetness of life there was still a serpent?

A post was just in, and a servant entered with several letters; among those delivered to Lady Lucy were two or three large, unsightly, ill-shaped epistles, that seemed strange company for the others. An observing stranger might have noticed that Lady Lucy's cheek paled, and then flushed; that she crushed up her letters together, without immediately opening them, and that presently she slid the ugly ones into the pocket of her satin apron. Mr. Ferrars read his almost with a glance, for they were masculine letters, laconic, and to the point, conveying necessary information in three lines and a half; and he smiled as, after a while, he observed his wife apparently intent on a truly feminine epistle—four sides of delicate paper closely crossed—and exclaimed gayly—

"My dear Lucy, there's an hour's reading for you, at least; so I shall ring and send Watty to the nursery, and settle steadily to the *Times*."

But though Lady Lucy really perused the letter, her mind refused to retain the pleasant chit-chat gossip it contained. Her thoughts were far away, and, had she narrowly examined her motives, she would have known that she bent over the friendly sheet chiefly as an excuse for silence, and to conceal her passing emotions.

Meanwhile the newspaper gently crackled in her husband's hand, as he moved its broad leaves.

Presently Mr. Ferrars started with an exclamation of grief and astonishment, that completely roused his absent wife.

"My dear Walter, what has happened?" she asked, with real anxiety.

"A man a bankrupt, whom I thought as safe as the Bank of England. Though, it is true, people talked about him months ago, spoke suspiciously of his personal extravagance, and, above all, said that his wife was ruining him."

"His wife!"

"Yes; but I cannot understand that sort of thing. A few hundreds a year more or less could be of little moment to a man like Beaufort, and I don't suppose she spent more than you do, my darling; at any rate, she was never better dressed. Yet I believe the truth was, that she got frightfully into debt unknown to him; and debt is a sort of thing that multiplies itself in a most astonishing manner, and sows by the wayside the seeds of all sorts of misery. Then people say, that when pay-day came at last, bickerings ensued, their domestic happiness was broken up, Beaufort grew reckless, and plunged into the excitement of the maddest speculations."

"How dreadful!" murmured Lady Lucy.

"Dreadful, indeed! I don't know what I should do with such a wife."

"Would not you forgive her, if you loved her very much?" asked Lady Lucy, and she spoke in the singularly calm tone of suppressed emotion.

"Once, perhaps, once; and, if her fault were the fault of youthful inexperience—but so much falseness, mean deception, and mental deterioration must have accompanied such transactions, that—in short, I thank Heaven that I have never been put to the trial!"

As he spoke, the eyes of Mr. Ferrars were fixed on the leading article of the newspaper, not on his wife. Presently, Lady Lucy glided from the room, without her absence being at the moment observed. Once in her dressing-room, she turned the key, and sinking into a low chair, gave vent to her grief in some of the bitterest tears she had ever shed. She, too, was in debt; "frightfully"—her husband had used the right word; "hopelessly," so far as satisfying her creditors, even out of the large allowance Mr. Ferrars made her; and still she had not the courage voluntarily to tell the truth, which yet she knew must burst upon him ere long. From what small beginnings had this Upas shadow come upon her! And what "falseness, mean deception, and mental deterioration" had truly been hers!

Even the fancied relief of weeping was a luxury denied to her, for she feared to show the evidence of tears; thus, after a little while, she strove to drive them back, and by bathing her face before the glass, and drawing the braids of her soft hair a little nearer her eyes, she was tolerably successful in hiding their trace. Never, when dressing for court or gala, had she consulted her mirror so closely; and now, though the tears were dried, she was shocked at the lines of anguish—those delvers of the wrinkles of age—which marked her countenance. She sat before her looking-

glass, one hand supporting her head, the other clutching the hidden letters, which she had not yet the courage to open. There was a light tap at the door.

"Who is there?" inquired Lady Lucy.

"It is I, my lady," replied Harris, her faithful maid.
"Madame Dalmas is here."

Lady Lucy unlocked her door, and gave orders that the visitor should be shown up. With the name, had come a flush of hope that some trifling temporary help would be hers. Madame Dalmas called herself a Frenchwoman, and signed herself "Antoinette," but she was really an English Jewess of low extraction, whose true name was Sarah Solomons. Her "profession" was to purchase and sell the cast-off apparel of ladies of fashion; and few of the sisterhood have carried the art of double-cheating to so great a proficiency. With always a roll of bank-notes in her old leathern pocket-book, and always a dirty canvas bag full of bright sovereigns in her pocket, she had ever the subtle temptation for her victims ready.

Madame Dalmas (for she must be called according to the name engraved on her card) was a little, meanly-dressed woman of about forty, with bright eyes and a hooked nose, a restless, shuffling manner, and an ill-pitched voice. Her jargon was a mixture of bad French and worse English.

"Bon jour, miladi Lucy," she exclaimed, as she entered Lady Lucy's sanctum; "need not inquire of health, you look si charmante. Oh, si belle!—that make you wear old clothes so longer dan oder ladies, and have so leetel for me to buy. Milady Lucy Ferrars know she look well in any ting, but yet she should

not wear old clothes: no right, for example, for de trade, and de hoosband always like de wife well dressed—ha—ha!”

Poor Lady Lucy! Too sick at heart to have any relish for Madame Dalmas's nauseous compliments, and more than half aware of her cheats and falsehoods, she yet tolerated the creature from her own dire necessities.

“Sit down, Madame Dalmas,” she said; “I am dreadfully in want of money; but I really don't know what I have for you.”

“De green velvet, which you not let me have before Easter. I still give you four pounds for it, though perhaps you worn it very much since then.”

“Only twice—only seven times in all; and it cost me twenty guineas,” sighed Lady Lucy.

“Ah, but so old-fashioned, I do believe I not see my money for it. Voyez-vous, de Lady Lucy is one petite lady—si jolie, mais tres petite. If she were de tall, grand lady, you see, de great dresses could fit small lady, but de leetel dresses fit but ver few.”

“If I sell the green velvet, I must have another next winter,” murmured Lady Lucy.

“Ah!—vous avez raison—when de season nouveautés come in. I tell you what: you let me have also de white lace robe you show me once—the same time I bought from you one little, old pearl brooch.”

“My wedding-dress? Oh, no; I cannot sell my wedding-dress!” exclaimed poor Lady Lucy, pressing her hands convulsively together.

“What for not? You not want to marry over again. I give you twenty-two pounds for it.”

Lady Lucy's Secret.

"Twenty-two pounds! Why, it is Brussels point, and cost a hundred and twenty."

"Ah! I know; but you forget I perhaps keep it ten years, and not sell it; and, besides, you buy dear—great lady often buy ver dear!" and Madame Dalmas shook her head with the solemnity of a sage.

"No, no; I cannot sell my wedding-dress," again murmured the wife. And, be it recorded, the temptress, for once, was baffled; but, at the expiration of an hour, Madame Dalmas left the house, with a huge bundle under her arm, and a quiet satisfaction revealed in her countenance, had any one thought it worth while to study the expression of her disagreeable face.

Again Lady Lucy locked her door; and, placing a bank-note and some sovereigns on the table, she sank into a low chair, and while a few large, silent tears flowed down her cheeks, she at last found courage to open the three letters which had hitherto remained unread in her apron-pocket. The first, the second seemed to contain nothing to surprise her, however much there might be to annoy; but it was different with the last. Here was a gross overcharge; and perhaps it was not with quite a disagreeable feeling that Lady Lucy found something of which she could justly complain. She rose hurriedly, and unlocked a small writing-desk, which had long been used as a receptacle for old letters and accounts.

To tell the truth, the interior of the desk did not present a very orderly arrangement. Cards of address, bills, paid and unpaid, copies of verses, and papers of many descriptions, were huddled together, and it was

not by any means surprising that Lady Lucy failed in her search for the original account, by which to rectify the error in her shoemaker's bill. In the hurry and nervous trepidation which had latterly become almost a constitutional ailment with her, she turned out the contents of the writing-desk into an easy-chair, and then kneeling before it, she set herself to the task of carefully examining the papers. Soon she came to one letter which had been little expected in that place, and which still bore the marks of a rose, whose withered leaves also remained, that had been put away in its folds. The rose Walter Ferrars had given her on the eve of their marriage, and the letter was in his handwriting, and bore but a few days' earlier date. With quickened pulses, she opened the envelope, and though a mist rose before her eyes, it seemed to form into a mirror, in which she saw the bygone hours. And so she read and read.

It is the fashion to laugh at love-letters, perhaps because only the silly ones ever come to light. With the noblest of both sexes such effusions are sacred, and would be profaned by the perusal of a third person; but when a warm and true heart is joined to a manly intellect, when reason sanctions and constancy maintains the choice which has been made, there is little doubt that much of simple, truthful, touching eloquence is often to be found in a "lover's" letter. That which the wife now perused, with strange and mingled feelings, was evidently a reply to some girlish depreciation of herself, and contained these words:—

"You tell me that, in the scanty years of your past life, you already look back on a hundred follies, and

that you have unnumbered faults of character at which I do not even guess. Making some allowance for a figurative expression, I will answer, 'it may be so.' What then? I have never called you an angel, and never desired you to be perfect. The weaknesses which cling, tendril-like, to a fine nature, not unfrequently bind us to it by ties we do not seek to sever. I know you for a true-hearted girl, but with the bitter lessons of life still unlearned; let it be my part to shield you from their sad knowledge: yet, whatever sorrow or evil falls upon you, I must or ought to share. Let us have no secrets; and while the truth, which gives its purest lustre to your eye and its richest rose to your cheek, still reigns in your soul, I cannot dream of a fault grave enough to deserve harsher rebuke than the kiss of forgiveness."

What lines to read at such a moment! No wonder their meaning reached her mind far differently than it had done when they were first received. Then she could have little heeded it; witness how carelessly the letter had been put away—how forgotten had been its contents!

Her tears flowed in torrents, but Lucy Ferrars no longer strove to check them. And yet there gleamed through them a brighter smile than had visited her countenance for many a month. A resolve approved by all her better nature was growing firm within her heart; and that which an hour before would have seemed too dreadful to contemplate was losing half its terrors. How often an ascent, which looks in the distance a bare precipice, shows us, when we approach its face, the notches by which we may climb!—and not a few of the

difficulties of life yield to our will when we bravely encounter them.

"Why did I fear him so much?" murmured Lady Lucy to herself. "I ought not to have needed such an assurance as this to throw myself at his feet, and bear even scorn and rebuke, rather than prolong the reign of falsehood and deceit. Yes, yes," and gathering a heap of papers in her hand, with the "love-letter" beneath them, she descended the stairs.

There is no denying that Lady Lucy paused at the library-door—no denying that her heart beat quickly, and her breath seemed wellnigh spent; but she was right to act on the good impulse, and not wait until the new-born courage should sink.

Mr. Ferrars had finished the newspaper, and was writing an unimportant note; his back was to the door, and hearing the rustle of his wife's dress, and knowing her step, he did not turn his head sufficiently to observe her countenance, but he said, good-humouredly—

"At last! What have you been about? I thought we were to go out before luncheon to look at the bracelet I mentioned to you."

"No, Walter; no bracelet. You must never give me any jewels again;" and as Lady Lucy spoke, she leaned against a chair for support. At such words, her husband turned quickly round, started up, and exclaimed—

"Lucy, my love! in tears? What has happened?" and, finding that even when he wound his arm round her, she still was mute, he continued: "Speak! this silence breaks my heart. What have I done to lose your confidence?"

"Not you—I—" gasped the wife. "Your words at breakfast—this letter—have rolled the stone from my heart—I must confess—the truth—I am like Mrs. Beaufort—in debt—frightfully in debt." And with a gesture, as if she would crush herself into the earth, she slipped from his arms, and sank literally on the floor.

Whatever pang Mr. Ferrars felt at the knowledge of her fault, it seemed overpowered by the sense of her present anguish—an anguish that proved how bitter had been the expiation: and he lifted his wife to a sofa, bent over her with fondness, called her by all the dear, pet names to which her ear was accustomed, and nearer twenty times than once gave her the "kiss of forgiveness."

"And it is of you I have been frightened!" cried Lady Lucy, clinging to his hand. "You, who I thought would never make any excuses for faults you yourself could not have committed!"

"I have never been tempted."

"Have I? I dare not say so."

"Tell me how it all came about," said Mr. Ferrars, drawing her to him; "tell me from the beginning."

But his gentleness unnerved her; she felt choking, loosened the collar of her dress for breathing space, and gave him the knowledge he asked in broken exclamations.

"Before I was married—it began. They persuaded me so many—oh, so many!—unnecessary things were—needed. Then they would not send the bills—and I—for a long time—never knew—what I owed—and then

—and then—I thought I should have the power—but—”

“Your allowance was not sufficient?” asked Mr. Ferrars, pressing her hand as he spoke.

“Oh, yes, yes, yes! most generous; and yet it was always forestalled to pay old bills; and then—and then my wants were so many. I was so weak. Madame Dalmas has had dresses I could have worn, when I had new ones on credit instead; and—and Harris has had double wages, to compensate for what a lady's-maid thinks her perquisites: even articles I might have given to poor gentlewomen, I have been mean enough to sell. O Walter! I have been very wrong; but I have been miserable for at least three years. I have felt as if an iron cage were rising round me, from which you only could free me; and yet, till to-day, I think I could have died, rather than confess to you.”

“My poor girl! Why should you have feared me? Have I ever been harsh?”

“Oh, no, no! but you are so just, so strict in all these things—”

“I hope I am; and yet not the less do I understand how all this has come about. Now, Lucy—now that you have ceased to fear me—tell me the amount.”

She strove to speak, but could not.

“Three figures, or four? tell me.”

“I am afraid—yes, I am afraid, four,” murmured Lady Lucy, and hiding her face from his view; “yes, four figures, and my quarter, received last week, gone, every penny.”

“Lucy, every bill shall be paid this day; but you must reward me by being happy.”

"Generous! dearest! But, Walter, if you had been a poor man—what then?"

"Ah, Lucy, that would have been a very different and an infinitely sadder story. Instead of the relinquishment of some indulgence hardly to be missed, there might have been ruin, and poverty, and disgrace. You have one excuse: at least you knew that I could pay at last."

"Ah, but at what a price!—the price of your love and confidence."

"No, Lucy, for your confession has been voluntary; and I will not ask myself what I should have felt had the knowledge come from another. After all, you have fallen to a temptation which besets the wives of the rich far more than those of poor or struggling gentlemen. Trades-people are shrewd enough in one respect: they do not press their commodities and long credit in quarters where ultimate payment seems doubtful, though—"

"They care not what domestic misery they create among the rich," interrupted Lady Lucy, bitterly.

"Stay: there are faults on both sides—not the least of them being, that girls in your station are too rarely taught the value of money, or that integrity in money-matters should be to them a point of honour, second only to one other. Now, listen, my darling, before we dismiss this painful subject for ever. You have the greatest confidence in your maid, and, *entre nous*, she must be a good deal in the secret. We shall bribe her to discretion, however, by dismissing Madame Dalmas at once and for ever. As soon as you can spare Harris, I will send her to change a check at Coutts's, and then,

for expedition and security, she shall take on the brougham, and make a round to these trades-people. Meanwhile, I will drive you in the phaeton to look at the bracelet."

"Oh, no, no, dear Walter! not the bracelet."

"Yes, yes—I say yes. Though not a quarrel, this is a sorrow which has come between us, and there must be a peace-offering. Besides, I would not have you think that you have reached the limits of my will and of my means to gratify you."

"To think that I could have doubted, that I could have feared you!" sobbed Lady Lucy, as tears of joy coursed down her cheeks. "But, Walter, it is not every husband who would have shown such generosity."

"I think there are few husbands, Lucy, who do not estimate truth and candour as among the chief of conjugal virtues. Ah, had you confided in me when first you felt the bondage of debt, how much anguish would have been spared you!"

Receipt for a Fashionable Novel.

TAKE your hero and heroine, and put them on to simmer, taking care they do not boil over during the first volume.

Be sure to throw in a sufficient quantity of dukes and duchesses, and season plentifully with Almacks, the Opera, and Devonshire House. Some literary celebrities might be added, but they must not be too pungent.

Put to these a pound and a half of love, an ounce of jealousy, and three or four drops of morality, just to give it a consistence, but be careful not to put too much of the latter, or it might turn out heavy. To prevent this, sprinkle it over with plenty of small talk, (if you can procure any wit, so much the better,) and lard it well with quotations, French phrases, and incidents, which need have nothing to do with the main story. You may flavour with a *little* sentiment, but take care it is not too romantic or poetical, or the whole might ferment. A spice of impropriety and a crime or two, if well glazed over, would be an improvement, as a *sauce piquant*.

After having well stirred and strained them, you may pour all the personages into a country-seat or park, and leave the ingredients to work together during the second volume. Be sure you drop in a country ball, an election, private theatricals, and moonlight

walks in plenty. You should then begin to consider how you mean it to turn out, and let the plot thicken. If it be to end *well*, and all to be cleared up, like a calves'-foot jelly, the most approved method is for the hero and heroine to meet in the first volume, quarrel in the second, and marry in the third. But if the other plan, more like an Italian cream, be adopted, your heroine should marry towards the end of the first volume, fall in love in the second, and elope in the third. You may either kill her or not, as it suits you.

Having determined this point, spin your novel out, and strain it to the utmost, then butter the dish well with flattery of popular authors, garnish the heads of the chapters with German and Italian mottoes, and it will be sure to turn out to your wishes.

The Grass-Sowers.

BY MRS. T. K. HERVEY.

THREE girls were met together by what appeared to be a new-made grave. They were sisters, and were just about that age when the vague fancies of children begin to be mingled with the more rational awe and wonder which belong to the dawning soul of womanhood. Gathered together, as they now were, amidst those hillocks of green mould which Death raises and Time sweeps away, it was little marvel that the thoughts

of the three should alike turn upon the mysteries of the grave.

Mary, the eldest and palest of the group, was the first to speak.

"How is it," she asked, "that on this grave alone the grass never grows? Some of those around us are bright as an emerald sea; some, again, are slow in their growth of verdure, showing here and there green spots, like fields over which the cloud-shadows are passing. Here alone all remains dry and bare, as if parched by a fiercer sun than that which warms all the other graves."

She was answered by Anna, who spoke slowly, like one whose breath comes and goes with an uneasy and difficult respiration.

"Whatever be the cause, there is something strangely unnatural in the look of it. I think I could not sleep at rest under such cold, ungenial earth; I should like, with poor Keats, to '*feel the daisies growing over me.*'"

Lucy, the youngest of the three, who, with clear, transparent face, had remained bending silently over the barren sod, now took a hand of each of her sisters in her own, and addressed them in a low, soft voice.

"Listen, dear sisters," she said, "while I tell you of a singular dream that fell upon me, one summer-night, here among the graves. A dream it must have been, although at the time it impressed me with all the force of a strange and wild reality. I lay, my head resting upon this very sod, so barren in the midst of the verdant sepulchres around, when sinking, I must suppose, into a deep slumber, I fancied I saw several figures, with faces downcast and meek, walking round

and round another grave, not far distant from this on which I was resting. Stifling the awe which oppressed me, I asked of the spirits (for so they seemed) what was their office, what their meaning, in thus pacing restlessly where all else reposed in the stillness of death? To my question, the foremost spirit replied, as near as my memory serves, in the following words:—

“‘We are the grass-sowers. It is appointed that those who have been peace-makers in their day of mortality shall, when their work on earth is done, sow the green blades which brighten the else barren sepulchres of the just.’

“‘But why,’ again I questioned, ‘why, then, is yonder grave, round which you tread so constantly, still but partially grown with grass? I see but a few spots here and there, while the dull black mould overspreads all between.’

“‘We do but sow; our office ends there,’ answered again the spirit-leader of the mystic band. ‘It is through the medium of others that the seeds must fructify. This grave, over which we cast the seed nightly, is a type of one and all. Here sleeps one of the injured and oppressed of the earth. Her oppressor alone can brighten the sod beneath which she rests. It is the pity, the remorse, the tears of the wrong-doer only that can make this arid soil blossom as the field. Behold! already a few verdant spots appear. She lies here, cold and stark—he lives on, in the midst of the upper world’s enjoyments, such as they are. But, at night-fall, the thought of this buried one comes back upon his soul; and then, when dews descend from heaven

to brighten other pastures of the living, tears fall from the eyes of the oppressor to make green the turf of the dead. Such feelings of remorse are few and far between; and, behold! so are the spots of verdure here.'

"The spirit ceased. But my heart was full; and again I inquired: 'But this grave, whereon I have laid myself, tell me, unearthly being, if you can, wherefore all here is barren as the parched desert. Not one blade is growing, not a single spot of green is to be seen here.'

"*'That grave we have sown in vain,'* was the answer. 'It is the last resting-place of one who left it not in the power of others to injure him: he was ever the injurer. His sod must remain black as the night of the grave which has overtaken him, even till the day of doom.'

"*'And then?'* I gasped, breathlessly.

"*'Behold that star on high,'* replied the spirit. 'A moment more, and yonder cloud, which is riding the blue scope of heaven, will pass over and shroud it from your mortal gaze. But though you shall see it not, you will know that a radiance and a glory dwell behind the rolling vapour. So is it with the things beyond the tomb. Question no more. Too much is your knowledge, even now, for one who walks the earth, living.'

"With that, I thought the spirit beckoned me, as it faded away into the distance, indistinct and vapoury as the cloud which now darkened all above and around me; and I awoke."

Lucy's dream was told. There was little in it that words could deal with; it was beyond them. The

three passed homeward very silently, for they trod among the graves.

In due time—for none suspected that each bore the arrow of death within her breast—in due time, the sisters, pale-browed Mary, and Anna with the quickened breath, and Lucy, through whose clear cheek the blood shone too brightly, each found a new home—in a husband's house, if not in his heart.

But the sepulchres of earth must be filled. And that very soft, undulating sweep of ground, where the silver-leaved willows trailed their boughs, and where the three had so often walked with interlacing arms, became, in three succeeding springs, the happy resting-place of the sisters.

Over the sods that bound the fairer Mary and Anna, soft patches of emerald sprang up in time. But Lucy's was a grave wherein so much of the soul's beauty slept, that her passing away was a thing to pierce at once the heart that had wronged her with an arrow sharper than that of death.

After one short summer night the labour of the grass-sowers was needless. She was laid down in the twilight, and at daybreak her grave was green. Whether fresh turfs of budding grasses had been cut by human hands beneath the moon, or whether the spirit-sowers had done the work, who shall say?

Shop-Women out of the Shop.

DUTY towards superiors is the lesson required to be learned in early stages of civilization. As refinement increases, this duty becomes involved in custom, etiquette, policy. Then the necessity of understanding our duty to inferiors becomes imperative. Of course, this duty is equally binding under every condition of society, but it is not always equally obvious or easy to perform; and when refinement is widely extended, as it is at present, when so many circumstances come between us and those who minister to our comforts, the line of duty is likely to appear bent out of its right course by the medium of selfishness or convenience. It is, then, well if the atmosphere can be made clearer by the sound of a few words from an independent observer. That we may do our part, let us offer a few remarks respecting the employment of the time gained by the early closing of shops, especially as regards females.

To turn young men and women out from their daily business to seek evening amusement is evidently no boon, unless they are also led to make a respectable and profitable use of the time thus given. To supply recreation to such persons, reading-rooms and institutions have been opened, and we hear of *soirées* at which some of the bright names of literature and humanity have attended. This is well, but not enough.

The condition, habits, and treatment of young wo-

men employed in shops, more especially in those large establishments where there are many in number, and where the proprietors do not reside on the premises, are matters of great interest. It is important to a lady to feel that she will be respectfully and carefully served; it is the interest of the master to employ no one who can be likely to give offence to a customer. This being his interest, it will probably be attended to; but surely it is no less his duty, and that of his wife, in some degree, to superintend the moral conduct, occupations, and even amusements of those persons thus employed. We may suppose that many of the young women who reside at the shop have no home in the town or city; perhaps no relatives: for such, something more is needed than a sufficient supply of daily food. It may be that a young girl leaves a happy and cheerful home, careful as well as tender parents, to enter on the life of which we are speaking. If she have no relation or friend in the town, she is but too likely to form acquaintances—it may be, hurtful or unwise ones; and if, among her shop-comrades, there be any of careless conduct or weak principles, the danger is incalculable. The power of counteraction lies with the wife and daughters of the proprietor, and it ought to be exerted. Surely no rightly-thinking woman would consider herself degraded by occasional companionship with those through whose agency her husband transacts the business which enables her to drive up to the shop in her carriage. We might say, faithful servants, because we well know how heavily and peremptorily the slightest lapse from honesty is visited on the offender; nay, how arbitrarily a mere slackness in selling goods is punish-

ed, whether this failure be caused by indolence, modesty, or real want of opportunity. We know instances in which a young woman has been dismissed on the Saturday evening, with the words, "You have sold only such an amount of goods this week; you have been idle: you need not come on Monday." Here is not the slightest moral imputation; and yet the poor girl is suddenly thrown out of employ, and perhaps, if she attempt to obtain a situation in a similar establishment, the fault alleged against her prevents her success. Were the proprietor's wife on the terms she ought to be with those whom her husband employs, there would be room for appeal, if not redress. The young woman might explain to her what she cannot explain to the shop-walker, as he is technically called: for no one but those who are in the secrets of the prison-house can imagine the awe with which this influential personage is regarded by his subjects.

But there are graver points than these. The young women have two or three evening hours; and how are these passed? In the winter, probably in mending or making their clothes, while one of the party reads aloud. What does she read? We may guess from the fact which we *know*, that the class of periodicals vended by itinerant canvassers is supported chiefly by young women engaged in shops and by dressmakers' apprentices. The quality and tendency of these publications can be fully understood by those only who have seen them, and the vitiated taste of their supporters comprehended only by those who have attempted to raise their character, and made the attempt in vain. The following incident speaks for itself.

A year or two since we had occasion to go to a small bookbinder's shop, and while waiting to be served we looked round the room. It evidently contained a circulating library of the lowest class. We examined some volumes; they were the veriest trash that ever the press sent forth to corrupt and demoralize. We asked whether they were much read, though their appearance made the question needless. "Oh, yes, ma'am; the dressmakers' apprentices and young ladies in shops read them." On further inquiry, we found that the trade was a flourishing one, and lay almost wholly in the line above mentioned. Now, if the proprietor's wife did what we wish to show is her duty, something better than immoral romances would be read by such classes. Again: we were once seeking out a poor woman, and were directed to a small dwelling near the gate of a large factory. On entering, we here also saw piles of dirty and disordered books, the contents of which it was not difficult to imagine. We did not touch one. It was Saturday evening, and the hour at which the factory hands are turned out. While waiting there, we saw eight girls come in, each for her book: one book, "Tears of Sensibility;" we will not name the titles of the rest. When the room was clear, we inquired a little into the business, and were told, "This is but the beginning of my evening's work; I shall have plenty more to serve. The girls want the books to read to-morrow." It may be imagined that our reflections on this sad revelation of the misuse of the Sabbath were even more painful than the sight of the poverty we had come to relieve.

The proper employment of the Sabbath is of so much

importance to both mind and body, that it presents a fair opportunity for the mistress of such an establishment as we are speaking of to exert her influence towards its being rightly spent. All who work hard during the week ought to feel especially grateful for the gift of that day which brings rest to mind and body; but they also know that perfect idleness is not rest, and that the limbs, which have been for six days wearied behind the counter or in the show-room, require something more than mere inactivity to brace them for the ensuing week. Clean clothing and deliberate meals are valuable to this effect; exercise in the fresh, pure air of the country still more so; and the most ignorant, the most house-bound mind may soon be led to take an interest in the more obvious facts of natural history, thus giving additional pleasure to the Sunday walk. We always think our favourite walks are more charming on a Sunday than in the week, the repose is so perfect, the lanes so quiet; and we are insensibly led on to a higher tone of mind, while the irritations of the past week fall from us, good resolutions are strengthened, and the temper made more forbearing. How much, too, may be done to amend the heart and instruct the mind, after the solemn services of the day have been duly attended, under the superintendence of a well-informed person! Every large establishment ought to contain a select library. This is being provided by masters for their workmen, and the same ought to be done for workwomen; then, if the proprietor's wife would add the benefit of her advice and occasional conversation, there would be no fear of the Sunday being passed in reading vicious novels. And it is

not merely the loss of precious time, nor even the desecration of the Sabbath, which calls for this interference. Such reading has the most mischievous results; principle is weakened, passion strengthened, false views of the world and of duty are introduced to the mind, and temptation, when it comes, finds no obstacle to its triumph.

We would thus point out the first duty of employers towards those whom they employ, that of advising and assisting in a proper use of the Sabbath-day; and, on the principle that "Cleanliness is next to godliness," we proceed to make a few observations upon the manner in which young women are sometimes lodged in large establishments. It is, of course, impossible to give each inmate a separate room, but the beds might be single, and but two or three in a room; or, if the rooms be very large, the beds might be screened off, as in many foreign schools. Every young woman ought to have drawers and washing apparatus to herself; the plan of a washing-room is detestable, (we can use no milder term,) and we would never recommend a school where it is practised, though we believe it is very common. The dirt and dust incurred by waiting in a shop or warehouse is greater than a mere customer is aware of; and the dirt arising from handling worsted and woollen goods is of a peculiarly unpleasant kind. The young women are tired at night, and must be in the shop early in the morning; they ought, therefore, to have every convenient inducement to strict personal cleanliness, that an extra five minutes in bed on a cold, frosty, dark morning may not be made up by less time at the washing-stand. The hair and outward dress

must be neat, or they would be dismissed ; the skin is not under the same regulation. Now, when so much is being done to render the very poor cleanly, surely the comfort of those in a better station ought to be thought of. But the tendency of all charity and sanitary regulations now is to benefit the lower class ; the middle class is in a great measure left unaided, because charity is easier and more profitable than justice. We are not speaking ignorantly, or without sufficient inquiry ; we know what is required to be done ; and we beg the employer's wife to look into the matter for herself. We hear continually of "immense failures ;" the young lady, accustomed to her well-warmed bedchamber and all its luxurious appurtenances, may be obliged to descend to the counter from which her parents were raised ; would her mother like that she should sleep in a room with five other girls, with one washing-stand, one glass, and not even one chest of drawers ? Yet so it is, sometimes. We know a case in which there were three double beds in a room by no means large ; one window ; three chairs ; one small table, with basin, ewer, and mug ; one glass on another table ; no drawers ; and the occupants were not allowed to have a box in the bedroom, but their clothes were kept in their boxes in the passage. Taking into consideration the difference of bringing up, is not this as bad as what we read of the very poor ? The young woman who told us this remained but a fortnight in the situation ; and we could not blame her for leaving it, though we knew she ought not to be at home. In former days, when the shop-trade was differently arranged, and women were to be seen serving in women's shops only, they

were probably better lodged; extensive warehouse-room was not required when fashions were less variable than at present, and when there was less fantastical frippery in dress. Now, when the over-year's stock will hang on hand, despite of honest and dishonest means of getting rid of it, large premises are absolutely necessary; but surely the decent comfort of the employed ought to be first thought of. They have often little beyond board and lodging for the first two or three years, and those years are the most painful. The consciousness of doing our duty will sweeten toil, even when but little is earned; but the want of decent comfort is a constant fret to the temper, making duty irksome as well as toilsome. We ask not for charity, but for justice; for is it not written, "The labourer is worthy of his hire?"

In adding a few words to those we have already said on this subject, we are aware that we venture on dangerous ground, but we remember the daily prayer, "Lead us not into temptation." The love of dress is the form under which temptation comes to the majority of the sex; and it comes with peculiar force to those with whom a good personal appearance is a recommendation towards allowing them to earn a maintenance. It has been said that a man will not do a shabby action in his best coat; and certainly the consciousness of being well and becomingly attired gives a feeling of self-respect which leads to, if it cannot insure, becomingness of conduct. We would have no sumptuary laws, were they practicable; we would have no class-costume, even for the charity girl; we hope the Saxon blue of the serf or villein will not be

perpetuated in future charitable institutions : instead of this, we would so cultivate the taste of all classes, that the word "finery" should become obsolete. Each rank has its proper style of dress, from which it is bad taste as well as extravagance to depart : it is not the cost only of the bride's white satin dress which strikes us as inconsistent, in cases where the pinchings of years were required to pay for it. Good sense and taste are very nearly allied. On no point, except in the choice of a lover, is a woman so pertinacious, so averse to interference, as in her dress ; advice and assistance, to be of any use, must spring from an evident wish to benefit the party to whom it is offered ; and, when offered from a presumed superior to an inferior, great tact and delicacy are required to render the advice enduring. Still, a knowledge of the characters of those under her protection would enable the proprietor's wife, occasionally, to speak a word in season, without offence ; unless, indeed, she be one of those whose jealousy or exclusiveness will not allow an inferior to dress, what she calls, "up to herself:" then she had better not interfere at all.

Our shop-women have no food to buy, no rent to provide for ; and with salaries so scanty that the small sum which can be spared seems too insignificant to be worth laying by, it is not extraordinary that the failing of their sex should have free scope. Well may they, for one day in the week, be glad to exchange their dusty, every-day dress for that which is clean and bright ; a silent, perhaps unacknowledged, homage is thus paid to the Sabbath ; and with the privilege of purchasing all they require at the shop price, they can afford bet-

ter materials than persons differently circumstanced ; but too often an unsaleable remnant of a gay colour or gaudy pattern offers an irresistible temptation. Happily, the general style of dress is, of late years, much improved ; our eyes are not pained with the large, flaunting patterns, with patches of bright, unshaded scarlet, yellow, or blue, in which our grandmothers were draperied ; fabrics being now made in such an infinite variety of shades of every colour, that it would seem scarcely possible negligently to offend the eye by an incongruous mixture of tints. But in judgment on this point lies the principal difference between the dress of the educated and uneducated woman ; and the cultivation of better taste among the persons of whom we are speaking would lead, not only to a better style of dress among themselves, but would improve the arrangement of the establishment in which they are employed, and thus benefit their employer. It seems to us, that more is done to improve the taste of the working classes as respects form, than as regards colour. Deformity in outline offends the eye much less frequently than incongruity of hues ; and we know by experience how much more easy it is to get a cap or bonnet gracefully trimmed, than to meet with aid in the choice of proper tints. We need not wonder at this. The various art-productions intended to improve the taste of our artisans are, of necessity, chiefly line-engravings, and will not much benefit our shop-women in the choice or arrangement of ribbons and flowers ; but the cultivated and refined eye of the proprietor's wife might here suggest much that would eventually lead to her own benefit. With a little attention, a shop

would soon acquire a character for elegance and tastefulness, and ladies would be glad to be respectfully relieved from the state of indecision caused by ignorance of effects.

We have been glad to linger on the minor points, and to ask for solicitude and direction on worldly grounds, but there is a deeper question, whether advice and guidance as to the manner of dressing may not assist in removing from our shop-women some of the temptations incident to their position. For instance, we have attended concerts and lectures given expressly for the class of whom we are writing, at which we have been surprised at the style of dress of the audience; on inquiry, we were told that it is not uncommon to give half-a-crown for a bouquet on these occasions; nor is wastefulness the only evil consequent upon finery: there are others far greater. Many of the instincts bestowed upon us, to be fostered into virtues, are liable to be warped into vices; thus, the wish to please and to make friends may become a dangerous vice, when it takes the exaggerated form of a desire for mere admiration. A straining after notice from the rank above us is too apt to lead to unworthy conduct, if not to actual vice. Few women marry into a rank much higher than their own; it is therefore not prudent in those of whom we are speaking to encourage admiration and attention which can have no good result; anxiety and disappointment are the least evils likely to ensue. We have heard from a gentleman, whose profession gave him opportunities of knowing the fact, that the rooms of the higher dressmakers and milliners are mostly served by young women de-

scended from the nobility and gentry. The mother has been raised by her beauty from her original sphere of working-day life; and, residing in ease and luxury during her best years, she transmits a taste for these engagements to her unhappy offspring; added to which, the girls perhaps inherit the aristocratical temperament of the father with the beauty of the mother. They may also inherit delicacy of constitution, but, be the latter as robust as it may, they are not fitted for the less refined associations and employments from which their sinning parents were beguiled; and without education, energy, or industry, there is no resource but the showroom, where their personal appearance procures them a ready reception. Devoid of steady principle, having a bad example under the maternal roof, feeling the stain under which they live, yet wanting energy to free themselves by fleeing from temptation, they too fall in their turn; thus is furnished a class of beings who seem from their very birth to be marked out for destruction. What woman, with the most limited ideas of the duty of a Christian, or with the coldest feelings of good-will towards her sex, but would use her influence to prevent what we have indicated, not hinting even at the blackest features of the picture.

We have home missionaries, who endeavour to reclaim the very poor, but they cannot enter the establishments of our shop-keepers: the duty, we must think, lies with the proprietor's wife, and if executed with kindness, judgment, and, above all, with Christian uprightness, she will find ample reward in the gratitude and well-doing of those around her. Let but the trial be made, and a little leaven shall leaven the whole lump.

Slang in Satin.

CHANGES in fashion and custom take place so gradually as to be almost imperceptible, as long as they proceed in the same direction. When a reaction begins, we observe it, but its progress is hardly noticed, except by its results. For example, when ladies' petticoats had become so short that they threatened to rival those of ballet-dancers, a decree went forth from that unseen and mysterious power from whom there is no appeal, *La Mode*, that "long petticoats were to be worn," and the obedient petticoat forthwith began to descend, by slow degrees, first to the ankle, then creeping to the instep, and so on, till it reached its present proportions. All the time we thought we were wearing long petticoats; now, however, that we have been doing, gratuitously, the work of street-sweepers for the last five or six years, we should be rather surprised to see what we called long petticoats at the commencement of this revolution. To our present notions it would appear ungracefully, if not indecorously, short; so much are our opinions modified by custom. A sudden rush from one extreme to the other would shock our taste, by running counter to existing associations. It is only by gradual degrees that we become reconciled to novelties; and unless we compare our actual fashions with former ones more accurately than

by memory alone, we can hardly be aware of the extent of the alteration that has taken place.

This propensity to suit our tastes to our circumstances, though mercifully decreed by Providence to carry us through the sundry and manifold changes of this mortal life, has its dangers, and must be watched over and kept within bounds, that it may not lead us into mischief. For there are fashions in morals as well as in dress and carriage; what is considered a crime at one time is looked on as a peccadillo at another; and like the "*race moutonnière*" that we are, we are too apt to judge of it according to the tone of the day, rather than by any fixed and immutable standard. Wo be to him who, "following the fashion in things indifferent," is too weak or too unobservant to "stop when it becomes sinful."

With this, however, we have not at present to do. The reflection has only been suggested by the remark we have made of the extent to which a certain foolish modern fashion is carried—the fashion of talking slang. Let any one of our readers look back—we would not be too hard upon you, ladies, but *can* any of you look back fifteen? twelve? well, then, only ten years?—and think how strangely phrases would then have sounded to us which are now only too commonly in use. First one word, then another, has crept in from the vocabulary of "argot," till it has become a matter of course to speak and even write them; and phrases of most illegitimate extraction bid fair to claim a share in the inheritance of the English tongue, though future lexicographers will be frequently puzzled to give their derivations and discover their roots.

It is not easy to define slang exactly. Generally speaking, it is an exaggerated metaphor used either to conceal the meaning of what is said from the uninitiated, or to give particular force to it. In the classes in which, for the most part, it takes its rise, house-breakers, pickpockets, gamblers, gipsies, and such as need to hide their ways from the eye of day, it is employed as a cipher, by which they can convey to each other what could not be safely intrusted to honest English.

Sometimes the words and phrases appear to be fixed almost arbitrarily; occasionally there is humour, and even poetry, lurking in their application. "To cut your stick," before it was debased by being applied to the escape of criminals from the pursuit of justice, was a pretty metaphor for making ready for a journey. In this sense the Israelite was bidden to eat the passover "with his staff in his hand." "Skylarking" is a very poetical representation of wild enjoyment. What can be imagined more exhilarating than a morning's ride upon one of these early songsters, mounting "to his watch-tower in the skies?"—

Up with me, up with me into the clouds;
There is madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine.

We do not wonder that, on the principle of Wesley, that ~~The~~ — should not be allowed to keep all the good tunes to himself, these and other happy turns of expression should have been appropriated by the higher classes; but, alas! that which toucheth pitch shall be

defiled therewith, and the poetical association is entirely lost sight of in the vulgarity of its origin.

Other forms of slang come from the public schools and universities, in which case they are frequently adaptations of classical terms. Such we believe to be the use of the word to "sell," meaning to cheat or deceive—taken from a Greek metaphor. Others we have from bargemen, cab or stage-coach drivers, jockeys, and others, applicable to their different callings. Some phrases, which are spoken without meaning and as mere nonsense by those who have picked them up idly, contain profane and offensive allusions, which would shock the speaker, if she were aware of their import.

Irony is a favourite figure with slangmongers, and is one that has been specially countenanced by those who, in homely phrase, ought to know better. "I wish you may get it," which an old-fashioned innocent might receive as a kind expression of hope that he might be successful, the better-informed now understand to convey an opinion that his case is utterly hopeless. If a friend, coming in out of a storm, tells you that "he is not wet, oh, not at all!" forthwith prepare blankets and hot brandy-and-water for his use. If he answers to your invitation to dinner, "I won't come, oh, no!" kill your fatted calf, and confidently expect the pleasure of his company. What is the temptation to the higher classes to adopt this tone and phraseology? That men, gentlemen, should do so, partially, is not so wonderful, especially in their youth, when their various tastes and pursuits, boating, field-sports, driving, cricketing, bring them into more or less association

with the classes in which slang is prevalent. But why carry it into domestic life? and why do ladies love to pick it up and make use of it, often ostentatiously?

Is it to please the men? Addison lays it down as a rule that this is the key to all singularity in manners or dress in women. But does it answer its purpose in this respect? It is true that there is a certain pleasure, as moral philosophers confess, especially to children and uneducated persons, in incongruity. It excites surprise, which is one element of amusement. There is a lively description in the "Spectator" of the impression produced on the writer by the first sight of a lady in a riding-habit, at that time a novelty. Her appearance in a cloth jacket and beaver hat took him unawares. Now that it is the ordinary dress of all ladies on horseback, no emotions are raised by the sight of it, either of surprise, ridicule, or disapprobation. In the same way, a word of slang, coming unexpectedly from pretty lips, startled and amused the hearer; but the very same expression, when it has become common, and is used indiscriminately by old and young, pretty and ugly, women of fashion and dowdies, creates no sensation at all, and passes unperceived, except by persons of refined taste, to whom it is offensive. The best that can happen to you, then, is to raise a laugh in those that "wonder with a foolish face of praise," while you can hardly fail to secure the disapprobation of the cultivated.

It is (to use one of the slanger's own phrases) such a very *cheap* method of being humorous, that it should be despised by those who are capable of better things.

It is, doubtless, convenient for those, who have neither knowledge nor imagination sufficient to join in rational conversation, to be able to substitute something which will, at least, answer the purpose of pulling it down to their own level. In an old comedy, the rake of the piece is represented to be much astonished at being told that breaking of windows is not humour; and we believe that many persons, now-a-days, would be equally surprised to hear that slang is not wit. The gentle ghosts of William Hayley and the Hon. W. Spencer would, perhaps, be amazed and indignant if they were charged with being accessory to this change of taste. Nevertheless, they and the Della Cruscan school did certainly help to pave the way to it. Aspiring only to be elegant, polished, and smooth, they neglected the resources of the English language, which, in their hands, dwindled to a state of extenuation that threatened its existence. The necessary consequence ensued. Cloyed with the sweets of over-refinement, the public taste enjoyed the novelty of rough flavours, and a certain coarseness and carelessness of style became fashionable in literature. Even writers who should have been above such trickery gave in to the new mode; and Lord Byron's abrupt transitions into the vernacular—such as, "I hate a dumpy woman," "That's the prettiest shawl, as I'm alive!" "Well, I never!" and so forth—were applauded and quoted as wit, whereas they were mere buffoonery. It is true that the Italian poets, whom he imitated, took similar licences, but an English writer would hardly have ventured upon them before the tide of popular taste had begun to turn.

From that time to the present it has continued to

flow; but as, reasoning from precedents, we must expect that at some time or other it will ebb, we would suggest to our readers, especially to those exclusives who "do not love to travel in a crowd," to consider if it would not be well for them to begin preparing for the change? Excessive exaggeration is always an offence against good taste, which requires moderation in all things. It leads to a looseness of assertion which, if it is not actual falsehood, at any rate, tends to impair the "honesty of the mind." But it is a habit which, like the habit of rouging, surely, though insensibly, grows upon those who indulge it. A little higher colouring is added each day, as the eye gets used to the shade of the day before. It is a very difficult matter to lower the tone. How pale will the cheek appear, how dim the lustre of the eye, when cruel Fashion ordains that the rouge shall be diminished! How flat we shall find it to be reduced to the straight and narrow ways of lawful English, after the wild and unchecked raid we have been making into the demesnes of slang, robbing all that came in our way, the bagman, the foreigner, the gipsy, the very beggar—nay, breaking into the jails in our eagerness for plunder! We shall have to give up some of our ill-gotten wealth when the Nemesis overtakes us. Suppose we begin to practise self-denial! Let us limit ourselves to two or three deaths a-day, whether of laughter, disgust, or astonishment; let us forego "heaps," "lots," and "crowds," and return to the simple, primitive "many," "plenty," "abundance;" let us reduce myriads to millions, then gradually to thousands, and even hundreds. We may hope, by this means, to

attain an approximation to Truth, who, after all, is worthy of some respect, being of high descent and unblemished character, though undeniably *frumpish* and *slow*.

Though a river, suddenly rising and overflowing its banks and adjacent fields, destroys the existing crops and levels barriers, yet it sometimes leaves a compensation behind, on retiring, in the shape of improved soil. The flood of slang that has overwhelmed us of late years may, perhaps, be equally beneficent, and have done something, during its occupation, to enrich our language. We are not so conservative as to wish to imprison it within the narrow bounds assigned by Johnson's Dictionary. New inventions create new ideas, which require new words to express them. It is left to the learning, discretion, and good taste of the nation to decide what are fit to be retained, and what to be rejected.

The Female Epicure.

To your casseroles, then, women of Britain.

LADY MORGAN.

"*Elle était un peu gourmande.*" So writes Jean-Jacques Rousseau of one of his heroines. We very much doubt whether any modern novelist would dare to add such a trait to the character of his pet piece of perfection—the Galatea he is moulding to his fancy, and to whom he is to give the animating spark. In truth, it would be difficult to assert it so boldly in English. We have no word for "*gourmand*" in its best sense, "connoisseur in eating." Even in France it has lately been so often used as a term of aggravation, "*glouton*" being nearly exploded, as unfit for lips or ears polite, that various, and hitherto vain, endeavours have been made to soften it down or discover a substitute. "*Gourmet*" has been had recourse to, though, correctly speaking, we believe that merely to describe one who is "curious in wine."

"She was somewhat of an epicure"—we can find no better way of rendering the phrase in English. Even in this modified form, gentlemen or lady novelists, would you accept the characteristic for your heroine? We think not. And yet, in our opinion, a woman is not complete in character without a spice of *gourmandise*. Oh, for an appropriate word to reproduce our refined idea! "Gastronomy," taken in its derivative

sense, is as ugly as "gluttony." But the word not being forthcoming, we must explain our meaning at length.

Any thing approaching to greediness, or love of eating for its own sake, is disagreeable in a man or a child; in a woman it is insufferable. Let all such associations with the word be set aside. Eagerness after good things—eatables—is as different from a due appreciation of their merits, as the admiration of a jeweller for a fine stone is from that of the thief who desires to appropriate it. But we are especially given to confound the two. Anecdotes are told of epicures, or *gourmands*, calculated to bring the whole race into disrepute, which are referable only to selfish gluttons. How one, in helping turtle-soup, contrived, by well-practised sleight-of-hand, to slip every piece of green fat into his own plate; how another carefully omitted discovering the mine of truffles in the turkey he was carving until every one was helped except himself; how a third ate up in his carriage the whole cream cheese which he was charged to carry to a friend,—and so forth. Very different from these gross birds of prey was the most accomplished and scientific *gourmand* we have personally known. He was never happier than when called upon to dispense the great works of the kitchen, to preside over the unctuous haunch of venison, or the elaborately-composed *pâté* of Strasbourg or Ruffec; and was well rewarded when his careful and just apportionment of choice parts was recognised and appreciated, though none of the dainty morsels remained for his own highly-educated palate.

Let it be understood, then, that for the present we

ignore all the coarse interpretations of the expression, and by epicurism, or *gourmandise*, mean a sufficient knowledge of the art of eating and giving to eat. As such, we think it deserves to be the object of more attention on the part of the fairer sex than is usually given to it, now-a-days. The time is gone by when a Mr. John Bullock was "charged by his mother to marry a gentlewoman, one who had been well trained up to sewing and cookery;" but if our young gentlewomen of the present day devote themselves to higher and better pursuits, there is no reason why these homely and useful accomplishments should be entirely neglected. We suppose it to be granted that it is the proper business of a woman to regulate the meals of her household. The word Lady, derived, as is well known, from Saxon roots, signifying "bread-giver," points out her office; and Housewife and Housekeeper may also be taken as referring to it, meals being always eaten in-doors, except when, once or twice in a year, fantastic folk, wishing to try a short vicissitude and fit of incongruity, choose to share them with ants and earwigs in the open air.

Now, if the lady does not know or care what she eats herself, the chances are greatly against her caring much what she gives others to eat. We cannot think highly of the gastronomic taste of a dame at Charterhouse, who, on being reproached for ordering roast legs of mutton for dinner every day, answered, "Why, if you like it, what can be nicer?" This good woman fed, and wished to feed others, like the beasts of the field, who are contented with grass to-day and grass to-morrow, so long as their hunger is allayed, without regard

to the gratification of higher tastes. If any one can sit down to a well-ordered meal without a feeling of complacency apart from the mere expectation of being sufficiently fed, he must be very dull, or very wise, and too much engrossed with his wisdom to notice outward things. But (as Charles Lamb says) "we doubt his taste in higher matters;" he would probably overlook equally a fine picture or a bouquet of lovely flowers. That sense of the beautiful, of proportion, of fitness, commonly called good taste, is offended or gratified according as the same quality is shown or found wanting in the arrangement of the board.

For example: if on entering the cottage of a well-to-do farming man or small tradesman, we were to find a table spread with expensive delicacies, however attractive the things might be in themselves, the effect on our minds would be repulsive; we should have an instinctive feeling of the incongruity. The disproportion between the man's means and the wasteful expenditure before us, the prospect of his being, perhaps, one day in want from his evident recklessness, the proof of habits of self-indulgence and love of luxury displayed in the lowest sort of sensualism, unredeemed by corresponding cultivated tastes,—all this, though we might not reason on it at the moment, would produce the impression. Good sense and good taste would be offended. On the other hand, we should regard with pleasure, in the same cottage, the fresh vegetables, eggs, and bacon, and suchlike country messes, which would be inappropriate at a city feast.

The same observation holds good throughout all grades of society, though, the distinctions being less

broad, they are more difficult to hit; and in this we consider the art of well-ordering the table to consist. "If you *be* a gentleman, behave yourself as *sich*," said a clown to an insolent superior. This advice should be kept in mind through life; be consistent in all things. Let your dress, your dinner, your household, and your means, keep their just proportion to each other: such perfect balance, however, cannot be attained without making it the object of consideration and attention. There *may* be some women so gifted with tact and taste as to seize it instinctively; but few of the degenerate daughters of Eve will know by intuition, as did the mother of mankind before she left Paradise, (we know nothing authentic of her dinners afterwards,)

What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order so contrived as not to mix
Tastes not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste upheld with kindest change.

Without entering upon the great Woman-question, with all its rights and wrongs, we may perhaps venture to hint that our lords and masters, especially among the Teutonic nations, are more under the dominion of their appetites than we are. A man is more frequently put in or out of good humour by a good or bad meal than a woman; and, as a cross, sulky temper is difficult both to endure and to be endured, nothing that can prevent its recurrence ought to be considered beneath the notice or the care of the housewife, who has undertaken to do her best for the happiness of the "*house-band*," the husband.

No lover of his kind can wish to see any educated, intellectual woman spend all or the chief part of her time and abilities in studying to pamper a selfish, greedy man. But such a being is the exception, not the rule; and we believe that, even in his case, the objectionable propensities will be fostered, rather than repressed, by the doubt as to what sort of meal awaits him day by day. If some costly luxury exhibited on Monday is succeeded by the cold scrag of mutton on Tuesday, who shall blame him if his dinner becomes an object of undue interest and speculation, if it acquires some of the excitement of a gambling transaction? Whereas if a good, appropriate dinner were regularly served every day, it would become a matter of routine, and would probably be less thought of. A man with a good and certain competence is not likely to turn eagerly to rash speculations. If the plates and dishes be hot; if the fish be fresh and well boiled and skimmed, so that it may appear clean and crisp on its white napkin; if the melted butter, the *pons asinorum* of vulgar cooks, be smooth and well mixed; if the mutton be kept the right length of time, roasted the right length of time, and served directly off the spit; if the vegetables be fresh and cleanly cooked; if the rice-pudding, duly compounded and judiciously baked, come hissing and bubbling to the table,—the master of the house must be an unreasonable and insensible being to complain of the dinner.

He may not like it, he may hate rice-pudding, he may prefer the fish to be fried and the mutton boiled—he may be perverse enough to like roast veal better; but, if he be not very obtuse, he will see that pains

have been taken, and that whatever he does ask or wish for will be served as well as the capabilities of his household will permit. To accomplish this, however, the mistress of the house must know herself what is right and wrong in cookery, and something of the "why and wherefore." Let us suppose the above, which we select as a type of unpretending *general-servant* dinners, to have been ill cooked. Next morning, the lady holds this dialogue with the offender:—

Lady.—Cook, the dinner was very bad yesterday. Your master was very much annoyed.

Cook.—Was he, ma'am? I am very sorry. (We imagine cook to be civil and well-intentioned, but ignorant.)

Lady.—The fish looked black and was falling to pieces, and the melted butter was all lumps. You must not put lumps in the butter.

Cook.—(Humbly, but with an inward consciousness that she is innocent of that great offence.) No, ma'am, I won't.

Lady.—And the mutton was all dry and burnt outside.

Cook.—I'm sorry, ma'am, it was overdone.

Lady.—But it was not overdone; it was underdone inside.

Cook.—I am sure I can't think how it happened, ma'am.

No more can the lady; and so cook returns to her kitchen, and, though willing to improve, serves up, day after day, the mutton burnt and raw, the fish covered with scum, and the melted butter lumpy, till one fine morning her mistress gives her warning, say-

ing that "Master does not like her cookery," and dismisses her, to get in her stead perhaps a worse servant in other respects; when, had she pointed out the reasons of failure, poor cook might have had a very different dinner to exhibit as her handiwork in a week or two, and she and her mistress might have been mutually valuable to each other for years.

Nor is it only to the housekeeping mistress of a family in the middle classes that these remarks apply. In the largest and most stately establishments, unless the master or mistress of the house knows the difference between good and bad, and blames or praises justly, the cookery and service of the table generally are sure to degenerate. In the fallen state of human nature it is rare to find a servant, tradesman, or any one else, who is so conscientious as to do his duty thoroughly, and keep constantly up to the mark, when he sees that, falling short of it, he gives quite as much satisfaction.

You will certainly meet occasionally with persons who take a pride in their labours for their own sake, and in their stern integrity pursue the tenor of their way, without desiring any approbation but that of their own conscience; but, alas! these are uncommon, and one regrets that they should not be understood and justly valued.

We were visiting once at a country-house where a first-class cook was at the head of his proper department. He was a Frenchman, and, being an enthusiast in his profession, he usually did his best; but many moments of mortification and discouragement did this great artist pass through, knowing that he was wasting

his savouriness and his sweetness on the insipid and the obtuse, that his efforts were overlooked, that his inventions were unappreciated. One morning, when he came to his lady's boudoir to submit to her inspection the bill of fare for the day, a visitor of rank and of discriminating taste happened to be present, who paid him some judicious compliments upon his performance of the day before. A glow of pleasure and gratified pride overspread the melancholy countenance of the *artiste méconnu*, as he bowed his thanks; and on leaving the room he was overheard to say to his compatriot, the lady's maid, "*Pour aujourd'hui au moins, il vaut la peine de faire une bonne cuisine. Madame la Comtesse est là qui l'appréciera.*"

We would, then, exhort our readers, especially the younger part of them, not, in the pride of their beauty and accomplishments, too scornfully to look down upon this humble branch of study. Let them keep their eyes and ears open, and when they observe that the dinner is particularly good or bad, let them try to ascertain why it is so, and pick up what information they can. This may be done quite unobtrusively, and nothing of more importance need be sacrificed to it. As you eat every day of your life, by giving a little daily attention, you must accumulate some knowledge in the course of years. Your pains will not be thrown away, if taken in the right spirit—namely, with the desire to make your acquirements available when, in your turn, you shall be called upon to administer to the wants of a household as its mistress.

The Daughter of Gilead.

BY MRS. T. K. HERVEY.

"And she said unto her father, Let this thing be done for me: Let me alone for two months, that I may go up and down upon the mountains."
JUDGES.

THERE'S a wail upon the mountains! It resounds o'er
Gilead's heights;
'Tis the cry of Jephthah's daughter for her girlhood's
lost delights.
Ere the summer moon declineth, she, too, shall pass
away—
Untimely cropp'd in beauty, as a budding thorn of
May!

"Alas! thy vow, my father! 'Twas a bitter vow for
thee!
And what cared I for Ammon, while the earth was
green to me?
Shall my days of youth be gather'd ere the fervid noon
be past,
As the grass beneath the sickle, as the leaf before the
blast?"

There is silence on the mighty hills: the stars are seen
to glow,
Where she bows her head o'er Gilead, in the meekness
of her wo.

Across her breast her arms she folds, and, kneeling on
the sod,
With steadfast gaze looks upward, as the mountains
look, to God!

“O Thou! that dwell’st above the cloud, and ridest on
the beam!
Lay thy commandment on me, as the glory of a dream:
Could I hear the voice that Moses heard, whate’er my
doom might be,
The ground whereon I tread should be as Horeb unto
me!”

There are steps along the mountain-side, where, beau-
tiful and slow,
Descends the child of Jephthah, with a halo round her
brow!
The Voice hath called her heavenward: there is peace
within her breast;
And not a shadow darkens more the mountain’s glori-
ous crest!

THE END.

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